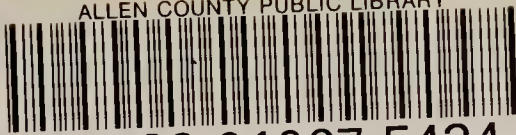


"THE OLD STONE BANK"
HISTORY OF
RHODE ISLAND



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**“THE OLD STONE BANK”
HISTORY OF
RHODE ISLAND**



On October 20, 1819, a group of public-spirited Rhode Island citizens met to formulate plans for the establishment in Providence of a bank which, acting as a community servant, would afford people a place for the safe-keeping of their savings with the additional advantage of accumulating interest. The above illustration depicts this first meeting which resulted in the founding of the *Providence Institution for Savings*. The figures in the picture (eight of which are reproductions from portraits) represent the following illustrious gentlemen: *seated left to right*, Zechariah Allen, Thomas L. Halsey, James Burrill, Jr., Dexter Thurber, Thomas P. Ives (First President), Samuel G. Arnold, Nicholas Brown; *standing in background*, Josiah Whitaker, Charles Dyer, John Perrin, James Petty, Philip Martin, Obadiah Brown; *standing in foreground*, Benjamin Aborn, William Blodget, William Wilkinson.

**“THE OLD STONE BANK”
HISTORY OF
RHODE ISLAND**

VOLUME II

**By
JOHN WILLIAMS HALEY
“The Rhode Island Historian”**

PUBLISHED BY

PROVIDENCE INSTITUTION FOR SAVINGS

86 SOUTH MAIN STREET

PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND

1931

**OLNEYVILLE BRANCH:
1917-21 WESTMINSTER STREET
Olneyville Square**

**EMPIRE-ABORN BRANCH:
EMPIRE AND ABORN STREETS
Between
Westminster and Washington Streets**

**Allen County Public Library
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HALEY & SYKES CO.
FINE PRINTING
26 CUSTOM HOUSE ST.
PROVIDENCE R.I.

FOREWORD

EARLY in the year 1927 "The Old Stone Bank" initiated a series of newspaper advertisements dealing with historical events and the glorious traditions which have made the smallest State in the Union one of the richest in historical background. Events in Rhode Island history were featured in illustration and description, and soon persons of all ages came to appreciate that these words and pictures were well worth their attention.

It was suggested that these incidents be written about more fully, the facts carefully assembled, and presented on the radio as a regular weekly feature. Thus was conceived an unique character, "The Rhode Island Historian," who, from September to June, relates to his unseen audiences stories about interesting figures, historic events and traditions concerning which facts have been obtained from such sources as early histories, old documents, clippings, records and tracts.

These radio talks have been printed and the mailing list of those who have written requesting copies of the booklets includes the names of thousands who have heard the familiar voice of "The Rhode Island Historian." The educational and historical value of these sketches has so appealed to those interested in Rhode Island history that "The Old Stone Bank" now presents this second volume of the weekly historical recitals.

Uninteresting descriptions, unimportant dates and dry statistics have been eliminated in the preparation of this brief review of important events and facts, arranged, as nearly as possible, in chronological order. To those who love their native or adopted State, "The Old Stone Bank" presents these added chapters in that never ending narrative of romance, bravery, adventure, ambition and achievement—*Rhode Island History*.

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PROVIDENCE INSTITUTION FOR SAVINGS

IT is characteristic of American initiative that actual savings banking was first undertaken in the United States, although to Europe—and more particularly to Switzerland—belongs the distinction of inspiring the establishment of such institutions.

In 1816 James Savage succeeded in persuading the Massachusetts Legislature to allow his bank to incorporate as a mutual savings society. At that time the financial situation in this new country was extremely chaotic, but order began to evolve out of confusion soon after the establishment of the Second Bank of the United States in 1816.

Although the first move to establish a mutual bank in a neighboring State had been undertaken earlier, it was not until 1819, when financial tension was somewhat relieved, that a group of public-spirited Rhode Island citizens, believing that the proper time had arrived, met in October of that year to formulate plans for the establishment in Providence of a bank which, acting as a community servant, would afford the people in this locality a place for the safe keeping of their savings with the additional advantage of accumulating interest. Accordingly, in November, 1819, the first savings bank in Providence commenced business under the name of the Providence Institution for Savings.

Among the founders were many of those whose names are listed in Providence history as men honored for their accomplishments in the interest of public service. The following officers: Thomas P. Ives, First President; Thomas L. Halsey, First Vice President; Obadiah Brown, Second Vice President; James Burrill, Jr., Third Vice President; and Trustees Nicholas Brown, Philip Martin, William Wilkinson, John Perrin, Benjamin Aborn, James Petty, Samuel G. Arnold, William Blodget, Charles Dyer, Zechariah Allen, Josiah Whitaker, and Dexter Thurber, were held in the highest respect and regard throughout the city as men of character and public spirit. The first meeting of this Board was held at the office of the Washington Insurance Company November 4, 1819, and the doors of the bank opened November 20th.

Many of the founders and officers of the Institution were interested in shipping and trading. They built and owned ships which sailed on every sea, and traded in every port. There are few names associated with the maritime interests of Providence but may be found on the list of the founders of "The Old Stone Bank" and their descendants. Position and wealth had already been attained by them, and it is obvious that this mutual savings bank was established because of a sense of altruism, and not for the purpose of self gain. Their high ideals are perhaps best expressed in a statement made at the time of incorporation. In part it is as follows:

"... Many frugal and industrious persons have laid by small sums which they intended as a relief in sickness, or in old age; but from the failure or death of those in whose hands they placed it, they have lost the whole, or if they have received it again, it has been without interest. In this institution

such persons will find a safe place of deposit, and have the satisfaction to know that it is constantly increasing."

At first "The Old Stone Bank" received deposits on but one day each week. This was Saturday, or pay day, when the bank was open from 12:30 until 2:00 P. M. As the bank proved its value to the community, it was gradually obliged to keep regular hours for the convenience of depositors, and by 1842 the resources of some 2100 depositors had grown to \$300,000. Forty years later, the number had increased to nearly 28,000, and the deposits to more than \$11,000,000.

The old "Providence Bank" (a national bank incorporated in 1791) was, in a way, the parent of this mutual institution, for it was on its lower floor that the savings bank initiated actual operations.

A constantly growing volume of business influenced the erection, in 1854, of a building for the exclusive purposes of the bank at 86 South Main Street, and further expansion led to the erection, in 1898, of the present building, now serving as the main office.

In 1925, a branch was opened in quarters at 186 Washington Street, which so well justified its inception that four years later a modern banking building was erected on Empire and Aborn Streets, in celebration of the 110th Anniversary of the founding of this Institution.

In 1927 a second branch office was established in Olneyville, affording to the citizens of that industrious and progressive community mutual savings bank facilities. The business of the bank is carried on in a building of modern construction and design, especially equipped for the exclusive needs of depositors in the Olneyville section.

Well into the second century of its existence, the resources of this mutual savings bank have grown, by the steady accumulations of thrifty persons, to figures far beyond the imagination of its founders. Always a ready aid to those it serves, both in times of prosperity and distress, this Institution has endeavored to carry out the ideals with which it was founded.

With a record of economic and social service to these Providence Plantations, and with even greater facilities for service in the future, the Providence Institution for Savings, popularly known as "The Old Stone Bank," will continue to encourage habits of economy among those for whose benefit it was established so many years ago.

RHODE ISLAND HISTORY

IT is a fact that information and literature about the history of Rhode Island are in constant demand in every section of the country. Writers of historical novels, students of history, newspaper men, lovers of the ancient and antique, all look upon the annals of this tiny State as a fertile field for research, study and entertainment. This is true partly because in Rhode Island and communities nearby began the history of the nation. It was here that the bold Vikings first tasted the sweet juices of luscious fruits; it was here that the exiled Roger Williams found a true haven of friendship where men might live in peace and comfort apart from the vicious tongues of selfish and narrow-minded neighbors; from this land sailed daring adventurers who laid the foundations of commerce and international good-will; from these pleasant farms and peaceful hamlets have gone countless heroes of war and peace; art, science, industry and law have counted among their outstanding leaders, men and women who boasted of their Rhode Island origin.

But, beyond that, it is inherent in man to love history, particularly the true history of his immediate surroundings. History is a never-ending panorama of men, women, and children whose destinies are shaped by circumstances, ambitions and emotions common to us all. We are all makers of history and children of history. Though we do not worship our ancestors as do the orientals, yet decisions of the present are guided by the experiences of our predecessors. We are forever on the ascent looking backward at the rungs of the ladder upon which we mounted and upward to the bright fields of the future.

Crumbling castles, grass-covered ramparts, andirons, Indian arrow-heads, old coins, gruesome battles are some of the countless stage-props that help build the setting for the play whose scenes live only on the pages of history, and in the lively imaginations of all of us who live, love and aspire.

Furthermore, the study of history is a

study in contrasts. We all like to compare men and events of centuries gone by with persons and affairs as we know them today. We all enjoy reading copies of newspapers published a century ago; the craze for antiques is growing, interest in genealogy is certainly not decreasing. Residents of this historic old city and State walk and live 'mid the time-honored landmarks of other ages. Colonial mansions, ancient taverns, ivy-covered walls, rusty cannon, shady churchyards, lofty spires, and old belfries are the daily reminders of men and days in Rhode Island that the passing of time can never erase from memory.

Who can pass the old Mansion House that still stands in all its dilapidated dignity on Benefit Street just behind the old State House and not paint a mental picture of the gay occasion when General Washington honored the establishment with his presence during his historic visit to this city? Who can pass through the portals of the old State House and not picture, for a moment, august General Lafayette bowing low to the people gathered outside to greet him? Who can visit the magnificent John Brown House on Power Street and not imagine that wealthy merchant sitting at his richly carved Chippendale desk signing the papers that would send some fast-sailing merchantman away to the distant East Indies? Who can wander through the lower rooms of old University Hall and not see visions of tired French troopers amusing themselves with song and refreshment, here in this strange land?

And, who can view the lofty and beautiful spire of the First Baptist Church on North Main Street and not think of that dark day in September, 1815, when the city of Providence was the victim of one of the strangest pranks ever played by Nature? The Second Baptist Church succumbed and went to pieces under the combined force of the wind and waves but the tall spire of the First Baptist Church wavered and bent to the blast, but did not fall.

The Old Stone Mill, that grisly old mys-

tery of the past that brings thousands of the curious to the city of Newport each year, tells a mute story of an event hazy in Rhode Island history. The picturesque Pidge Tavern on the way to Pawtucket still has that delightful air of roadside hospitality that made it a welcome rendezvous for the weary traveler journeying by coach from New York to Boston. Those obscure praying mounds scattered throughout the Narragansett country could still be places of worship for the forgotten hordes who looked to the East at a huge stone representing the Sun and to the West at a smaller boulder symbolic of the moon.

Understanding of the events and circum-

stances that led to the present is essential to the complete understanding of the responsibilities of citizenship. The study of civil government and of history are identical, happily so for us since Rhode Island history is found to be highly entertaining.

The roots of the present lie deep in the past, and nothing in the past is dead to the man who would learn how the present came to be what it is. Though we must not distort the past in an effort to give meaning to the present, yet we can fully understand today only by a study of previous events; and the past, on the other hand, is appreciated only by those who realize the significance of the present.



EARLIEST RHODE ISLAND VISITORS

OF ALL the barbarians who ever raided Northern Europe and the British Isles, the fiercest were those giant blue-eyed chieftains and warriors known as the Vikings. They were fostered in a land of bitter northern winds and hardened to the terrors of North Atlantic storms. Their famous ships, the "long keels," dominated the northern waters during the 9th and 10th centuries. From their homes in the Scandinavian peninsula these untamed savages, for such indeed they were, sailed out to conquer and plunder the whole Northern European coast as well as Scotland, England and Ireland. And well they succeeded, for at various times nearly the whole of Northern Europe was under their rule. It must not be inferred that these men were warriors only. They could easily adapt themselves to new possessions and immediately settle down to till new lands and plant new vineyards.

The name "Viking" is derived from the old Norse term *vik* (a bay), and means one who haunts a bay, creek, or fjord. Especially did the name come to be applied to those who went on the raiding expeditions, leaving their homes in Scandinavia for the excitement of battle and conquest on foreign shores. However, while the name itself has a very narrow significance when applied correctly, it has come to be broadly identified with a definite period of Scandinavian history.

Most of the history of the Vikings was first written by medieval Latin chroniclers writing in monasteries which had often felt the devastating hand of the raiders. As might be expected, these accounts stress the extreme cruelty and violence of the Vikings, whom they classed with pirates. It has only been since Scandinavian history has been fully revealed that we have had a chance to learn much of the true nature of the Vikings as a race and as individuals. Of course, the charge of cruelty and violence is for the most part true. These men

were barbarians of the fiercest type. Knowing no religion except one which idealized Fatalism, they had no more consideration for themselves than for their enemies.

They fought for fame, since they believed fame alone to be undying. Consequently, in battle they were without fear, so great was their desire to perpetuate their names in the sagas and heroic songs of their race. While, like other warriors of the European countries, they used the spear and two-edged sword, the characteristic weapon of the Vikings was their terrible broad-axe which they wielded with great dexterity and power. Again and again the "long keels" were beached on English shores, and the long-haired Norsemen, with their great horned helmets, beat back the defenders of the land. By one great English chieftain alone were they held at bay, and that was Alfred the Great. A mighty leader himself, he was able to organize the inhabitants of his country against the invaders, and drove them from the land during his long reign.

Russia, Germany, and Normandy all felt the Vikings' steel, in alternate waves of invasion and conquest. In the latter countries the Vikings settled down on farmlands won from inhabitants, and turned to the business of starting vineyards. Of the two besetting sins of which the Norsemen were guilty, one was the immoderate love of wine, the other, of women. Especially in the aftermath of victory would they let their desires run free and spend many days and nights in wild carousal.

However, despite the evidence which would seem to imply that the Vikings were nothing but the most uncouth of human beings, they mixed with their savagery an astounding amount of knowledge. Again and again historians have remarked of this paradoxical state of affairs, when recording the history of this wild and crafty race of fighters. The Scandinavian peoples at the time of the Vikings were in a state of transition. As a result there was much in both their theory and practice of life that savoured of utter barbarism, while at the same time in the development of certain

phases of human activity, especially war, trade, and social organization, they were considerably ahead of most of their European neighbors. Particularly does the story of their slow and halting passage from heathenism to Christianity emphasize the barbarous side of their natures. As an example of their savage cruelty in war, it is only necessary to state what is commonplace among historians,—that the victorious Vikings had a custom of cooking their food on spits stuck in the bodies of their fallen foes.

In trade and social life, however, the Vikings were well organized. They studied seamanship carefully, because they followed the sea in all their undertakings. They had none of the fanatical daring of other early seamen and explorers. Even in their most extensive exploring and foraging expeditions they placed the utmost confidence in their own knowledge of navigation and the staunchness of their ships. Trade only took place in time of truce, for the Vikings were much more inclined to take what they wished than barter for it.

The best example of their social organization was in Iceland, where it was uninfluenced by contact with any other European nation. The first settlements in this far northern outpost were made by Viking noblemen who could not abide the rule of one of their own chieftains. At first they made many isolated settlements in Iceland, but they soon found some form of organization was necessary. Leaders were chosen and laws set up, although it is doubtful whe-

ther the latter were obeyed to any great degree. There in Iceland a true Viking civilization grew up, having even its own literature.

It was from the Iceland colony that expeditions were sent to Greenland and finally, in 1001, to Rhode Island, in the western hemisphere. The voyage of Lief Ericson, while among the first, was not the last to be made by the Vikings to the shores of this state. They were greatly attracted by the grapes which they found in abundance here, and had high hopes of making a permanent settlement. Three times they came, and on the last were driven away by the hostility of the natives. It may seem strange that these fierce fighters from the North could be so easily discouraged in their conquest of a new land, but it must also be remembered that those who reached these shores were few, a mere handful against the hordes of wily Indians who sought every opportunity to drive out the invaders. In two bitter skirmishes the Indians were driven back into the forests by the Vikings, but the latter feared another attack, and gathering together their belongings they sailed back to Iceland. Never again did they visit these shores.

The Vikings were a race of fighting heathens, but they instilled a vital blood into all the peoples of Northern Europe. Without them as ancestors, the Normans would not have had the spirit that drove them to the conquest of England, nor would the Scottish Highlanders have risen to fame.

GIOVANNI VERAZZANO

DESPITE the fact that France has always assumed leadership among nations throughout history, she was decidedly backward in participating in the discovery and conquest of the New World. For several decades the kings of England had been supporting expeditions which revealed new continents; Portugal had annexed Brazil, as well as the West Coast of Africa; and Spain, since the famous voyage of Columbus in 1492, had been steadily adding to her possessions and wealth in the new Americas. Not until 1523 did France, as

a nation, awake to the possibilities of the moment.

Not all the people of France had been dormant to the opportunities revealed by the first explorers. The hardy mariners of Brittany and Normandy, upon hearing the reports of John Cabot concerning the abundance of fish in the waters off Newfoundland, had sailed west in their fishing boats, following the direction of the Cabots and the Cortereals. They were soon followed by the fishermen of Dieppe and Honfleur, and it became so commonplace for

these French fishing vessels to frequent the newly discovered shores that it seemed to the people of their home provinces that such had been their custom from time immemorial. Consequently, a tradition arose that French fishermen had not waited for Columbus and the Cabots to show them the way west.

There was a first French voyage westward which was authentic, being sponsored by the people of Dieppe, in 1508. Becoming greatly envious of the discoveries made by the Spaniards in America, they equipped two vessels for the purpose of discovering whether or not that part of the world did not extend further northward. The command of these two ships was given jointly to Thomas Aubert and Jean Verassen, two of their most skillful sea captains. The result of this venture was the discovery of the river which they named St. Lawrence, in honor of the martyred Roman saint. While some authorities disagree, because of the lack of sufficient evidence, others believe, and quite reasonably, that the Jean Verassen of this voyage in 1508, was none other than the Giovanni da Verazzano who was later to make explorations in the name of the French king, Francis I.

In the fifteen years between the voyage of Aubert and the expedition of Verazzano in 1523, there was nothing except the expedition of the fishermen and one Baron de Lery to keep France a competitor in the race for the new possessions. The attempt made by Baron de Lery was not one of exploration, however, but one of colonization. He endeavored to found a colony on Sable Island, but without success and for many years the island was occupied solely by the cattle and pigs which he brought and their descendants.

In 1523, Europe was disturbed by a war between Francis I of France, and Charles V of Spain. Inasmuch as the latter had established regular trade and communication between his newly discovered lands in America and Spain, Francis I sought to harass his enemy by preying on the ships which brought the spoils of the West Indies to the Spanish ports. He commissioned Verazzano for the work because of the latter's great ability as a navigator. Verazzano quickly justified his sovereign's choice for he managed to fall in with a ship which

Cortes was sending to Charles V. This he captured and sent as a present to the King of France. The value of the vessel and its cargo amounted to a million and one-half dollars, the most of it being made up of the treasure spoils from Montezuma's palace. With the capture of this ship the eyes of the French king were at last opened to the enormous resources which Spain controlled in the new land. He acknowledged that further delay in joining the great tide of European exploration and conquest would be disastrous for France.

It is amusing to note that he immediately dispatched a letter to Charles V asking why he was left out when the world was divided between Spain and Portugal. He inquired if Father Adam had left a last will and testament designating these two as his sole heirs. Inasmuch as no answer came to his jovial inquiry, he decided to send Verazzano to the West Indies to make explorations for France.

This famous navigator was born in about 1480, being about ten years of age when Columbus made his great voyage of discovery. Although his family was of noble extraction and of Italian blood, Giovanni did not remain to enjoy the ancestral lands near Florence, Italy, but took to the sea at an early age. He gained his first experience in navigation in the Mediterranean, making trading voyages to Egypt and Syria, and in 1505 joined the maritime service of France.

The commission which Francis I gave Verazzano, in 1523, directed him not only to discover lands which contained gold and precious stones but to look also for a through passage to Cathay (China). At the start of the voyage there were four ships. However a severe storm was totally disastrous to two of these vessels, and the other two were forced to put in to Brittany. When the two damaged ships had been repaired, Verazzano made a cruise southward along the coast of Spain; but by the time he reached the Portuguese island of Madeira he had decided to make the voyage to America with just one ship, the *Delfina*.

Sailing from Madeira, on January 17, 1524, he had with him fifty men, provisions sufficient for eight months, arms, a supply of munitions, and a store of naval supplies. In twenty-five days he had sailed westward

eight hundred leagues, encountering one terrific storm, but otherwise proceeding quietly and easily. Changing his course slightly northward, he covered four hundred leagues more before sighting land. The spot where he first dropped anchor before sailing northward up the Atlantic coast was near Wilmington, North Carolina.

In the account which he rendered to the King of France upon his return to that nation he constantly mentions the lack of harbors along the new coast, which necessitated the sending of a small boat to shore, whenever the members of the crew wished to barter with the natives. The absence of harbors did not appear to endanger navigation for nearly everywhere along the coast the water was deep enough to anchor the ship a short distance from the shore.

Verazzano stopped at the mouth of the Hudson to barter with the natives, but finally proceeded onward to what are now Block Island, Newport, and Narragansett Bay. This region seemed to have pleased him more than any other which he visited. He found the harbors excellent and was greeted by many small boats full of natives who circled his ship, uttering strange cries. Having first won the friendship of these Indian inhabitants by throwing trinkets to them, Verazzano got them to come on board. Both the men and women were the finest

specimens of natives he had seen. They were extremely good-tempered and generous, and not only helped Verazzano to pilot his ship to a safe anchorage but guided him about the surrounding country and supplied him with all the provisions he needed. The explorer was also impressed greatly with the fertility of the country. He found plains adapted to any sort of cultivation, luxurious trees, some bearing fruit and nuts, and great numbers of deer and other wild animals. Especially did he notice the wild grapes which grew in abundance when partly cultivated by the Indians. In this he was much like the Vikings who had reveled in their discovery of the grapes of this section in 1001.

When, after a stay of fourteen days in this pleasant region, Verazzano turned back toward Europe, having only gone a few leagues farther northward from Rhode Island, he spoke in glowing terms of the glorious section of the new land which we know was Rhode Island. Despite the fact that he did not discover a northwest passage to China, he believed that there was one for he concluded that North America was a group of islands and not a continent. He did not live to achieve more glory and knowledge as an explorer, for on his second voyage to America he was captured by the Spaniards and taken to Colmenar, Spain, where he was hung as a pirate in 1527.

A PREDECESSOR OF ROGER WILLIAMS

HISTORIANS, writing of Rhode Island, are sometimes prone to forget that there was a white settler in Rhode Island territory before the advent of either Roger Williams in the north, or William Coddington in the south. Yet this settler has given a name to a valley, a river, a town, and a canal. William Blackstone, an eccentric religious recluse, had lived a whole year at Study Hill in the vicinity of what is now known as Cumberland, before Roger Williams, in 1636, and William Coddington, in 1637, with their respective bands of followers, came from the Massachusetts Colony to settle in the wilderness, one at the head

and the other at the mouth of Narragansett Bay. Nor did the coming of these two groups of settlers at all affect the status of their predecessor. Once settled at Study Hill, he fairly rooted himself to the spot as if to follow in part the example of his apple trees. But he did make occasional pilgrimages to Boston and to Providence, journeying to the former settlement with a predominance of personal motives but to the latter with only the highest spirit of altruism. Though he was by nature (being in advance of his time) a voluntary recluse, he did not become feeble in intelligence or lax in ideals, but remained an astute philosopher and tolerant clergyman.

Nothing is known of William Blackstone's early life in England. Even the date of his birth has been lost in the shadow of the more famous Sir William Blackstone of legal fame who may or may not have been a blood relation. The first records of this earliest Rhode Island settler are those which state that he received his Bachelor of Arts degree from Emanuel College, Cambridge, in 1617 and his Master of Arts degree in 1621. Just when or how he came to New England (called then New Virginia) is not known but the year of his arrival in America has been estimated as 1625. He settled first in Boston on what was then called Shawmut Point. The area included that now known as Beacon Hill and extended along the south side of the Charles River. Blackstone lived here alone through 1629.

However, in 1630, Winthrop and his group of colonists arrived from England and established themselves on the north side of the Charles at a spot where Charleston is now located. But when many of the little Colony fell sick because of a lack of pure water, Blackstone crossed the river and invited them to make their homes within his territory where there were several large and untainted springs. It must have been with a good deal of surprise that these new settlers from England greeted this hospitable stranger, for they hardly expected to find another of their kind already established in the land they had supposed to be an absolute wilderness. But while William Blackstone had also left England to escape the tyranny of the potentates of the English Church, he was not at odds with the original principles of the English Episcopal Church. He still wore, in America, his English clergyman's costume and for that reason gave offense to the Puritans who later came to Boston. There is a tradition that Winthrop and his party at first had planned to oust Blackstone from his territory at Shawmut on the pretext of having a grant to the land from the king. Blackstone replied to their contention: "The king asserteth sovereignty over this New Virginia in respect that John and Sebastian Cabot sailed along the coast without ever landing at any place; and if the quality of sovereignty can subsist upon the substratum of mere inspection, surely the quality of property can subsist upon that of actual occupancy which is my

claim." Whether Blackstone made such a statement or not, the words are characteristic of both his ingenious logic and his independence. At least, in 1634, the members of the Boston Colony finally paid him six shillings apiece for his rights to the land, although he retained six acres for his own use. On this bit of land he had his home where he raised apples and roses brought over from England. Surrounding the house was his park, now Boston Common, and here he used to walk in the afternoons.

Although Blackstone remained in the Boston Colony for five years, he finally had to leave, not because of any open outbreak with the colonists but because he would not join with them. He was literally frozen out, though he is never mentioned harshly in the records. According to Cotton Mather, Blackstone said: "I came from England because I did not like the lord-bishops, but I cannot join with you because I would not be under the lord-brethren."

Blackstone saw that there was intolerance both within and without the church, and wished to follow his sequestered life of contemplation and study. In 1635, he invested his small capital in cattle, and dressed in his "canonicall Coate" and carrying his beloved books, set out through the wilderness with but one companion, a servant, named Abbot, from whom Abbot's Run in Cumberland takes its name.

He finally came to a place which the Indians called Wawepoonseag. Here he settled in a territory which was without a white inhabitant. In what was then a part of Rehoboth but is now Cumberland, near Lonsdale, he built a home. It was located at the foot of a three-terraced hill. On the second terrace he dug a well, and at the top built a shelter which he used as a study. Consequently the hill became known as Study Hill. He further named the section "Attleborough Gore." Always a lover of gardens and orchards, he here planted fresh shoots from his Boston apple trees and slips from his English rosebushes.

As a recluse he pursued his philosophical bent thoroughly. He had a very large library for the times, consisting of 86 volumes. The books, as well as his own philosophical writings, were destroyed when the Indians burned his home during their uprising after his death in 1675.

He had no trouble with the Indians during his whole lifetime of eighty years. At his death there were 160 inhabitants in the vicinity of Study Hill, and it is supposed that he used to preach for their church services. But, in the main, Blackstone remained absolutely alone in regard to church affiliations, and it is probably for that reason that he is neglected in many histories. His motto always was "tolerance" in the real sense of the word, and even Roger Williams could not measure against him in that respect. A singular man, he might, under different circumstances, have been a great leader in New England. Ahead of his time, he would probably have been a close friend of Bishop Berkley, another deep philosopher.

Blackstone, despite his eccentricities as a recluse, did not remain single all his life. He frequently made journeys to Boston, riding on a bull, and finally won the hand of Sarah Stevenson, the widow of John Stevenson. In 1659, they were married by Governor Endicott, Blackstone preferring a magistrate to a minister of the Boston Church to which he would not join. Mrs. Stevenson already had one son named John, and when she gave the name John to the son of her second marriage, she caused much later confusion of records. John Stevenson, Blackstone's stepson, was given 50 acres of Blackstone's 200 acre farm at Study Hill after the latter's death. The other son, John Blackstone, became somewhat dissipated for a while, squandering his heritage of land, but he finally settled down to a respectable life in Branford, Connecticut, where his descendants acquired a high place in public esteem. There is an unsub-

stantiated report that a grandson of Blackstone was killed at the siege of Louisburg.

Mrs. Blackstone died in 1673, two years before her husband, and both were buried at the foot of Study Hill. The personal estate of Blackstone was meager, being but forty pounds. He had never acquired a great amount of money, but his simple tastes and his mental tranquillity were never disturbed by a lean larder.

Stephen Hopkins, writing for the *Providence Gazette*, said: "Mr. Blackstone used frequently to come to Providence to preach the Gospel." This, however, was when he was quite old. He could not walk easily and rode a bull on these journeys. Though a radical in the eyes of many of the old, he was much beloved by the children to whom he used to bring sweet apples, the first they had ever seen, from his orchard at Study Hill. Governor Hopkins, again writing of Blackstone, in 1765, said: "Many of the trees which he planted about 150 years ago are still pretty, thrifty fruitbearing trees."

This, then, is the story of William Blackstone, the first white inhabitant of Boston, and later of Rhode Island. A keen thinker, a true apostle of the highest religion, of rugged character and unflinching purpose, he maintained his ideals in the face of obstacles to which a weaker man might have succumbed. A truly great man of God, despite his eccentricities, he may well be proudly hailed by Rhode Island as her first settler. A friend of Roger Williams, of the Massachusetts magistrates, and of the Indian chieftains, Massasoit and Miantanomi, he held to his inspired conception of tolerance unto his death.

INDIAN CURRENCY

ALL the gold and silver that men have fought, cheated, sweat, and died to obtain since time immemorial has not always had the power to win new slaves. The early explorers who followed Columbus to the new world might have brought all the wealth of Greece or Rome or golden Sarmarkand with them and found it useless in dealing with a great Aztec civilization. To the Aztecs gold and silver were only excel-

lent materials from which to fashion exquisite objects of jewelry and art, and of these their supply was plentiful. Their coveted form of wealth was supplied by nature herself in the role of mintmaster, for their whole monetary standard was based upon one of her most convenient and durable products—the cocoa bean. And long after various metals had become common as currency, chocolate made from

cocoa beans, still formed the main standard of value. Only in Peru, that mine of wealth for European plunderers, had the precious metals come into complete usage.

Farther north, in the other more forbidding and less-civilized American continent, early European settlers found even less use for the gold and silver that had always meant power. Whether they wished or not, they had to turn first to simple trading in dealings with the native Indians, and often, even among themselves. England, from the time of Elizabeth, was not allowing monetary wealth to slip out of the British Isles and be wasted and lost in the American wildernesses. And so various mediums of a fair convenience, such as skins, guns and powder, cloth, and strong liquors, formed the basis of exchange, just as in our western pioneer days, when money was scarce though not belittled, whiskey in barrels passed, unopened, through many hands and paid many debts. So many commodities have at one time or another served in the capacity of money during the history of this country that it would be both impossible and useless to list them. But of all these there was one which came the nearest to the form of actual money and which was widely used, both by the Indians along the whole Atlantic Coast and by the settlers as well, and that was wampum, or shell currency.

In dealing with the red men gold and silver would have been worse than useless. Their eyes found no avaricious pleasure in the gleam of these metals to compare with that they received from beholding or possessing the bits of bright colored shell which formed both their ornaments and their currency. The use of small pieces of shell in the making of ornaments, such as girdles, bracelets, belts and tobacco pouches, and in the decoration of their headresses and clothing came first. And of the former, the wampum tobacco pouch of King Philip is a rich example. But out of this first usage came the gradual transition which established wampum as Indian currency.

So convenient a medium of exchange was quickly adopted by all the settlers along the Atlantic Coast and used extensively among themselves. And not only did the Europeans accept the use of wam-

pum, but with characteristic commercial aggressiveness they attempted to manufacture a counterfeit variety out of glass. Back in 1608, Captain John Smith of the Jamestown Colony supervised a factory which began to turn out this product, and, in 1621, another factory under Captain William Norton started a brief career in the manufacture of artificial wampum. Both enterprises failed, however, their only result being to lower the value of all wampum.

Roger Williams gives a good description of the wampum used by Rhode Island Indians in his "Key to the Language of the Narragansetts," written in 1643: "Their owne is of two sorts; one white, which they make of the stem or stocke of the *Periwinkle*, which they call Meteahock, when the shell is broken off: and of this sort six of their small beads (which they make with holes to string the bracelets) are current with the *English* for a peny.

"The second is black, including the blew, which is made of the shell of a fish which some English call *Hens*, Poquauhock, and of this three make an English peny.

"They live upon the sea side, generally make of it, and as many make as will.

"The Indians bring downe all their sorts of furs, which they take in the Countrey, both to the Indians and to the *English* for this Indian money: this money the English, French, and Dutch, trade to the *Indians*, six hundred miles in severall parts (North and South from New England) for their furies, and whatsoever they stand in need of from them: as Corne, Venison, etc."

Such wampum we may see today among the Indian relics in museums. It was chiefly made from the shells of clams, quahogs, and periwinkles and was then fashioned (although with some variations) into beads about a quarter of an inch long and slightly less than in diameter. The fragile portions of the shells were broken off and the beads ground out of the thicker part, the holes being drilled with a piece of flint rotated in the hands. Water was used to keep the shells cool while this process was going on, thus preventing cracking. They were drilled from both sides and finally rubbed to a high polish and strung.

It was the Dutch commander, De Rosiers, who introduced wampum as currency to

the members of the Plymouth Colony in 1627, and Governor Bradford records this in his history as follows: "But that which turned most to their (the colonists) profite, in time, was an entrance into the trade of Wampampeake; for they bought 50£ worth of it . . . and strange it was to see the great allteration it made in a few years among the Indeans themselves; for all the Indeans of these parts and the Massachusetts had none or very little of it, but the sachems, and some spetiall persons that wore a little of it for ornaments . . . Neither did the English of this plantation, or any other in the land, till now that they had knowledge of it from the Dutch, so much as to know what it was, much less that it was a commoditie of that worth and valew . . . But after it thus grew to be a commoditie in these parts, these Indeans fell into it allso, and to learn how to make it . . . and it hath now continued a current commoditie about this twenty years . . . In the meantime it makes the Indeans of these parts rich and power-full and also prowde thereby."

Governor Bradford saw in the new currency a danger as well as an advantage and thought the possession of much of it would ruin many as much as gold. But so important had it become by 1640 that the Colony had to give it official recognition. Accordingly it was ordered that "white wampampege shall pass at 4 a penny and blewe at 2 a penny and not above 12 d at a time," and, later, that "wampampege shall pass current at 6 a penny for any sume under 10 L sterling for debts hereafter to be made."

For a long while the English made a very good thing out of wampum but first tobacco, in Virginia, and later silver, coming into the English colonies of New Eng-

land from commerce with other European countries, began to displace the Indian currency. Yet, among the Indians themselves, it retained to the last all of its high value. It was generally worn in belts and girdles, a necessary amount being sliced off with a knife whenever a trade was made. For doweries given to the parents of Indian brides, wampum was usually used to the amount of five or six fathoms, although the daughter of a Great Sachem could command a price of ten fathoms. When strung, wampum was always counted by the fathom, such an amount being worth six English shillings. As its use spread it was not uncommon to find it accepted by Indian tribes some six hundred miles inland from the coast.

Although wampum is the name by which the settlers of early days knew all this picturesque currency, the name among the Indians signified "white" and applied only to the higher valued beads made from the white shells of the periwinkle. They called the black, made from the shells of quahogs, *suckauhock*.

Probably no other primitive currency has quite the same intangible essence of the romantic as wampum, which served the two-fold purpose of ornament and necessity. In those times an Indian carried his whole wealth with him whenever he was in full regalia, the girdles, bracelets, and belts of the colored shells adding a distinctive richness to his skin clothing. But, there once more, we can hardly recapture its full significance as a part of the Indian costume, even though aided by pictures and museum relics, much less imagine its acceptance by European settlers as currency. It is just one more thing that was a distinct part of the Indian himself and with him has long faded from our consciousness.

ANNE HUTCHINSON

THOUGH we have before us the conventional picture of woman throughout history guarding the fireside, shielding her children, nevertheless there were many Joans and Ruths to whom little space is devoted in books of history. Even since 1620 there have been many women who did more

than lend moral support to the kaleidoscopic events which have succeeded one another since that date on this side of the Atlantic. One of these most clearly typified, in her day, the independent, forceful and dominant woman who has, in this present century, given the nation, the State, the city,

the town and the country-seat contributions of leadership, wisdom and intelligent co-operation, all of which have helped bring about greater prosperity, greater happiness and greater hope for the future.

This woman influenced events and their turnings not only in our own State, but in the infant nation during the very beginnings of American history—her name was Anne Hutchinson, a true forerunner of the nineteenth century women who threw open the calls and professions to their sex.

Mrs. Hutchinson arrived at Boston on the good ship “Griffin,” in 1634. She was accompanied by her husband and their fifteen children, and it is reported that they brought with them a thousand guineas in gold. Mrs. Hutchinson’s voyaging to America from England was the outcome of the Reverend John Cotton’s leaving his home because of religious persecution there. She had “sat under” his preaching in the church in England, and was most anxious to benefit again by his teachings, so she and her family followed the clergyman to this new Boston.

Anne Hutchinson was born at some time during the last years of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. One writer says that she was barely turned forty years old when she arrived in America. If so, she was probably born around 1594, which was a point of religious controversy in England. Her father was a Puritan minister, preaching both in Lincolnshire and in London. It was said that, “She was a gentlewoman in the fullest English sense of the word, related to the distinguished, aristocratic family, the Blounts.” Her mother was a sister of Sir Edward Dryden, father of the poet Dryden, and Anne herself is said to have enjoyed every advantage of education and culture that the times afforded.

In her girlhood she evidently heard considerable theological controversy, for this was the time of the Puritan revolt in England, and of great religious excitement. Naturally intelligent and earnest, her mental powers were aroused and quickened. While she was still a child, Queen Elizabeth died and James the First succeeded her. King James desired most intensely “an ordered and obedient Church, its synods that met at the royal will, its courts

that carried out the royal ordinances, its bishops that held themselves to be royal officers.” The Puritans still ventured to dispute the infallibility of the King. The policy of the Crown was revealed when James said, “I will make them (the Puritans) conform, or I will harry them out of the land.”

During the last eight or nine years before Anne sailed for Boston she must have been constantly informed of the fight of the people for their rights against the Crown. Always, people were studying the Bible, pondering on its meaning, rebelling against the arbitrary dictates of the bishops. As has been said, her father was a Puritan minister and she doubtless felt indignation at the persecution by the bishops of him and of her beloved pastor, John Cotton.

So, unhappy Anne, with her husband and family, sailed away to Boston, where, for three years, the Hutchinson home was across the street from John Winthrop’s residence. Anne was a capable, energetic, amiable woman, and a great nurse. As she went from house to house on her errands of mercy, she would talk with the women to whom she ministered, and won their affection and respect. In fact, both men and women welcomed her intellectual and magnetic personality. She had a vigorous mind, a dauntless courage, and a natural gift for leadership.

At this point in history the women in America participated fully in the long Sunday religious services, and might also be present at a Saturday evening service; but while they mingled with the numerous assemblies for constituting churches, and for ordaining ministers and elders, there were meetings for religious discourse from which women were excluded. Mrs. Hutchinson thought she was supplying a deficiency when she instituted a meeting for her own sex. This enterprise of hers met with favor, rather than with disapprobation, at first. From fifty to sixty, and sometimes one hundred women met at her home, listening with devoted interest to her more than metaphysical distinctions of the two covenants, the Covenant of Grace and the Covenant of Works.

For one period she held two such meetings weekly, and the nominal purpose of

them was for the repetition and the impression of the sermons delivered by Mr. Cotton at his Sunday and Thursday services. Then it was said of her "That Anne Hutchinson was the first organizer of the earliest woman's club in the world." At first these meetings met with general favor, and how long it was before they invited criticism from most of the clergy and the authorities, it is not recorded, but certainly, by the end of the first two years of Mrs. Hutchinson's abode in the New World she was being severely regarded as an instigator of strife and dissention.

Mrs. Hutchinson claimed to have had a revelation relative to the Covenant of Grace. She was regarded as affirming that a state in which a man is justified before God precedes and is independent of his obedience to the law of holiness. The attempt to prove, or to find a ground of confidence for our justification by means of outward sanctification, she pronounced to be a walking by a Covenant of Works; she looked to a far higher covenant, that of "grace." The moment that distinction is stated, it may be perceived that it could not fail to bring into discredit the formal and methodical observances of the scrupulous forefathers of New England. The outward manifestations of piety were then much regarded, and stringently enforced; perhaps their importance was exaggerated; they certainly were open to the charge of too much resembling display. Not only was a grave and reverend bearing expected, but austerity in looks, and sanctimoniousness in dress and phrase, were considered all-essential.

Soon the seditious doctrines of this apostle brought denunciation upon her head. She was tried by a civil court, during the proceedings of which she valiantly defended herself and her doctrines. Some of the deepest controversialists of that scholastic day found her a woman whom all their trained and sharpened minds were inadequate to foil. However, the odds against her were too great; she was excommunicated and banished from the Colony with the bidding that "she go out from among them, and trouble the land no more."

Anne and her husband, with, perhaps, eighteen sympathizers from Boston, departed for Rhode Island, where she was welcomed by Roger Williams. At Providence, Mrs. Hutchinson drew around her a goodly number of people, including Quakers and Baptists, who listened to her discourses with interest. Roger Williams was much in sympathy with Mrs. Hutchinson personally, although not adopting all her views. He thought that in view of the great usefulness of Mrs. Hutchinson as a nurse and neighbor, she should be allowed to speak when she chose and say what she wished. "Because, if it be a lie, it will die; and if it be true, we ought to know it."

The Hutchinsons lived on the island of Aquidneck until the death of Mr. Hutchinson. Then Anne moved to New York State with the surviving members of her family, where her life ended in a tragedy not unknown in those perilous times. In August, 1643, Mrs. Hutchinson and the fifteen members of her household at the time, with one exception, perished in an attack by the Indians.

MARY DYER, A QUAKER MARTYR

WHEN Anne Hutchinson heard her sentence of excommunication pronounced by the Elders of the Puritan Church in Massachusetts and rose to walk out of the church from which she had been banished, she did not go alone. Another woman, as fearless as she, also rose from the congregation and passed down the aisle and out the door at her side. This other woman, soon to begin her own ordeal of martyrdom, was Mary Dyer.

Perhaps Mary Dyer would have done the same if another woman had been in Anne Hutchinson's place. Her kindness of heart and deep sympathy with all who were persecuted and oppressed urged her to the side of any who suffered, but how much greater was her feeling for this particular sufferer who was both her leader and her friend. That Mrs. Hutchinson should have undergone persecution at the hands of the Puritans had already brought a great deal

of grief to Mary Dyer, but her distress at the misery of her friend had only subjected her to the jeers of pitiless neighbors. These two had always been bound together in one common feeling, and together they found strength and solace in sorrow.

Mary Dyer had come to this country with her husband in 1635. They had lived in London where William Dyer had been a milliner in the New Exchange. Mrs. Dyer was described by several writers of the time in various ways. Gerald Croese, a Dutch writer, spoke of her as "a person of no mean extraction and parentage, of an estate pretty plentiful, of a comely stature and countenance, of a piercing knowledge in many things, of a wonderfully sweet and pleasant disposition, so fit for great affairs that she wanted nothing that was manly except only the name and sex." George Bishop, writing a year after her death, depicts her as "a comely, grave Woman, and of a goodly Personage, and one of good Report, having a Husband of an Estate, fearing the Lord, and a Mother of Children." Governor Winthrop himself admitted that she was "a very proper and fair woman" although he also said that she was "notoriously infected with Mrs. Hutchinson's errors, and very censorious and troublesome, she being of a very proud spirit and much addicted to revelations." From the opinions of the time it appears that it was actually her superior education and outstanding intelligence which formed a great basis for the jealousy, disfavor, and persecution which the members of the Puritan Church—and, in particular, its ministers—vented upon her.

Upon the arrival of the Dyers in Boston, they were immediately admitted to membership in the Boston church of which John Wilson was the pastor and John Cotton the teacher. When Mrs. Hutchinson began her meetings the following year, the Dyers became her intimate friends and followers. Shortly before the excommunication of Mrs. Hutchinson, the Rev. Mr. Wheelright had been condemned for his adherence to the principles of Antinomianism, the act causing a written protest to be drawn up and presented to the Elders who had judged him. Inasmuch as William Dyer was one of the signers of this protest,

he was disarmed and disfranchised. Consequently it was not at all strange that when the Hutchinsons went into exile the Dyers should have gone with them. They came to Rhode Island and were among the founders, eighteen in number, of the town of Portsmouth, and later among the eight founders of Newport.

It was shortly before she left the Massachusetts Colony that Mary Dyer was forced to listen to a foolish rumor spread in Boston by her enemies. They circulated the story that she had given birth to a monster which they said was a sign of divine retribution for her faith in Anne Hutchinson. That stories of this sort could even be started is a biting testimony of the ignorance and stupidity of those who were later to kill the woman whose intelligence they feared.

As inhabitants of Rhode Island the Dyers were well received. William Dyer was made Clerk of Rhode Island in 1638, and two years later Secretary of Portsmouth and Newport, holding the latter office for seven years. In the course of his life he held many other prominent offices in the Colony, including that of Attorney-General. With his family he began the steady and regular life of a sound and well-respected townsman. Mary Dyer was a good mother just as she was a zealous friend and raised her six children well.

In 1652, William Dyer accompanied John Clarke and Roger Williams to England to obtain a revocation of the extraordinary powers once granted to William Coddington. Mary Dyer went with her husband but did not return to Rhode Island with him the following year. For five years she remained in England and during that time became a Quaker.

In the meantime the Boston Colony had been invaded by the Quakers and was fairly seething with fury against them. And yet, it was not the Boston Colony as a whole which so violently opposed the entrance of this sect in its midst, but rather the few magistrates and clergymen who saw in the newcomers a menace to the religious and political dictatorship they had enjoyed. It must be remembered that when the Puritans broke from England, crying that they wanted to be free to worship as they pleased,

they did not mean that they believed in individual beliefs and worship. On the contrary, upon founding their colonies in New England, they became as despotic in their interpretation of what religion should be as the Church of England had been before them. It was an instance where the dictatorship of princes had been exchanged for that of bigoted clergymen.

So great was the hatred for the simple, truth-seeking Quakers that a law was passed which imposed a fine upon any sea captain who brought them into Boston. Under this law Quakers who did come into the Colony were to be thrown in the house of correction, whipped, and placed at hard labor. Strangely enough, among the first Quakers to arrive after the passage of such a brutal law were Ann Burden and Mary Dyer.

Both were immediately thrown into prison, and only when her husband came for her was Mary Dyer released. Even then he was ordered to take her out of the Colony at once and to allow her to speak to no one on the way. The next arrivals did not have such an easy fate. They were whipped, imprisoned, fined, and finally banished. One woman, Margaret Brewster, was stripped to the waist and dragged through the streets of Boston tied to a cart, with a whipping afterwards for good measure. Laws were enacted by which Quakers could be punished by cutting off their ears or boring a hole through their tongues with a red-hot iron. A final decree, however, stated that any Quaker who returned to the Boston Colony after once having been banished would suffer the death penalty.

This would seem to deter all Quakers from entering the forbidden territory. Yet, in 1659, in protest against the authorities who had conceived such cruel laws, William Robinson and Marmaduke Stevenson went to Boston. They were thrown into prison at once. Mary Dyer, hearing of their plight, came to Boston to visit them and was also imprisoned. For three months these three remained in jail and then were tried and ordered to leave the Colony within two days. Mary Dyer returned to Rhode Island, but the two men decided to stay within the Colony and test the bloody laws

unto the death. Other Quakers began to swarm into the Colony and with them came Mary Dyer again. Robinson and Stevenson who had not left when banished were seized with her, and in a few days the three were sentenced to death by hanging.

It was in October, 1659, that they were taken to the Boston Common where the rope was already strung from a great elm near the Frog Pond. So great had been the force of public opinion against the procedure that the magistrates had provided a force of militia to quell any disturbance or attempt at rescue. Arm in arm with the two younger men Mary Dyer went to her executioners, with no fear in her eyes but the calm smile of a martyr lighting her face. The other two were hanged before her eyes and she, herself, with the rope about her neck, had ascended the ladder, when the magistrates announced her reprieve. They had suffered her to undergo all the terrors of death merely as a warning. Their heartless treatment had only prepared Mrs. Dyer for death and she did not wish her life. Yet once again she was sent out of the Colony.

After she was out of the State the Boston magistrates used her case to soften the public opinion which had arisen against them because of the other two hangings. Then it was that Mary Dyer realized that because of her, the death of her fellow martyrs would have no lasting influence, and she solemnly made her way back to Boston. Once again she appeared before Governor Endicott and the church officials, calm and undaunted. Once again she received the sentence of death, and this time there was no reprieve. Even the pleading of her husband, himself not a Quaker, had no effect.

In the month of June, 1660, Mary Dyer went to join Robinson and Stevenson in the Great Beyond. Her body was buried on Boston Common, but its location is unknown. Thus died Mary Dyer, the Quaker martyr of Rhode Island, friend of Anne Hutchinson. Her death was not in vain, for it paid the price of the Quakers' freedom from persecution.

The terrible story was soon carried to the King of England and, though one other Quaker, William Leddra, was hanged before he could act, he put an immediate end to such cruel proceedings in Massachusetts.

COCUMCUSSOC

AN OLD house stands off the "Great Post Road" about thirteen miles north of Narragansett Pier, in Wickford, and a neatly lettered sign at each of the two entrances to the grounds indicates the approach to the mansion "*Cocumcussoc*". The genial master of the house says that the word looks and sounds both like a welcome to the visitor and an urge to his profanity, but that is misleading. The name is merely Indian.

It is recorded that in the exodus of disaffected children who fled from their mother country's arms in the reign of Charles the First, was one Richard Smith, a well-to-do gentleman, and a man of courage and enterprise. Leaving England in 1637, he soon afterward erected, here in the heart of the Narragansett Country, the first white man's house. Here he lived with his family and here for a long time he engaged in trading with the savages. At one time his estate covered 27 square miles, and was known for many years as the Richard Smith Blockhouse. "Smith's Castle" was another name for the house.

Because of religious persecution, Richard Smith left England and came to this country, and his son doubtless felt a similar rebellion against the Royal tyranny, for later on we read that Major Richard Smith, Jr., served as a Major under Oliver Cromwell.

The Smiths' first neighbor would seem to have been Roger Williams, for after Richard had built his home and established his trading-post in it, Williams built a trading-station nearby. The inmates of the blockhouse and their white neighbors must have enjoyed some measure of comfort and contentment when at peace with the Indians. Bacon says that "It was no unusual thing to hang upon the spit a quarter of a lamb or a haunch of venison at the same time that turkeys, ducks and fowl were being roasted.

"The fireplaces in which such cooking was done were enormous. The logs were hauled in cord lengths and rested upon great andirons that would alone fill a modern fireplace."

One fireplace typical of the 17th century is to be seen in a quaint room of the old house now. The present owner, wishing to bring the original hearth to light—for it had long been closed—set men at unbricking it. They opened a fireplace, but it was not the original fireplace, for a second one, back of the first, was revealed. Back of the second they found still a third hearth—presumably the old, original one about which hang several gruesome stories.

Besides the material comforts the inmates of the blockhouse had spiritual comfort as well, for it is said that Roger Williams habit was to go to Cocumcussoc monthly when it was in any way possible, where he held religious meetings. This custom he kept up nearly to the close of his consecrated life.

But presently, at Cocumcussoc, the peaceful days of trading and cheesemaking were interrupted, for the fire long smouldering had burst into flames, and there was trouble with the Indians. Of the time preceding the actual hostilities "Honest John Easton" said: "So the English were afraid, and Philip was afraid, and both increased in Arms."

Williams had long been back in this country when the war broke out, but even he, who had been charged with loving the red men better than he did his white brothers, could not stay their rage. The torch and the tomahawk avenged the alleged wrongs of the Indians, while with the Whites their motto was "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth."

Here in the blockhouse of Richard Smith, on a bitter December night in the year 1675, gathered the Massachusetts and Connecticut forces preparatory to "The Great Swamp Fight." Here the Rhode Island volunteers joined them, and from this house they all set out to that dreadful conflict in the frozen swamp in which the "power of the Narragansetts was forever broken." The details of that conflict would make another story, but, suffice to say that a large number of the red men perished with their squaws and their papooses, many

were taken prisoners and their well entrenched fort with their grain and supplies of every nature was burned. The white victors marched back many miles that dreadful night by the light of the conflagration they had kindled, and of this victory Dr. Increase Mather said: "There were two and seventy Indian Captains slain, all of them, and brought down to Hell in one day."

It is recorded that 68 of the English fell and that 150 were wounded.

When visiting the old, historic house, one must not fail to walk over the sunny lawns to nearly the water's edge to the boulder that marks the common grave of forty of the men who marched out so bravely from the blockhouse that bitter night nearly three centuries ago—one of them a son of the house. A tablet on the boulder reads:

HERE WERE BURIED
IN ONE GRAVE
FORTY MEN
WHO DIED IN THE SWAMP FIGHT
OR ON THE RETURN MARCH
TO
RICHARD SMITH'S BLOCKHOUSE
DECEMBER 1675

Kimball says that "Shortly after this fight the troops of the united colonies were withdrawn from the Narragansett Country, leaving a garrison of 70 men in the blockhouse Their stay was of brief duration. The Council at Boston decided on their withdrawal, and a letter written at Boston, in the following July, narrates that the very next day after their departure the Indians came and burned the said Garrison-house."

This was probably in the year following the Swamp Fight, which occurred at the close of 1675. The old house, then, was burned in 1676, but it is said that the damage was not great and that it was quickly repaired. They used the old timber—the great horizontal beam of oak over the present fireplace of sinister associations is the original lintel—and the house was made somewhat larger with material from the old trading-station which Mr. Williams had sold to Richard Smith.

Smith and his family had fled to New Amsterdam after their home was burned, remaining there until the Indian troubles were quieted, and it was prudent to rebuild.

And now romance lightens the temporary

exile, for Dr. Gysbert op Dyck ("Updike" now) married a daughter of Richard Smith, and the old, rebuilt house in Wickford eventually became the "Updike" house. The date of the erection of the present mansion was sometime in 1677.

Longfellow has said that: "All houses wherein men have lived and died are haunted houses," and if that be so one certainly feels a thrill on recalling some of the legends connected with this house. For Bacon says: "At the time of King Philip's War, tradition tells us that a band of settlers, inflamed with the smell of 'villainous saltpetre' and blood and perhaps somewhat exhilarated by a fluid then much valued by good New Englanders, arrived at Smith's blockhouse with Indian prisoners. Having tied these captives to chairs, the doughty men of Massachusetts still further refreshed themselves with some of the trader's private stock and soon became delightfully mellow. It is well understood that to make a Puritan New Englander convivial something out of the ordinary was required, and we must believe that the potations were long and deep, for a vein of rare pleasantry was developed among its members. Even in his mirth, however, the Puritan was not as other men, and there was a dreadful grimness in his pleasantry. It happened at last that one of the Indian fighters in the course of the carousing hilariously struck off a captive's head with his sword. As the gory ball rolled away it struck a tall clock in the corner and the sensitive timepiece, unable to contain itself, struck one."

But today the pleasant rooms suggest none of these horrors. The sun shines through the narrow windows with their wooden shutters on to rows and rows of enticing books, and through the casements one glimpses the shining waters of the bay and hears, on the lawn, the voices of laughing children.

One of the great rooms has a flood tradition of some baby in its cradle being lifted by the encroaching waters nearly to the ceiling, from which precarious situation it was happily rescued.

Wilkins Updike roamed through these pleasant rooms in his happy childhood. His mother, Mrs. Ludovick Updike, was an aunt of the "unfortunate Hannah Robinson," and it was to a great ball, given at

Cocumcussoc that Hannah ostensibly set out, on the night of her elopement. The mansion, even then a century old, must have been a beautiful sight with its many lights shining out over the waters beyond the lawn, and no doubt the music sounded while the guests from Boston, Providence and Newport danced merrily — "Pea Straw," "Lady Hancock" and "Boston Delight"—until, perhaps, the whisper spread that "The most beautiful girl in the American Colonies" had mysteriously failed to join them.

Young Wilkins Updike was the great, great, great grandson of that Richard Smith whose daughter had married Gysbert op Dyck so long ago. The child must have often heard his parents tell of the distinguished guests who had sat around his forebears' table, for it is said that for many, many generations few travellers of quality failed to leave the "Great Post Road" and turn into the hospitable gates of Cocumcussoc.

We know that Roger Williams was the first of these great guests, and, later on, by that blazing hearth and at that groaning

table, gathered such men as Benjamin Franklin, Lafayette, the gentle painter, Smibert, and Bishop Seabury. Dean Berkeley, of England and Newport, was the valued friend of Wilkins Updike's grandfather, and often there came the portly and beloved minister Dr. MacSparran with his beautiful wife Hannah, who was Mrs. Updike's aunt.

Wilkins Updike dearly loved the ancient home of his ancestors, and it was arranged that although he was the youngest son of the house it should be his. He grew to be a distinguished lawyer, a power in his State, a force for good, and, for a few years after his marriage, he was happy in the old "Castle" with his wife and children. Then, having lent his name to a brother as security in a business venture, and the business having failed, Wilkins was obliged to give up his idolized home to meet the brother's obligations. It is said that Mr. Wilkins could never, thereafter, bear to speak of or to look upon the beloved spot and that he passed the remainder of his honorable, hospitable life at "Little Rest," or "Kingston Hill," as it is called now.

SAMUEL GORTON

THOUGH Roger Williams will always be hailed as the foremost champion of civil and religious liberty in the days following his settlement of Providence, another vigorous opponent of Puritanism, almost forgotten now or, at best, much maligned, had a full share in the solid establishment of Rhode Island as an independent and liberal Colony. Unlike William Blackstone, who was content to pursue his theology and philosophy as a recluse, Samuel Gorton brought to his ideals a militant spirit, and spent his life waging a constant fight against those who were doing their best to undermine and disrupt the Rhode Island Colony. This "noble-minded patriot and thinker" had a "character for truth and honesty, for morality, for courtesy to all and for Christian charity." He had a great love of soul liberty with a hatred of all shams, and was feared by all religious hypocrites and tyrannical

civil magistrates alike, not only for his dauntless spirit, but for his natural intelligence and his great learning, in which respect he truly ranked among the first in all the Colonies. In personal appearance he was a man of tall stature, with blue eyes, marked features and fair hair—a typical Saxon.

Samuel Gorton was born in 1592 in the town of Gorton, then adjoining but now included within the city of Manchester, England. In this place, where generations of his forefathers had lived, he grew up and received his early education. Gorton's religious training was gained in the English Church, but his full classical and legal education he received at the hands of very competent tutors. In law and politics perhaps he understood his rights better than did Roger Williams, or the proprietors, or the elders or magistrates of the Massachusetts Colony. He did not leave home until the age of about twenty-five or thirty, being

engaged in study up to that time but in 1635 he was in business as a clothier in London. His father, also, had been a merchant in London and had amassed a considerable fortune, a fact which probably accounted for Gorton's source of private wealth while in the Colonies.

In 1636, Gorton left England for New England, bringing with him his wife, "a lady of education and refinement" and "as tenderly brought up as any man's wife in the town." Through her family, who had always provided their daughter with luxuries of every nature during her childhood, Gorton came into the possession of some choice herds of pure-bred cattle sent by them to fill the stalls of her New England home. Like others who journeyed to the New Country to escape persecution in England, he was sadly disappointed to find that the rulers of the new Colonies had set up a church government as austere as that of England. Those in the New England Colonies at Massachusetts Bay and Plymouth who did not conform to authority were disfranchised as citizens. Gorton's arrival was at the time of the proceedings against Wheelright, the brother-in-law of Anne Hutchinson. By avoiding the attention of the magistrates, Gorton obtained a brief respite after his sea voyage, but, within two months, he moved from Boston to Plymouth, intending to make the latter place his home.

He was banished from Plymouth, however, in 1638, the occasion being his defense of one of his maid servants, after she had been found guilty of smiling in church. The decree of the Massachusetts magistrates did not find favor with the people, but they had been too long accustomed to oppression in England to resist any show of authority, such as that exhibited by Governor Prentice in dealing with Gorton's case. Gorton with his family left Plymouth in the dead of winter and went to the northern part of the island of Aquidneck, joining the Hutchinsons (just previously banished) at the settlement of Pocasset, known now as Portsmouth.

With his arrival, the factions of Anne Hutchinson and William Coddington, already embittered with rivalry, became worse enemies. Gorton aided the settlers in Pocasset in the drawing up of the necessary articles for local government, and then, in a

later series of severe controversies with Coddington, denounced the latter and his followers heartily for attempting to set up a government upon the island without a charter. He could not hold out against Coddington for long, because of the number of the latter's adherents, and, in 1641, went to Providence.

At Providence, Roger Williams was having a great deal of difficulty with a faction headed by William and Benedict Arnold, Massachusetts agents, who had settled in the vicinity of the Pawtuxet River. Consequently, with his reputation for attacks upon unchartered government, Gorton was not well-received. As an eccentric, he was more feared by the Arnolds than Williams himself. After a great deal of trouble, Providence split into three factions, headed respectively by the Arnolds, Roger Williams, and Samuel Gorton. The first of these three seceded from Providence in 1642 and submitted themselves to the authority of the Massachusetts Colony. Gorton, countering this decidedly hostile move, joined with some others in purchasing a section of land in the vicinity of Warwick from Miantanomi, and moved there in 1643. Here, on the shores of this new territory which they called Shawomet, the Gortonogues began to build and plant. After continued quarreling with the Arnolds, located just to the northward, the latter complained to their adopted rulers of Massachusetts, who immediately summoned the Gortonogues to appear at court in Boston. Gorton's reply was characteristically independent, and he sent a warrant for the Arnolds to appear in Shawomet.

The Massachusetts authorities saw a splendid chance to gain a foothold in Rhode Island and win the territory for themselves. Consequently they sent a band of soldiers to Shawomet to capture Gorton and his followers. They claimed that the Indians who had deeded the land to Gorton were not subject to Miantanomi but to the Massachusetts Colony, and that Gorton was an usurper. The soldiery, by violating a truce in a brief skirmish at Shawomet, captured Gorton and his fellows and took them in triumph to Boston. All their land was confiscated and their families had to flee to friends in Providence and Portsmouth for refuge. But the religious leaders and magistrates of Massa-

chusetts were not able to keep Gorton long in confinement. Too many people were in sympathy with him, and he succeeded in preaching his liberal doctrines from the confines of his jail. In a few months, therefore, Gorton and his followers were set free but told to get out of Massachusetts within two days.

They returned to Portsmouth. In the meantime Roger Williams had secured a charter for the "Providence Plantations" in 1643, and when the Gortons arrived at the island of Aquidneck, they appointed commissioners to act under the charter. But Coddington was still a thorn in the side of the youthful Colony. He persisted in trying to maintain his government as before, constantly being a party to intrigue with the Massachusetts Bay and Plymouth Colonies. To combat this insubordination, Gorton obtained the submission of the Narragansett sachems to the English crown, and, in 1645, armed with this and his own powerful personality, set out for England to take up the Rhode Island cause against the continued aggressive policies of the Massachusetts Colonies, and to gain a more solid backing for the new charter of Roger Williams. So much was he feared because of his great learning and ability, that Winslow, a former governor of Massachusetts, was sent to England to attempt to nullify all his efforts. Gorton returned to Rhode Island triumphant, however, having completely won his case. Rhode Island was thus brought safely through her first critical period.

Shortly after Gorton's return to Rhode Island, Coddington, who had tried to usurp the power in Rhode Island, was deposed and had to flee in disgrace. But there were many other uprisings before order was finally established in Providence and the charter became secure. Massachusetts was not one to be easily defeated in her desires, and again, in 1676, the question of the Arnolds and the Pawtuxans arose. Gorton and some of his adherents were again chosen to go to England to petition the King and argue against envoys sent by Massachusetts. After a long and anxious interval, the Gortonogues were successful once more. The King declared the Massachusetts charter which named the Pawtuxet and Shawomet sections as its property void. This was the crushing blow for all Massachusetts aspirations, and the triumph of Gorton and his followers was complete. Rhode Island truly owes them a great debt.

Throughout his life Gorton, despite his reputation as a very independent thinker and radical, was constantly in public office, serving many years in the General Assembly and in many other capacities. He was a true friend of the Quakers as opposed to Roger Williams, although he shared the latter's great friendship with the Indians. When he died, in 1677, Rhode Island lost a staunch son, a man of fearless integrity, and an invaluable defender. His last days were passed in his beloved Shawomet (now East Greenwich) near the shores of Narragansett Bay.

CAPTAIN BENJAMIN CHURCH

A DOLEFUL, great, naked, dirty beast," said Benjamin Church of King Philip, looking at the body of the fallen chieftain as it lay bedraggled and muddy in the Mount Hope swamp. It was evident that he had little admiration for the warrior whose desperate last stand against his hated enemies, the white men, had been the cause of long months of the most ferocious and bloody warfare in the entire colonial history of New England. Indian warfare has

always been of the bloodiest sort, but discounting its characteristic atrocities (which seem to have been matched in times past and present by those of white men as well) we of the present are more inclined to sympathize with the pitiful case of Philip, almost hopeless from its very start. Far enough away from the war which he waged we can understand its inevitable causes and sense its true proportions much better than those who were destined to suffer through it.

Church, despite his unique understanding of the Indian character, could not sympathize with the last mad struggles of King Philip as the Wampanoag, beaten in battle and broken in spirit, tried to escape his pursuers and fate. To our minds, Philip was the patriot of his own kind, rising in righteous indignation to avenge the accumulated wrongs of the English against his tribe and fighting with all a patriot's fierceness and abandon.

Yet Benjamin Church was no mean man. As the leading Indian fighter of his day, his mission was to lead a force to capture or kill Philip, a mission which he performed faithfully and efficiently. And his words, spoken over the body of his fallen foe, if not of admiration, were at least without undue malice.

Church was born in Duxbury, Massachusetts, in 1639, his father having been one of Governor Winthrop's band of settlers and a carpenter by trade. For a while the former continued his father's trade successfully in Duxbury, but in 1674, a few years after his marriage to Alice Southworth, he was induced to settle in what is now Little Compton, Rhode Island. Here he established a farm near the East Passage, being the first Englishman to settle in that territory.

But he had no chance to develop his farm. In the following spring he was called from Little Compton by the Plymouth Colony when the threat of Indian warfare was rapidly assuming alarming proportions. The young man was especially fitted to be a great Indian fighter. He was "tall and well proportioned, and his frame was well knit, built for activity and endurance. As a young man he was exceedingly active and vigorous, characteristics which strongly recommended him to his Indian neighbors. In his residence of a year among the Indians, he had gained a thorough knowledge of their character and had acquired a great influence among them." With his desire for glory and his great religious convictions, he was fully prepared to aid the Plymouth colonists.

He first attended the war dances of the Seaconnet Indians, where he found the queen sachem Awashonks leading the rites. Armed delegates from the Mount Hope tribes were also there, and more than once

the life of the young Englishman hung in the balance, as the dance-maddened braves regarded him with hostile eyes. Yet, paying no attention to the dangers of his own situation, Church argued long and earnestly with Awashonks, finally persuading her to submit to the Plymouth Colony. Later, on his journey back to Plymouth, he met Weet-amoë, queen of the Pocasset, and won her allegiance as well. However, despite his efforts, war was begun by the Wampanoags, and the Seaconnets who had promised him allegiance were drawn into the conflict.

All through the weary months of fighting in which the Indians were at first successful, Church served as a leader, yet his wise counsel was frequently disregarded by his associates. Nevertheless the young man remained loyal, throwing all his vigor and keen knowledge of Indian warfare into the English cause. Meanwhile the war spread like a prairie fire all over New England. Over six hundred of the best of the English fighting men were killed, and settlement after settlement went up in flames. Even the large towns like Providence did not escape the peril. But gradually the tide of events turned. The Indians began to suffer defeats which broke up their determination and scattered their power. Canonchet, the son of Miantanomi, who had entered the war with the hope of avenging his father's death, was killed. The battle in the Bridgewater swamp shattered the hopes of Philip of ever driving out the white men from the land. And, finally, bands of the Indians themselves were gradually won over to the English side.

Church was able to reconcile Awashonks once more to the English, and won the aid of some 140 of her braves. His capture of Annawon was a telling blow against Philip's forces, and his own intrepidity and calculating courage made him more and more feared by the red men. His was the final blow to end the war, for he led the English force into the swamp at Mount Hope and drew the strings of the net from which Philip could not escape.

Thus Church won a final triumph. His whole partisanship with the Plymouth Colony during the war had been checkered, marred by constant disagreements and petty jealousies among the English leaders. But the chastening power of repeated defeats

had made his opponents give him the command that he should have had from the first.

At the beginning of the war Church had sent his family into Rhode Island for safety, and it was here that he joined them after the death of Philip. In Bristol he settled down in the height of his fame, building himself a house on the north side of Constitution Street, near Thames Street. But the last remnant of this, the old ruin of its chimney, vine-covered, is long since gone.

The people of Bristol, honoring the conqueror of Philip, elected Captain Church to many town offices, thereby insuring the fulfillment of these with dispatch and honesty. Church also was sent to Plymouth in 1682 as Bristol's first deputy to the General Court.

But his days of fighting were not over. With the advent of what was known as King William's War in 1689, in which the French and Indians were the main aggressors and Maine the seat of conflict, Church was made a Major and Commander-in-Chief of an expedition into Maine, but was hampered by a lack of support from the colonial governments. Massachusetts was involved in its affair with Sir Edmond Andros, and had little interest in the welfare of its neighboring colony to the north. Church was called back to report the conditions in Maine to the Massachusetts authorities, yet little heed was paid to his representations. Finally, after the threat of the French and Indians had grown too great, Church was again sent northward with a force of 250 men. Again Massachusetts withdrew its support after the men were in the field, and Church, thoroughly disgusted, had to disband his company.

He was penniless and in rags when he arrived at Boston, but the authorities snubbed him completely, paying him not a cent for his services. He was forced to beg board for three days of a charitable sloop master and borrowed money from a drover to get to Rhode Island. Upon his arrival home he had to sell some of his lands to pay part of the expenses of this expedition. Still he went to the aid of Massachusetts several more times, leading successful expeditions against the French and Indians. And through them all the miserliness of the authorities continued. Only long after his death did Massachusetts, in sorry atonement, grant to his heirs five hundred acres out of unappropriated land in the province.

At the age of sixty-five Church retired from military life, ending a glorious career. He had never been defeated or even repulsed in all his expeditions. For quite a few years he continued to live with his family at Bristol, and several of his children were born there. However, he finally went back to his original homestead at Little Compton. Fortunately his vigor in times of peace as well as in war had been the means of his acquiring enough property to avoid any poverty during his declining years. In the winter of 1717-18 a fall from his horse was responsible for his death, which occurred on January 17, 1718.

The old Indian fighter, like King Philip, his former foe, had fought adversity and ill-feeling throughout his whole life, never while living (except in Bristol) attaining the full recognition and honor he deserved. Yet when men came to think of him afterward, they remembered keenly his constant patriotism, his high sense of justice, and his calculated courage.

HAZARDS OF RHODE ISLAND

ONE of the most fascinating and, at the same time, most involved branches of history is that which comes under the heading of genealogy. Nor can it be overlooked by any historian worthy of the name. In the lives of many a prominent family are hidden the little incidents, the anecdotes, the quaint and homely records, so revealing of character and frequently

so humorous in the light of later standards and customs. Too often men and women, leaders of their country, state, or county, in peace or war, have been idolized because of one or two outstanding achievements, when they themselves would have been the first to protest against such emulation. It is not that idolization of a public hero is wrong. Even if it were, the very force of

mass enthusiasm, once a hero had been chosen, would tend to increase for a while like a rolling snowball, sweeping the victim of favor to glory just as inevitably as, with a reversal of circumstances, it would carry him to his doom. Once established in a niche of fame, a vivid personality very often becomes crystallized in its own glory, remaining inaccessible to the humble love of the multitudes whose inhibitions and intuitions combine to hold the superman outside the circle of their most intimate affections. Only rarely, when some gifted disciple, probing deeply into the personal records of a famous man, has succeeded in breaking the shell of his superficial glory and making him human again, does such a liberated hero find his true and lasting niche in the hearts of the people.

The genealogy of many Rhode Island colonial families reveals much of the early life and customs of the Colony. The pioneer industries, the great farmlands, the prejudices and beliefs, the little bigotries and eccentricities—all that is great and much that is small—is faithfully, and oftentimes unconsciously, disclosed. Yet, inasmuch as it would require a volume to record even one family tree, it is only possible in this story to touch a few highlights in the history of the descendants of one of the first settlers and founders of Newport and consequently of Rhode Island itself.

The name, Hazard, can be traced back to the Duc de Charente who lived, in 1060, near the borderland of Switzerland. How the name came to be changed to Hazard is a story in itself, and here we can only tell of the Hazards of Rhode Island.

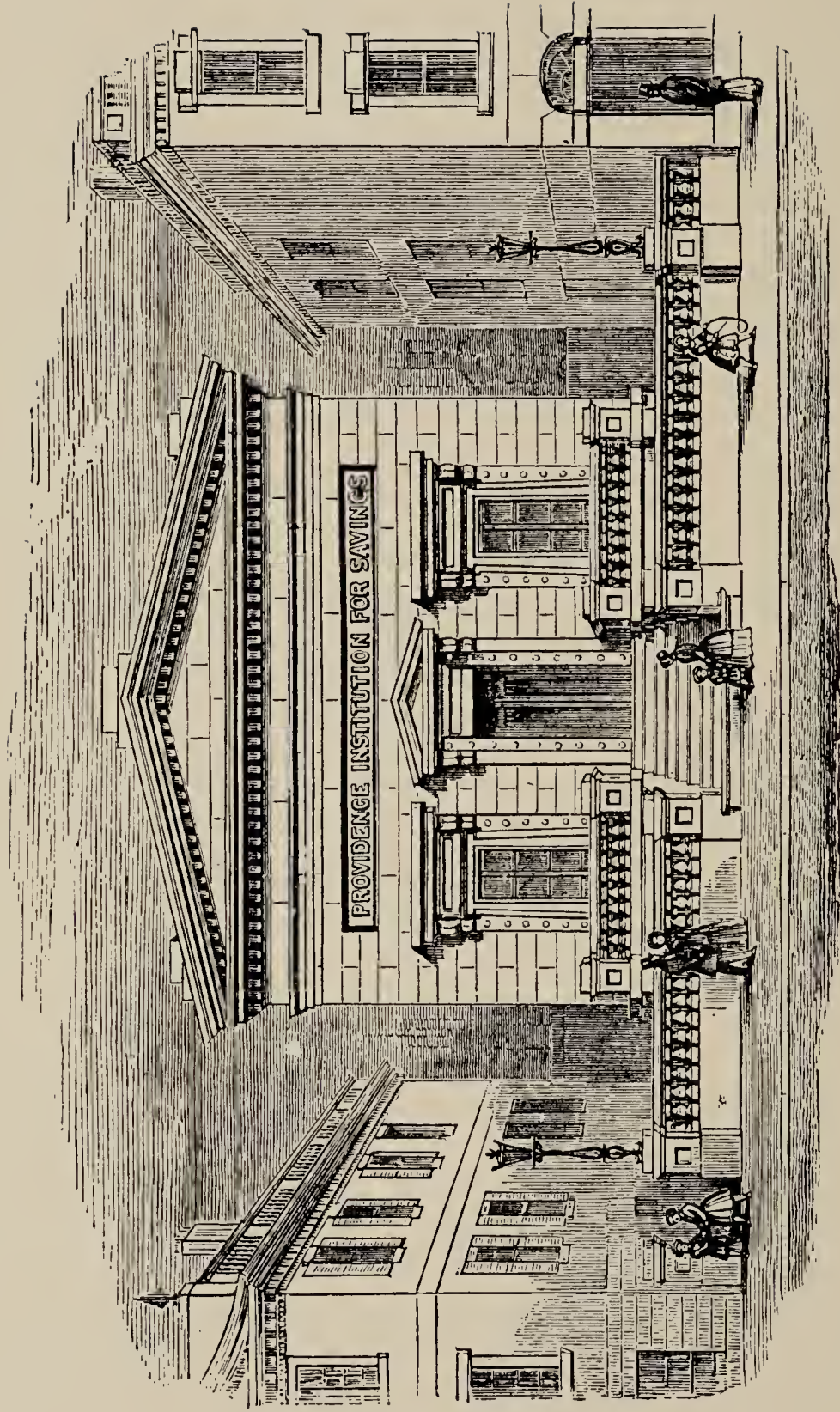
Thomas Hazard, born in 1610, first came to Boston in 1635, but within four years journeyed south to Portsmouth, Rhode Island, becoming, in 1639, one of the eight founders of Newport. His son, Robert, moved from Newport to Kingston, bought there 500 acres of land and proceeded to build himself the largest house in the town. That he succeeded is evident for a doctor, while visiting the family, asked if the occupants of the huge house had some means of conveyance to carry them from the front to the rear door. The chimney in the spacious ell of the house had large stone seats on the inside, and here the slave children

used to sit. The owner referred to his mansion as "my manor house." Three generations of Roberts occupied the structure, the third going by the name of "Roc" Robert, an appellation arising out of the existence of a huge rock in the boundary of the estate. The estate itself was divided for a time, part of it being deeded by the first Robert to his brother George, who later acquired the remainder from Robert the third. In all, the first Robert Hazard had owned over a thousand acres in the Colony, scattered about in Tiverton, Newtown, Point Judith, and Kingston, but the home estate itself was the first piece of property to pass out of the family, it being sold to a John Rose after 60 years of Hazard ownership.

In the obituary of Mary Hazard, the widow of the first Robert Hazard, which appeared in the *Boston Gazette* it is noted that she was "one hundred years of age, had had 500 children, grand-children, and great grand-children, and left 205 of them still living." It was a period of large families not only through the early generations but even to the sixth and seventh, yet it is interesting to see the successive families gradually reacting to the times until, in the tenth generation, the average was only three or at most four children.

Elizabeth, the daughter of the first Thomas Hazard, married William Lawton of Portsmouth from whom Lawton's Valley takes its name. Another daughter, Hannah, married a man named Wilcox and moved to Westerly. The third daughter married twice, first into the Potter family and second into one bearing the name of Mowry.

While it is impossible to trace all the descendants individually, and only a few can be mentioned throughout the early generations, perhaps it would be well, before proceeding further, to describe a few characteristics of the family. Its members, particularly the men, were strongly marked with distinctive characteristics. They were of good stature, very powerful physically, had well-shaped heads, high foreheads, straight or aquiline noses, firmly-chiseled chins, and fair, though somewhat florid, complexions. In all of them was evidence of a certain decision of character, a considerable amount of pride, and a pronounced independence. A Sylvester Hazard of Newport was reported to have lifted



THE FIRST BANK BUILDING OF THE PROVIDENCE INSTITUTION FOR SAVINGS.
ERECTED IN 1854 ON THE SITE OF THE PRESENT MAIN BUILDING
OF THIS SAVINGS BANK.

a medium-sized horse and carried it across the street. Likewise "Stout Jeffrey," a Hazard in the fourth generation, was said at one time to have lifted a stone weighing 1620 pounds, while on a later occasion the same gentleman in an argument with an antagonist threw the latter over a stone wall and then threw his horse after him for emphasis. Most of the men were over six feet in height, "Short Stephen," a keeper of Point Judith Light, being an exception.

The first namesake of the original Thomas Hazard was a great farmer and merchant of Narragansett, dealing extensively in the breed of horses known as "Narragansett pacers." In addition he was one of Rhode Island's first shipbuilders and had erected a "great Pier" and warehouse at Boston Neck. In his farming and ownership of land he was of equal importance with Rowland Robinson, whose son, Governor William Robinson, married into the Hazard family. In the fourth generation there were four Hazards named Thomas, and for distinction they went under various nicknames such as "College Tom," "Nailor Tom," and "Virginia Tom." "College Tom" went to Yale, but later, after becoming a Quaker, was on the Board of Fellows of Brown University. He married Elizabeth Robinson who was the great granddaughter of the first Thomas Hazard and hence his third cousin. "Nailor Tom" was famous as a politician of his day. His "Blue Book" or diary contained much that was pertinent to the times. Updike, himself a descendant of the Hazard family, declared that he would rather see the devil come into his courtroom than "Nailor Tom." The privateer of the family was "Virginia Tom" who much preferred to seize enemy ships and enemy cargoes to engaging in a shipping industry of his own.

The name Hazard soon became linked with that of many of the most outstanding Rhode Island families, and as the descendants increased in number there were many cases of intermarriage.

Benjamin Hazard, of the fourth generation, married into the Redwood family of Newport. Jeremiah, of the next generation, married Susannah Hutchinson, the only one of Anne Hutchinson's family who escaped death at the hands of the Indians. Oliver Hazard, three times removed from

the first Thomas, married Elizabeth Raymond and subsequently became the grandfather of Oliver Hazard and Mathew Calbraith Perry. This was the first advent of aggressive fighting blood in the family, for, prior to the Civil War, the name Hazard was rarely found on army or navy lists. Edward Hazard, of the sixth generation and a son of Mayor George Hazard of Newport, married the granddaughter of Governor Samuel Cranston.

Thus this story might continue indefinitely, recording the lives of scores and hundreds of descendants. By the end of the fifth generation there had been 628 descendants of the first Thomas Hazard who came to the island of Aquidneck, and in five succeeding generations this number had increased to 2,920. Suffice it to say that the name Hazard has been merged with the leading names in all Rhode Island history. It is to be found in all the professions of war and peace as well as the unlisted annals of private citizenship. It has had its characteristics and eccentricities, a few of which have been revealed here. But to review all of the many typical incidents is impossible. Only one more can be recorded, and with it this brief and very superficial survey must end.

Stanton Hazard, a son of Governor Robert Hazard, a strong loyalist, had entered the British Navy. At the time of the Revolution he offered his services to the Rhode Island Colony, asking only that he be given the same rank in the American Navy as that to which he had risen in the Royal English Navy. The request being refused, he continued in the service of England. His ship was later captured by a Yankee privateer during a one-sided engagement, and he was paroled to his sister's home in Narragansett. It was in this engagement that a peculiar habit saved his life. He was accustomed to taking snuff, always bending his head when he did so to prevent soiling his lace collar ruffles of which he was proud. In the midst of the fighting he stooped to take a pinch of snuff, bending very low. At the same instant a shot from an enemy gun passed over his stooped body and killed an officer standing next to him. It is the only case on record where a pinch of snuff has been the cause of saving one life and destroying another.

INDIAN TRAITS AND CUSTOMS

SOME three hundred years ago, at the time when the first white men were beginning to arrive in extensive numbers throughout New England, the Rhode Island Narragansetts were at the height of their power. Numbering nearly 20,000 members in all, with a ready contingent of over 5,000 fighting men, they had grown in power since the arrival of the first whites and were at the time the most formidable of all New England tribes. Yet, in the course of a few years, the Wampanoags, the Nipmucs, Aquednecks, Niantics, and other tribes which had been subordinate to the Narragansetts began to break away, leaving the once powerful tribe to decay slowly, until, after the fierce fighting in 1676, it was completely annihilated. It seems little short of astounding that a tribe could gain its ascendancy and then pass into oblivion within a half-century. Yet, once entrance was made through the vast undeveloped lands of the West, the Indians of the prairies and western wildernesses dwindled away with equal rapidity, only a tiny proportion of their vast numbers remaining to inhabit the reservation set apart for them by their white conquerors. Now it is indeed rarely that we think of Indians at all, mainly because for most of us there have been few things in our lives to call them vividly to mind.

Some Niantics, Wampanoags, and scattered members of a few other tribes who survived in Rhode Island after 1676, were driven southward and gathered together in a reservation in Charleston which was under governmental control. Here refugee blacks mingled with them, intermarrying until there was not a pure-blooded Indian left, and much degeneracy resulted. Close by, on a small hill, was the burying ground of the Narragansetts. But in 1881 the state sold the lands in the reservation, although preserving the burial ground, and the remaining Indians were granted citizenship. Of course we may still find Indians in the

western reservations, joining with the whites in round-ups and rodeos. And there are the Navajos in the southwest, living in their adobe huts, making their rich pottery, and weaving their gorgeously colored blankets. But we of the East only confront the once-feared red men when the circus comes to town, when we again look at their pictures in our children's story books, or when we suddenly come upon some stalwart survivor standing before an old time cigar store. Consequently it may prove to our interest, and probably to our advantage as well, to give over a few moments to a consideration of some of the personal traits and tribal customs of these first Americans, and, of course, particularly those of Colonial Rhode Island.

Our own Roger Williams, who perhaps more than any other man became thoroughly conversant with the intimate tribal life of all Rhode Island Indians, has left the best descriptions of their customs and characters. The hospitality which they invariably extended to him, and to others was one of their innate virtues, only despoiled through closer contacts with the general run of white men. However poor they were the Indians could be depended upon to share their frugal fare with those who came to visit them, offering the shelter of their wigwams as well, even though the observance of such generosity often meant that they themselves had to sleep with only a tree for shelter. They were for the most part an eager, simple folk, anxious to gain the latest bit of news and more than delighted when a traveler who could speak their dialect came among them. For a while it was perfectly safe for a white man to travel among them without fear, though practically unarmed, and for Williams and others of his nature it was never necessary to take precautions for personal safety.

Their home life was languid and closely attuned to the passing seasons. All their belongings, including their wigwams, were of a sort which could be easily moved and had doubtless been developed to fit their nomadic temperament. With the first warm

days of spring and summer they set up their encampments near open fields where the squaws might easily plant and cultivate the corn and beans that formed the greater part of their diet. Then with the first warnings of the winter, coming in the whiteness of the early frosts and the scattering of the fallen leaves before the keen north winds, they would swiftly gather their belongings and in one day or night be gone into the quiet and sheltered recesses of the thick forests. During the winter, their stores of food would consist of corn and beans ground into a coarse meal, augmented by dried berries, nuts, and meat, which, like the thriftier animals among the nature folk, they had stored away against the long bleak months.

Though polygamy existed to some extent among the various tribes, its practice was not a matter of male indulgence but something of a purely economic nature, for squaws as workers, were an asset. As a matter of fact, though the whole tendency of these rude inhabitants of the forests was to go scantily clothed and to live together in a nearly naked condition, such practice did not encourage any wantonness among them. In this, as in many other respects, their ideas and customs were by far more praiseworthy than those of the whites whose civilization was in theory held to be totally superior.

The males among the tribes were not idle all the time, although in comparison with the heavy work done by the squaws their efforts toward the upkeep of their families seemed sadly deficient. Yet the men took upon themselves a goodly share of activity. They scoured the forests for game, trapped birds and animals and shot them with bows and arrows, fished with short lines and rude bone hooks or with sharp-pointed spears, and even aided their women in the digging of such special delicacies as clams. And, of course, the complete defense and counsel of the tribe was entirely a male affair, something the females of the tribes considered in itself sufficient recompense for their daily drudgery. With such defense in view, there were always many male individuals who devoted themselves at all times to the fashioning of new arrowheads and tough ashen bows, while others spent their

time in felling and hollowing out the trunks of trees to make the log canoes.

That the women had some spare time and energy is evident in the hand-woven rugs which decorated the inner walls of the wigwams. These, and reed baskets, clothing of skins, and other domestic necessities were mostly the products of the lighter hours of recreation. Some of them, although more often it formed a male occupation, spent time in the procuring of shells, white and black, from which they formed the bits of wampum used as currency and as a rich decorative material. This was strung on thin rawhide sinews and made into wide belts and other ornaments. For quite a while the English settlers used the wampum, too, as money, for it facilitated trade with the red men, but its use gradually died out with the minting of silver coins.

Though the Indians were for the most part a silent, and to those who feared them, a grim and foreboding race, they were not always as stern and austere as they have been frequently pictured. In the intimacy of their family circles they could relax as well as any body of whites and take the greatest enjoyment in games and social intercourse. Fond of their families, the elders were often over-indulgent toward their children, suffering the latter to play all kinds of pranks and even to be disobedient without reprimand.

Smoking had been a favorite indulgence among them long before the coming of white men, and in their travelling about the males carried their pouches of tobacco about their necks with as much care as they carried their wampum. The tobacco which they smoked was not like that in current use today, being a much coarser and stronger variety, but from it they derived great satisfaction and enjoyment. The fashioning of richly-carved pipes was an art among them. The use of intoxicants was unknown before the coming of the whites, and they were made the victims of its evils, being unaccustomed to its effects and not learning any of its advantages.

While this is a wholly brief and inadequate account, being merely a fragmentary sketch of some of the activities of these natives, it may show them as being more than mere bloodthirsty savages. Their

decline was totally due to the coming of the English, the enervating effects of white civilization being disastrous to these people whose strength lay in the pursuit of a simple existence. It seems tragic that they, who were such an integral part of the

forests they loved, had to perish. They never fully realized just what it was they were fighting. It was not the whites in themselves but white civilization, intangible to their undeveloped minds and inevitable in its consequences.

BUILDERS OF PAWTUCKET

AMONG the names listed in the annals of the neighboring city of Pawtucket, that of the Jenks family stands out prominently. It is not only because Joseph Jenks, Jr., was the founder of Pawtucket but because his sons and daughters continued to carry the name to even greater heights. The indomitable pioneer spirit and genius of the first Joseph Jenks, the original settler who came from England to Massachusetts in 1642, expressed itself in new fields of endeavor through his sons and grandsons.

The first Joseph Jenks was famed for his skill in working in brass and iron in England and was brought to the Colonies by Governor Winthrop, the younger, to establish iron works here. Specimens of the bog-iron, found in the swamps of Saugus, Massachusetts, had been taken to England and analyzed, and a company called the "Company of Undertakers for the Iron Works" formed to develop these natural resources. Joseph Jenks came to superintend the construction of buildings for the industry and became the first worker in iron and brass in the colonies. The iron works, under his competent tutelage, developed rapidly and supplied many of the domestic implements used by the neighboring settlers. He was an inventor as well as an expert craftsman, and made the moulds and castings for many new tools and machines with his own hands. In 1646, he obtained a patent for an improved type of waterwheel. This was the first patent granted in this country.

Five years after he had arrived in New England, he set up his own shop and forge near the iron works and started to specialize in the manufacture of scythes and other tools requiring a fine edge and temper.

It was he who made the dies for the famous "Pine Tree" shillings. But it is not this man with whom we are especially concerned, for he never came to Pawtucket.

While he had been making a success of the iron works in New England, his two sons Joseph and William, had been living with their grand-parents in England, for his wife had died. The older of these two boys, Joseph, who was born in 1632, in Colebrook, just outside of London, came to join his father in the new world in 1647. He worked in his father's foundry inasmuch as he had a natural aptitude for the craft. In about 1668, he married Esther Ballard, of Lynn, Massachusetts, and in the following year he went south to the Colony of Rhode Island taking his young family with him. Here, he first settled in Warwick, where it is on record that he served as foreman of the jury in the case of a drowning accident in 1670. In the previous year he had been granted land on either side of the Pawtuxet River, upon which to set up the sawmill and machinery he had brought with him from Lynn and to begin to cut pine, chestnut, and oak for Warwick customers.

However, chancing to observe the water power which existed at the falls in Pawtucket, in 1670 he bought about sixty acres of land in their vicinity from Abel Potter, with the additional right of commonage. Then, moving his family and workshop, he built his new forge just below the falls. Men who had come with him from his father's iron works helped to set up his sawmill, carpenter shop, and foundry later on. Iron ore was obtained near Mineral Springs, and timber was cut from the surrounding forests and hauled to the mill to be cut into lumber for houses of new settlers. Nearby his forge Jenks built his own

home, the first house to be built in Pawtucket, on what is now East Avenue, while his men occupied rough dwellings in the vicinity.

With his acquired expert knowledge combined with great business ability, young Jenks soon created a leading place for himself in the surrounding countryside, even reaching the point where he was recognized as a sort of over-lord. The handicraft and genius that supplied the farmers, hunters, and fishermen of the locality with an unlimited number of tools, some old and some new inventions, was very welcome in the region known as the Providence Plantations. Consequently, Jenks was given a free hand in the choice of land in the vicinity in which he settled. The men of Rhode Island were anxious to retain among them a man who was a master craftsman in iron and brass. Around his original establishment many more homes grew up, the nucleus for the great city of more than 70,000 inhabitants that covers the location at present.

Honors were pressed upon him as he reached middle age, and he rose to great eminence in the Rhode Island Colony. He really became the leader of a patriarchy which had its center at his forge. He was a member of the Providence Town Council in 1680, and Moderator of the Town Meeting in 1678-80. In April, 1679, he was elected a delegate from Providence to the General Assembly in Newport, and was the Speaker in that body from 1698 to 1699. In various periods of his life he was a deputy and justice of the peace and performed many marriages.

In 1680, he and two others were empowered by the Assembly to purchase a bell "for the public use of the Colony, and for giving notice or signifying the several times or sittings of the Assemblys and Courts of Trials, and General Couricils." The bell was purchased from Frelove Arnold (daughter of Governor Benedict Arnold) for three pounds and ten shillings. Previously the Assembly had been called together by the roll of a drum.

In 1690, he was one of committee of seven to write a letter of congratulation and loyalty to William and Mary who had then just acceded to the British throne, and in 1695, he was chosen to run the eastern line of the Colony.

Thus far the Jenks family had advanced greatly in the community for which they formed the nucleus. But the achievements of the father were to be overshadowed by those of the sons. The family of Joseph Jenks, Jr., contained ten children, four boys and six girls. All of the boys became distinguished men. Joseph, the elder, became Governor of the Colony; Ebenezer became one of the first ordained pastors of the First Baptist Church in Providence; Nathaniel attained the rank of Major in his chosen field, the military profession, and William, who turned to law, became a deputy and a judge. The business of the father, Joseph Jenks, Jr., was inherited and conducted by the four brothers, who, in this sense, were somewhat similar to the famous "Brown Brothers" of Providence. Each built a mansion for himself, following somewhat the style of the Eleazer Arnold mansion in Lincoln, in that each had a stone chimney at one end. Nathaniel's home was located at what is now 210 Main Street, but it was demolished in 1870. It was of particular note, because it is believed that the original home of Joseph Jenks, Jr., the father, had been moved and joined to it. The Jenks family has been engaged in some form of iron founding and iron manufacturing without a break from the time of Joseph Jenks, 1st to the present. The Pawtucket firm of Fales & Jenks, founded in 1830, is owned by descendants of the founder.

Of the four brothers, the most famous by far was Joseph, the third bearer of the family name. During the first part of the 18th century he was undoubtedly the most important individual in the whole Colony. Born in 1656, by 1691 he was deputy to the General Assembly, holding the position for twelve years and serving as speaker of the lower House for four years. He became a major in the militia of the Mainland towns during the period between 1707 and 1712. In 1705, he was appointed one of the commissioners to settle the ever present boundary question, and was reappointed several times to aid in running the line. Meanwhile his unquestioned ability in political matters and his great popularity had procured for him the office of Lieutenant-Governor, a position which he held for thirteen years under Governor Cranston. Finally,

when the latter died in 1727, he became Governor, holding the office for six years. He was the first Governor to be elected outside of Newport, but, deferring to a wish of the General Assembly, he moved his family to the seaport during the term of his governorship. He was twice married, his first wife being Martha Brown of Providence who died; his second, Alice Smith Dexter of the same town.

In every respect Joseph Jenks, 3rd, displayed the greatest sagacity and integrity while occupying such an honored place in the public eye. Under his influence his native village grew vigorously, responding well to his efforts to promote its best interests and invest capital there. When he was asked to run again for the governorship in 1733, he declined, saying wisely,

"I now perceive my natural faculties abating. If I should continue longer in office, it is possible I may be insensible of their decay, and be unwilling to resign my post when I am no longer able to fill it." He died seven years later, in 1740, and was buried in the Old Jenks Burying Ground, in the middle of what is now Read Street. He was the greatest of three great men of the same name and family, and well continued the traditions laid by his forebears. On his former tombstone the latter part of the epitaph provides the most fitting summary of the man and of this story:

"He was . . . a Wise and Prudent Governor; a kind Husband and a Tender Father; Grave, Sober, Pleasant in Behaviour, Beautiful in Person, with a Soul truly Great, Heroic, and Sweetly-Tempered."

AN UNSOLVED MURDER

WHO killed Rebecca Cornell on the afternoon of February 8, 1673, as she sat alone in her room in her home at Portsmouth? To this day, no one knows for certain, yet one man, her son, Thomas, was convicted (on evidence that now seems wholly spurious) and executed for the crime. In those days when a defendant could have no counsel to argue his case, not a few innocent men went to their death, the victims of trumped-up charges. Nowadays, a court would insist upon a minute autopsy upon the body and a rigorous investigation of all evidence before deciding the case and declaring a verdict. But let us examine the case in hand.

To begin with, the Cornells as a family were well-known in Portsmouth. Thomas Cornell, the father, had been admitted as a freeman in 1640, and was made a constable the following year. Then, in 1646, he received a grant of 100 acres within the settlement. To this estate his son Thomas succeeded.

Thomas the second, like his father, was a man of honor and consequence in the Colony. He was several times a deputy from Portsmouth to the General Assembly in Newport, and was placed in many posi-

tions of public trust. And in February, 1673, we find him living quietly on his Portsmouth farm with his family, made up then of himself, his wife, two sons, his mother (a widow of 73), and two hired men. His mother occupied a first-floor room, which contained a fireplace and had both an inner and an outside door. Thomas had been married twice, having had four sons by his first wife. It was two of these sons who were at home at the time of the murder, but the wife mentioned was Sarah, his second wife.

To proceed; on February 8, 1673, Rebecca, the mother, was found dead on the floor of her room, her clothing burned and her body severely scorched by fire. Taking the first testimony of Thomas Cornell and one of his hired men, Henry Strait, a coroner's jury returned a verdict that she had come "to her untimely death by an unhappy accident of fire, as she sat in her room." However, a further examination of the body disclosed a wound on the upper part of her stomach, and the jury gave out as a revised verdict that she came to her death because of both the fire and the injury, but even then incriminated no one. As the case stood, it was a mystery until rumors began to circulate concerning trouble in the

past between Thomas and his mother. Magistrates took up the inquiry and prosecuted Cornell on the strength of it. He was arrested and bound over to the Superior Court, indicted on May 12th, tried and convicted on the same day, and sentenced to be hanged on May 23rd. Pending the execution of the sentence, he was kept chained and manacled and guarded by four men by day and eight by night. In addition, a warrant was issued for the seizure of his estate. There was no chance for him to escape, and he died on the gallows on the appointed day.

Thomas Cornell did not confess anything, but strangely enough, before his execution, his friends presented a petition in his behalf to the General Assembly requesting that he be buried beside his mother. Would a murderer naturally desire to be buried beside his victim? The petition complicated the mystery. The General Assembly did not grant it, but gave his friends permission to bury him on his own farm, provided they made his grave within ten feet of the common road where the Colony would be at liberty to set up a monument on his grave. Otherwise he would have been buried near the gallows. As a further mark of leniency the Assembly released his estate after his death, naming the Town Council of Portsmouth as executor.

Another odd aspect of the case was the vote of the General Assembly after the execution to record all proceedings and testimonies involved in the case in the book of trials. This was not only testimony given at the actual trial, but such information and affidavits as were procured at the inquest or later by the magistrates. Some of this testimony was peculiar, and we will go through it briefly.

On February 8th, the afternoon of the murder, Thomas Cornell spent two hours and a half with his mother in her room, engaging her in conversation, after which he came out into the adjoining room and began to wind a quill of yarn. Before this was half wound, he was summoned to supper with his family and the two hired men. After supper he sent his son Edward to ask his grandmother if she would have her milk boiled for supper. The boy went, discovered fire in the room on the floor,

and came running back to get a candle and to give the alarm. Henry Strait ran to the room followed by the boy with the candle and then by Thomas Cornell and his wife. The hired man saw the fire and raked it out with his hands, and then, in the faint light shed by the candle, saw a human body on the floor. Supposing it to be an Indian, drunk and burned, (a queer supposition) he shook it by the arm and spoke to it in Indian language. At that moment Thomas Cornell saw the body and exclaimed, “Oh Lord! it is my mother!”

The body was lying on its left side, with its back to the bed and face towards the window. Its clothes were part woolen and part cotton, but only the woolen part was burned. As far as the bed was concerned, only its curtains and valence were burned. And lastly, the outer door was fastened.

Thomas Cornell maintained that his mother's clothes had caught fire from a hot coal falling upon them from her pipe as she smoked in her chair, but no pipe or pieces appear to have been found on the floor. If that had happened, she should have been able to have extinguished the fire herself or at least called for help. And that hypothesis does not consider the evidence of the fire about the curtains and valences. Who extinguished those, things so highly inflammable? Thomas Cornell would hardly have left the room with the fire going unwatched, thus imperiling his own house!

Now for the testimony of the hired men. One said that usually both children were with their grandmother in the evening but that they had not gone to her room on the evening of the murder. Further, the grandmother, when well, usually ate with the family, being sent for. Henry Strait testified that he had even asked Thomas Cornell why his mother was not at the table that evening and that the latter had replied it was because they were having salt mackerel which she could not eat. “But,” said Strait, “she used to be called at other times when they had mackerel.”

Further testimony was to the effect that Rebecca Cornell had had a claim against her son for overdue rent. Some said sharp words had passed between them, and others that she had been vaguely threatened by her son and forced to do menial services. At

one time she had hinted at suicide and at another declared that in the spring she was going to live with her other son, Samuel, but feared that she might be made away with before then. Finally, one witness who, accompanied by Sarah Cornell, had visited Thomas Cornell while he was in jail asserted that the wife and husband had conversed apart and that he had heard one say to the other, "If you will keep my secret, I will keep yours."

Such is the main bulk of the testimony. There is one more episode in the case, however, and it might well be mentioned. Four days after the murder the brother of Rebecca Cornell testified that the ghost of his sister had appeared at his bedside and spoken to him twice, calling attention to her burns and wound and implying that she had been murdered. Strange as it seems, according to the Cornell family genealogical records, this bit of flimsy testimony had the most to do with the indictment and sentencing of Thomas Cornell.

The case caused a great deal of feeling among the people of the Colony, as well it might, and its true solution remained a

mystery. Two years later it was revived briefly in the indictment of Sarah Cornell, the widow, for either perpetrating the crime "or for being abetting or consenting thereto." It may not be wrong to assume that her acquittal was in a large measure due to public sentiment. There had been time to do a whole lot of sane thinking since the hanging of Thomas Cornell, and people had reason to question the high-handed proceedings which rushed his execution. Whether Thomas Cornell was actually guilty or not we cannot say. The *Friend's Records* say that "Rebecca Cornell, widow, was killed strangely at Portsmouth in her own dwelling-house . . ." but they name no murderer. Even we, who are not lawyers, would question much of the evidence, while one prominent Newport lawyer, once asked about the case, said simply, "There was no evidence."

Sarah Cornell probably thought the same, for she named a daughter, born after her husband's death, "Innocent" undoubtedly as a living protest against his unjust execution, which was rather typical of the time.

KING PHILIP

OF ALL the Indian wars in New England, King Philip's War was the bloodiest and most cruel." So reads the opening paragraph of a history compiled by a Rhode Island historian. And this was indeed true—true because the English were cruel and a great tribe of red men were thirsting for revenge. But too often has the stigma of treachery and unwonted savagery fallen upon the fierce leader of the Indian tribes, King Philip himself.

Philip, as he was called by the whites, was of the true Indian nobility, as high in character as any in a corresponding class of white men. He was a martyr in a lost cause and gave his life in a supreme attempt to save his people from complete annihilation by the English.

To show the underlying causes for King Philip's actions it is necessary to trace the history of his line through a preceding generation and its branches.

The father of Philip was Massasoit, the greatest of all Wampanoag sachems. For many years Massasoit had suffered the dominance of the Narragansetts. When a plague had weakened his own tribe of the Wampanoags, the Narragansett leaders, Canonibus and Mianotonomi, had forced him to accept terms which practically made him their subject.

However, the advent of the Plymouth settlers gave the wise young chieftain a long-sought loophole of escape. With far-sighted vision he immediately made friends with the new white men, realizing their great strength, and hoping to ally them to his side when he again attempted to throw off the power of the Narragansetts. His plan was almost immediately successful. The whites placed their full confidence in this young chieftain who had so graciously received them, though they encroached upon his hunting grounds. And when the Narragan-

setts, in jealousy, tried by many means to break the peaceful relations between the two peoples, it was always the English who proved the deciding factor in their defeat and humiliation. They attempted to carry off Squanto, who had been the interpreter between the different races, but a company of English under Miles Standish rescued the Indian from his captors, adding immensely to the prestige of the whites. Again, when Massasoit learned of a conspiracy against his friends, the white men, he gave them warning, after having refused an invitation to join the conspiracy himself. By this act of kindness the English were enabled to nip the uprising in the bud and kill the leader, an Indian named Wituwamet.

With the constant interchange of courtesies between Massasoit and the whites, a deep friendship was begun, and the Narragansetts were forced to acknowledge the independence and power of the Wampanoags as a separate tribe. Canonicus and Mianotanomi finally gave their allegiance to the English and were made British subjects.

Freed of a fear of the Narragansetts, and helped by the friendly spirit of the whites, the Wampanoags rose in power and numbers as a tribe while Massasoit grew old. But the old chieftain could not help but notice that gradually the white settlers were failing to live up to their treaties and agreements which they had made in the past.

Squanto turned traitor and became anxious to dethrone Massasoit because of excessive envy of his power. Yet despite the fact that both the English and the Indians knew that death was the penalty for treachery, the English would not turn Squanto over to his fellow red men as they desired. It was a distinct reversal of the procedure which always occurred when an Englishman had been found guilty of the same offense. In that case the whites had always demanded that the privilege of punishment was theirs alone, and the Indians had returned any white offenders to the settlers for justice.

Later, in the midst of a war in which the English went to fight as aides of the Pequots, a large number of Pequot squaws and children who had gone to Block Island for safety were cruelly massacred by the very English who were supposed to be their

allies. However, of all the incidents which did a great deal to stir up the Indians to the fighting pitch, the most shocking was the murder of the sachem, Mianotanomi. This chieftain had always regarded his word as binding, and he had lived up to his treaty with the English to the very moment when he was treacherously captured by two of his own men (who were acting for the English) and delivered to his enemy Uncas for a cowardly execution.

Brought up in the family of Massasoit, the young Indian, Philip, together with his brother Alexander, had plenty of chance to observe the insincerity and cruelty of the white men who had posed as his father's friends. It was an era of encroachment upon Indian lands, when the whites were forcing the red men farther and farther back into their hunting grounds. Atrocities of a revolting nature were frequently committed. An Indian squaw was captured by a hunter and ordered to be torn to pieces by his dogs. A white conspiracy, in which it was planned to massacre all the Indian converts on Deer Island, was only broken up by direct orders from England. Bounties were placed upon the heads of all young and defenceless redmen, \$130 being paid for the scalp of an Indian boy and \$50 for that of a squaw. All in all, the actions of the English were like the constant dripping of water on a stone, in this case the stone being the patience of the Indians.

In 1656, Philip and his brother, Alexander, had been brought to Plymouth by their father Massasoit and sworn in as allies of the whites. After the death of Massasoit, Alexander made Mount Hope the center of his kingdom, but the English forgot that he was their ally and not their slave. Because they supposed he had been plotting against them, they surprised him while he was out hunting and ordered him to report to Plymouth. This he at first refused to do, but eventually was forced to. Unfortunately for all concerned, the chieftain fell sick of a fever while he was in the hands of the English, and died. With the countless cruelties of the English as examples, the Indians and Philip, his brother, naturally believed that he had been the victim of poisoning.

Sick with sadness at the death of his brother, Philip became filled with a rising hatred for the men who were killing his

friends and countrymen. As the successor to Alexander's crown, he determined at whatever cost to make a last supreme attempt to save his people from utter destruction. The noble blood of the great Massasoit was in his veins, but his loyalty to the whites had been strained to the breaking point. He was, after all an Indian patriot, who could but feel the call of loyalty to his own. He could not help but think of all the land which formerly had been ruled by the chieftains of his great family and which had been treacherously and constantly taken from them. How could he stop this ever threatening wave of color, this endless stream of white men which was gradually engulfing the last remnants of his possessions?

The only alternative to further insult and oppression seemed to be to unite the scattered Indian tribes and attempt to exterminate the white settlers who had caused the trouble. When the English had been weak, the great Massasoit had prevailed upon the Indians to refrain from attacking them. Now, when the whites were strong, there seemed to be no quarter in their aggressive invasion of Indian lands.

King Philip acted as only a man can act when all that he loves and holds dear is at

stake. He gathered together all his allies among the brow-beaten tribes and struck blow after blow at the English settlements. Twice while he had been making plans the English had become suspicious and had sent for him to see if they could detect any prospect of near hostilities. But twice had Philip managed to evade the English queries. Consequently, when he struck it was like the sudden flash of a thunder bolt. His fighting was fierce, for he had been cornered by many years of English insult and overbearance. All his suppressed feelings were released at last in this final bloody war which was to end all Indian uprisings in this state of Rhode Island. Not that Philip confined his war to Rhode Island. On the contrary, he carried it all over New England, striking at settlement after settlement, until the English hardly knew where to turn.

He lost the cause for which he fought, but his uprising was a glorious one . . . the uprising of a man of great strength and character who fought against still stronger enemies. May this account clear for all time the character of one who stood fast by his convictions, who put his whole being into a cause which can only be called noble, and who gave his all to save his countrymen.

THE QUEEN'S FORT

MUCH has been written about the region in the vicinity of Wickford. Here was located the famous Smith Blockhouse, perhaps better known, both then and now, as Cocumcussoc. Ten miles to the southwest was the Great Swamp with the swamp fort of the Narragansetts hidden on a tiny knoll. Eight miles south of the Smith Blockhouse was the home of Jireh Bull, which the Indians burned in 1675. It was only a few nights after this outrage by the Narragansetts that the Puritans from Massachusetts and Connecticut gathered at Cocumcussoc on a bitter December evening and set out, led by an Indian they had captured, for the swamp fortress of the red men. But, although the white men succeeded in penetrating the swamp and even the fort itself,

completely surprising the Narragansetts and almost annihilating the tribe, there was another fort to which a few of the Indians escaped and which was never discovered by any white man until long after it had been abandoned. This latter hiding place was called the Queen's Fort.

The Queen's Fort stood upon a small hill on the line which divides North Kingston from Exeter. Its ruins are about two miles from the railroad junction at Wickford. The hill itself was heavily wooded and covered with big boulders. From the south side the fort was practically unapproachable because of these huge rocks, while on the east, west, and north, the very steepness of the hill would easily discourage any attacking force. Had the Indians been in hiding in this fort when the whites set out

to conquer them for good and all, the result might have been far different. In fact it probably would have been the latter who would have been nearly annihilated.

The designer of both these Narragansett forts was an Indian whom the English called "Stone Wall John." In one instance he is called "the Stone-layer" because being "an active, ingenious fellow he had learned the masons' trade, and was of great use to the Indians in building their forts . . ." It is certain that he was the chief engineer among the Narragansetts, and he probably was one of the more distinguished chieftains. In designing the Queen's Fort he had taken full advantage of the many boulders upon the hill side and had built rough stone walls between them to form one continuous line. According to military authorities who have viewed the spot there is "a round bastion or half moon on the northeast corner of the Fort; and a Salient or V-shaped point, or Flanker, on the west side." Within the fort were many other boulders with excavations under them large enough to shelter two or three persons. However, the most extraordinary of all was what was known as the Queen's chamber, a hiding place about one hundred feet west of the fort itself. This was a huge excavation beneath an immense mass of rocks so large that the tallest men could stand within it with ease. The floor was of fine white sand and the entrance was so skillfully concealed that it could not be detected six feet away.

These two forts, the swamp fort and the Queen's Fort, were built primarily to serve as the two strongholds to protect the Narragansett territory in the immediate vicinity. While the former was ten miles from the blockhouse, the latter was only three and one-half miles away. Canonicus, Miantanomi, and many other distinguished sachems lived within a radius of five miles from the Queen's Fort. And so cleverly were these fortresses constructed that even the swamp fort might not have been captured if Peter, the Indian captive who turned traitor, had not led the English right inside it.

Somewhere about the Queen's Fort was also an Indian village, although its exact location was never determined. However, one ancient historian relates that "orders were given for a march, according to dis-

cretion towards the Narragansetts' country, or town, when finding no Indians, they were at a stand, not knowing which way to go in pursuit of the Indians; but during their stay they discovered some place under ground wherein was Indian corn laid up in store; this encouraged them to look further, and they found several good quantities of that grain in like manner." The same chronicler goes on to reveal another side of "Stone Wall John's" character: "the next day there came an Indian, called 'Stone Wall John,' pretending to come from the Sachems intimating their willingness to have peace. That evening, he not being gone a quarter of an hour (from Smith's House), his company that lay hid behind a Hill, killed two Salem men, and at a house three miles off, where I had ten men, they killed two. Instantly Captain Mosely, myself, and Captain Gardiner were sent to fetch in Major Appleton's company that kept three and a half miles off; in coming they (the Indians) lay behind a Stone wall and fired thirty shots on us." "Stone Wall John" had built many stone walls around the hills in the vicinity. It was he, who after learning the plans of the English, had directed these first attacks upon them.

The queen for whom this fort was named and who ruled the surrounding town of the Narragansetts was Quaiapen. She had been the daughter-in-law of Canonicus, being the wife of his eldest son, Mexanno, and was related by blood or marriage to the foremost chieftains of both the Niantic and Narragansett tribes. But all these great sachems, Canonicus, Mascus, Miantanomi, Mexanno and Canonchet, were dead, and Quaiapen became the great Squaw-Sachem of the Narragansetts, using the Queen's Fort as her last stronghold. She was a sister to the famous Ninegret, the great Niantic Sachem, and the mother of both Quequaganet, who sold the huge tract of Pettaquamscut to the English, and Scuttape, who signed one of the Confirmation Deeds of 1659.

She had gathered together the pitiful remnants of her tribe—those who had managed to escape during the Great Swamp Fight—and they lived in hiding in the Queen's Fort. Late in June, 1676, she left the fort with the rest of her tribe and set

forth on an expedition towards the north, the nature of which was never known. They had only proceeded a little way when they were attacked on Sunday morning, July 2nd, by a roving band of Connecticut horsemen, who were on a warlike excursion through Rhode Island, and completely massacred. A Major Talcott in command of the white horsemen, stated that the Indians numbered 238. Not an Indian escaped, and that day died three great Narragansetts, Quaiapen, the Squaw-Sachem, Potuck, her counsellor, and "Stone Wall John," the great Indian engineer.

In the following month of August, William Harris wrote in commorating the tragedy: "A great councillor of ye Narragansetts, & spetially of a great woman; yea

ye greatest yt ther was; ye sd woman called ye Old Queene; ye fore sd councillor her greatest favoret; he doth as much excel in depth of judgment, common witts, as Saull was taller than Israel; he bore as much sway by his Councill at Narragansett, according to his, and theyer small proportions, as great Mazerreen among the french."

Thus goes the story of the Queen's Fort, the last stronghold of the Narragansetts. It was discovered at last shortly after the massacre of the Squaw-Sachem, Quaiapen, and her little tribe. Like the Squaw-Sachem of the Wampanoags, Weetamoe, she was the last ruler of a great tribe and a stalwart woman who retained her nobility in refusing to bow to the English who had killed all her relations and tribesmen.

ORIGINAL PROPRIETORS OF BRISTOL

COMPARED with the way many colonial settlements came into being, Bristol started life with at least a silver, if not a golden, spoon in its mouth. Of course the first settlers had all the hardships attendant with hewing homesteads out of a veritable wilderness. They had to segregate themselves temporarily from society of the day and forego all the conveniences and advantages already offered by established towns. Yet theirs was far from a hard lot. Other settlers had founded towns which had to be nearly self-sufficient, their only source of supply and help being the mother country. They had come from England knowing little if anything about the new western continent that was to be their home and only trusting to God and their own courage and strength their hopes of survival. Boston, Plymouth, Salem, even Providence and Portsmouth, were settled in this way, their founders being men and women who preferred to chance the dangers of an unknown land than suffer bitter oppression and persecution in a land of plenty. They had no opportunity to make a preliminary survey of the new territory; they were nearly all poor, or of only moderate means; and they had to encounter hostile as well as friendly Indians.

The case of Bristol was quite different.

Its location in the Mount Hope Lands, with its harbor facilities on Narragansett Bay, was nearly ideal. The power of the Indians had been broken for all time with the close of King Philip's War in 1676. And the founding of the town was undertaken carefully as a sound business proposition. In the very same year that the Mount Hope Lands became the property of the Plymouth Colony by right of conquest, the colony sold a tract of land "commonly called Mount Hope Neck and Poppasquash Neck" to four prosperous Boston merchants, transferring the ownership with the "turf and twig" ceremony then in practice.

These four proprietors had the chance of every purchaser to estimate the value of their purchase before buying. Thus they must have been reasonably sure of the success of their enterprise before paying the sum of 1100 pounds for the wilderness land. And perhaps it would be wise for us to investigate a little and see what manner of men these were who had the vision and ambition to set about founding the town of Bristol, and who laid it out so well.

There were four originally who signed the Grand Deed of the Plymouth Colony and acquired the territory . . . John Walley, Stephen Burton, Nathaniel Oliver, and Nathaniel Byfield. Nathaniel Oliver almost

immediately transferred his share of the purchase to Nathan Hayman, and the latter is also listed in the records of the first town meeting as an original proprietor. All of these men had been residents of Boston and had acquired large fortunes as merchants.

John Walley had come to this country in 1660 at the age of sixteen and had proceeded to establish himself solidly as a respected citizen of Boston, a man of an unusually frank personality yet with no personal enemies. After his part in the planning out of the town he was repeatedly a holder of town offices yet he was never a candidate for office. He had a reputation for performing all his duties faithfully, and even his political opponents frequently called upon his opinions in matters pertaining to the good of the state. In 1690, he commanded the land forces of Sir William Phipp's unsuccessful Canadian expedition, discharging his command with generalship and heroism. With the rapid rise of Bristol he increased his personal fortune, but was an ardent philanthropist and supporter of religion. However, in later life he returned to Boston, dying there in 1712.

Little is known about Stephen Burton, probably the best educated of the four and the holder of an Oxford degree. Though he played but a small part in the founding of the town, due to a temporary mental illness, he afterwards was very active in the political life of the town and colony. Because of his beautiful handwriting he was chosen the first recording officer of the town and was later the Register of the Probate Court, Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas, and Register of Deeds. In addition he was five times sent to the General Court at Plymouth as a deputy from Bristol, an evidence of the esteem he enjoyed among his fellow citizens. He died in Bristol in 1693.

Nathaniel Oliver was one of the richest of the four, but never settled in Bristol. He did, however, maintain a strong and tangible interest in the town, even after he had sold his share as proprietor to Nathan Hayman. This latter individual was both a mariner and merchant, noted for his shrewdness. He did a lot to start the maritime career of the town but died in 1689, long before his period of usefulness was completed.

By far the most influential and important of the proprietors of Bristol was Nathaniel Byfield. He came from a prominent English family in ecclesiastical circles, his father being one of the Westminster Assembly of Divines and his mother a sister of Juxon, a former Bishop of London and High Treasurer. Born in 1653, the youngest of twenty-one children, he came to Boston at the age of twenty-one and decided to stay. In 1675, he married one Deborah Clarke and began his very successful business career. So prosperous had he become by the end of King Philip's War that he was able to invest his surplus fortune in the joint purchase of the Mount Hope territory. His first house on Byfield Street was the finest of all Bristol residences, and, like the Bosworth House, was used for early public and religious meetings. It was two stories high with a barn roof and a stout frame of blue oak. Nearly square itself, it had a great central chimney fourteen feet square and huge fireplaces in every room. Two hundred years later, when carpenters were demolishing the structure, they found the great beams still so hard that only the sharpest tools could make an impression upon them and when the chimney was overthrown it fell like a single tree trunk with hardly a break.

Byfield had intended to live in this house at first, but when he found that he could acquire almost the complete ownership of Poppasquash, he decided to build his actual homestead there. The site of the new homestead was the finest on the peninsula but the house itself, though built as sturdily, was in no way the equal of its predecessor. It was of the "camelopard" type, with great front rooms, sixteen feet square, and blinds, a rare luxury. Immense oak beams four feet through capped each fireplace, and did not show signs of decay even after 150 years of exposure to fire and smoke. It was in one of these fireplaces, one in the rear of the house, that an ox from the Byfield barns was found during a heavy snowstorm calmly lying on the warm ashes.

Byfield was a figure of great prominence in Bristol during his forty-four years as its citizen. He was chief judge of the new Bristol County and five times a delegate to the General Court at Plymouth. In addition he

was for thirty-eight years the Chief Justice of the Court of General Sessions of the Peace and Common Pleas of Bristol.

This was no light weight of a man. Of imposing appearance, tall in stature, talented as a public speaker, he was a power in the political controversies of both the Massachusetts Bay and Plymouth Colonies, and made many enemies as well as close friends. It was true that he was a man of ambition and desired greatly to become a governor of Massachusetts, but his beliefs and motives in public life have been often misrepresented. He was a strong opponent of those who condoned the barbarous practice of burning supposed witches, and was disliked by both William Phipps and Increase Mather.

The record of his life in Bristol shows the man to have been generous to the town, straightforward in all his personal dealings, and very friendly in supporting religion and education. Of course he probably was overbearing, anxious to gain his own way,

and of a violent temper when crossed. Yet the records show a life that was strongly devoted to right and justice. His enemies had to admit his paramount integrity. The plan of Bristol was nearly all due to him. Shortly before the death of his second wife, in 1730, he returned to Boston to finish out his old age, dying there himself in 1732. His will mentioned some of his vast possessions, naming such things as a mansion house, rope-walk, warehouse, wharf and flats, tenements, and stores in Boston beside his Bristol lands and property.

These, then, were the men who planned the present town of Bristol. Their names are perpetuated in this day in the names of Bristol streets and schools. Some of them were able to see the abundant fruits of their efforts maturing richly. The silver spoon which they supplied at Bristol's founding was well-deserved, for upon the foundations they laid was built one of the greatest colonial towns and seaports, destined to be known throughout the world.

HISTORY OF LIGHTING IN PROVIDENCE

THE story of light, together with that of heat and shelter, is perhaps the key-story of civilization and progress. There was a time in the history of man when light was only the by-product of heat, but the days of the cave man have been buried under strata upon strata of later history and era after era of progress. And we, who are now living on the top strata, the very latest of eras, scarcely think of the past, so completely has the present enveloped us.

International tribute has been paid to the man who alone has perhaps done more to stimulate progress throughout the past fifty years than any other. Because Thomas Edison invented the incandescent electric light in the year 1879 and because world-wide recognition of his genius has been given, it seems fitting, in order that we may more fully appreciate his gifts to us and to all people, that we should compare the present with the past and learn how the homes and streets of our Providence forefathers were lighted during the last two hundred years.

Street lights would have been laughed at by our early colonial ancestors. For more than a hundred years they depended upon hand-lanterns and flares when business or romance called them from their evening firesides to venture out upon the darkened streets and lanes. Even then it was more often a bright moon or a clear starlit night which determined the extent of their nightly pilgrimages, for at best, lanterns were only a dim light and, during high winds, were wholly ineffectual.

Up through 1681 the interiors of houses were lighted by pitch-pine knots made into crude candle-like shapes; and a contemplated destruction of the pine tree for its tar and pitch products wrought the inhabitants up to a high fever of excitement, for they imagined that they would lose their only source of lighting. There were a few families, however, who were not using these smoky pitch lights, but had brass and iron candlesticks instead in which they burned hand-dipped tallow candles.

Both tallow candles and those made from the sweet-smelling bayberries, which grew in great abundance, rapidly took the place of the pitch-pine knots, but not before 1820 did the inhabitants of Providence have a street lamp. This lamp consisted of a large glass box-shaped top, set on a ten-foot wooden pole, and had three wicks and a small receptacle for whale oil. While many of these lamps were set up, they were nearly as unsatisfactory as hand lanterns and were used only up to 1847, kerosene and gasoline later replacing the whale oil as fuel.

In 1848, forty poles were erected about the old Cove, and gas lamps were installed by the Providence Gas Company, replacing the former naptha lamps which in turn were used to replace whale oil lamps in other sections of the city. Later, during Charles M. Smith's term of office as Light Superintendent, in 1867, 100 pot lights were set up, each of them having a pot-shaped container for gasoline. At this time the crew of city lamp-lighters had over 500 gas and gasoline lights to tend and could be seen nightly making their rounds in small wagons with their ladders and cans of fresh fuel.

When, in 1874, Edwin E. Bean of Boston invented a system whereby gas could be lighted by electricity and atmospheric pressure, Providence was quick to use the new idea, and connected up the forty lights around the Cove to try the new method. The first lighting of this sort was made in the form of an exhibition in which the mayor lighted the lamps in the circuit before an audience of notables, but so novel was the procedure that for months it held the curiosity of crowds who went each night to the Cove to witness the strange performance.

Among the seventy-five lamp-lighters who made their rounds in 1874 were two of unusual interest—the Rev. Norman Bullock, a minister of the gospel whose church was located at Manton and Chalkstone Avenues, and John C. Quinn, a cripple who

later became a lawyer. From the latter picturesque character, who by lighting lamps earned his way through Brown University, we learn much in a direct way of the situation. He says, "We used to carry a ladder, weighing 21 pounds, and a container holding sufficient fluid to light our respective districts We were paid 3½ cents for lighting oil lamps and 1½ cents for gas and had eighty minutes to light the lamps in our section, the time depending on the season of year and the hour the moon came up. . . . Winter or no winter; blizzard or no blizzard, you had to get the lights lit. . . . There were no streets cut in many places, and it was hard to find your way in the dark.

If the moon was unusually bright, we would have late lighting. The signal would be a flag flying from Prospect Terrace. Later we had to get up and extinguish the lights in the morning and have them all out by four A. M. Policemen previously had done this but the number of burglaries increased."

This account was indeed typical of the times. Lamps were at best very ineffectual as a whole, and it must have been with a sense of great relief that the inhabitants saw the establishment of the first electric carbon lamps in 1882. Installed by the Rhode Island, later the Narragansett Lighting Company, both single and double carbon lamps gradually replaced gas, although the latter was in general use until 1912.

The era of the incandescent lamp has been quite short in Providence, dating only from 1901. Yet what wonders of illumination it has caused! Cities have become creatures of night as well as day. The dazzling downtown districts, the brilliance of beacons and signs, and the ease with which we all turn on the lights in our homes are apt to make us forget the past. Yet there was a past in lighting as in everything else, a past which though certainly picturesque can only make us more appreciative of the present.

HUGUENOTS IN RHODE ISLAND

THIS story has its beginning in the marriage of Gabriel Bernon and Esther LeRoy at the little town of La Rochelle, France, in 1673. It was a beautiful wedding, one which united two of the most influential of the town's families and yet was a true love match. And it is the subsequent career of this young husband and wife that we shall attempt to follow.

The first few years were passed joyfully enough. Gabriel was frequently gone for months on long sea voyages, but each absence only made his return a happier reunion. After the three children . . . little Gabriel, Marie, and Esther . . . were born there was more to bring the fiery-eyed and fiery haired young father back in eagerness to La Rochelle. Unfortunately the years of happiness came first. The sequel of later years were made more bitter because of it.

La Rochelle had long been an oasis, safe from the persecution of the Roman Catholics, but the town could not hold out forever against the oppression which threatened its Huguenot inhabitants. Thus it was that both Francois LeRoy and Andre Bernon, the fathers of the young couple, spoke to Gabriel of the bitter persecution and exile they believed would soon come and advised him to transfer his young family to the New World, there to make a fresh start and carry on the Huguenot faith.

It was a sad yet brave parting when Gabriel Bernon set out for Quebec with the hope of founding a new home for his loved ones. Tales of great danger and suffering at Quebec had come to La Rochelle, and the little family feared that it might never be re-united. But it was not danger from the Indians or suffering from any privation which Gabriel had to face. Quebec, in 1685, was a Jesuit stronghold, and these fanatical priests and missionaries were only too anxious to pounce upon any Protestant invaders of their territory, subjecting them to immediate persecution and exile. Gabriel Bernon was a man of keen

vision and a hard worker, a man needed by the settlement in its development, yet his allegiance to his faith sealed his fate and he was shipped back from Quebec to La Rochelle. Here he was confined at once in the Lantern Tower of the town, scarcely having time to bribe a cabin boy to take a message to his wife before his jailers took him from the ship.

The news of the imprisonment came as a bombshell into the quiet family Bernon had left behind. At once Esther set out for the tower, and, after knocking at the great barred door, was secretly admitted to speak with Gabriel. They talked of ways of escape if the authorities would not grant him his freedom, and, leaving him with parting words of courage, Esther returned home to plan the best way of securing his release. But entreaties were fruitless. The authorities were obdurate. Only when Gabriel became so sick that his death seemed certain did they let him go to his home and the care of his wife. Here the first strategy was planned. The young man supposedly grew worse and died, but in reality he regained his strength and was successfully smuggled into Holland, planning to have Esther and the children meet him later in England.

Perhaps he would never have left La Rochelle had he known the terrors in store for his loved ones. The day following his escape Esther and the children were taken to a convent where they were kept prisoners and daily exhorted by the sisters to renounce Protestantism. Worn out by weeks of this kind of torture, Esther finally feigned conversion. So overjoyed was the Holy Mother with her apparent success in making a convert that she left the door of Esther's cell open. It was the awaited chance, and without delaying a precious moment the brave young woman slipped out of the convent with her children. Fortunately she was able to join other refugees immediately and continue her escape to England, where she located her husband.

But England was only a stopping place, though a hospitable one, and the year 1689



THE MAIN BANK BUILDING OF THE PROVIDENCE INSTITUTION FOR SAVINGS,
86 SOUTH MAIN STREET, PROVIDENCE, R. I.
ERECTED IN 1896.

found the little family on the good ship *Dolphin* crossing the Atlantic to Boston. In the Massachusetts town they found a warm welcome. Plans were discussed for establishing a French Colony near Worcester. Esther was overjoyed at the kindness of her new neighbors. Gabriel found plenty to do in trying to start the new settlement, and the son, Gabriel, had taken an interest in trading and was busily engaged. All seemed well, but again the first few pleasant years were to give way to troubles and persecution of a new sort. The Huguenots began to find themselves held in the same disapproval by the Boston Puritans as had Roger Williams and Anne Hutchinson. Finally like these others, they too turned southward toward a colony where they might find a true religious haven.

To Newport came the Bernons in 1698, to the Newport that barred from its welcome neither Jews nor Quakers and that offered a splendid chance for all with commercial ambitions. With them came others of their faith, the Tourtellots, and Dr. Ayrault and his family. Zealously adhering to their beliefs, they only waited long enough to build homes and get settled before drawing up a petition to be sent to Lord Bellemont asking that the Church of England send a minister to Newport. Response to the petition was both prompt and constant and, through the aid of Lord Bellemont, the tiny Church of Trinity was founded.

But though Newport provided a true refuge from religious persecution, Esther LeRoy was not satisfied. Tired out by all the suffering to which she had been exposed, she wanted only to have a quiet home with her husband and children about her. Gabriel was not one to settle to a quiet business life in Newport. His keen mind conceived many enterprises which carried him all over Rhode Island, keeping him from home many a day in succession. And his religious zeal made him only the more anxious to be ever travelling about the countryside, trying to help the scattered settlers and Indians in their understanding of the Bible and doing his best to establish outposts of the Church of England. The young Gabriel, his son, was also of a most active disposition and hardly inclined to remain near at home. His was the life of

a sailor with long absences between his short visits to land. On one of these visits, however, Esther persuaded him to take her across the bay to Narragansett and was as merry as a child at the thought of the excursion.

Before they started the father, Gabriel Senior, returned from Providence in time to join them, and the three crossed with their horses over the Jamestown ferries to Narragansett and the Willett farm. It was a beautifully clear day for such an outing, and Esther found her spirits returning. At the Willett farm they were given refreshments before going on over the fields and rough roadways to the high ridge at Pettaquamscutt. Here, as they looked in admiration at the gorgeous view of the ocean and countryside, the father announced that they were on his own land, a tract which he had bought only recently. Then onward they went, changing horses at the farm of Henry Gardiner, and continuing northward to Wickford where they passed the night. But in the morning the elder Gabriel went on to Providence, while Esther and her son were ferried back to Portsmouth. She was lamenting her husband's frequent absences once more, but the young Gabriel patiently explained the constant labors of his father in behalf of religion.

Poor Esther! She was unable to understand the inner fire that drove her husband to act as a missionary to those who, as pioneers, had become separated from any organized religion. And soon she was to have an added sorrow, for in 1701, Dr. Ayrault brought the terrible news of the death of young Gabriel, drowned in a blizzard off Newport. As a last consolation after this tragedy her thoughts began to turn once more to the happy days in La Rochelle. She was never to see France again, but she bought land in Wickford and found solace in imagining that its busy little harbor was that of her French home. Nine years after the death of her son she died and was buried in the old part of the Newport Cemetery.

Two years afterwards Gabriel, her husband, married Mary Harris, the grand niece of William Harris of Providence. For a while they lived in Wickford, but later came to Providence, living near the spring. Gabriel also remembered La Rochelle and

built his house out over the sidewalk so that the people could walk under its arches, following the custom of building in the old French town.

By this second wife he had three daughters, Suzanne, Mary and Eve, as well as a son Gabriel who died as an infant. In 1724, he again went to England hoping to get aid for the establishment of a Church

of England in Providence. While there he was received at court. He died in 1735 at the age of 91, and the name Bernon died with him. But his influence in colonial Rhode Island was lasting, and the blood of his proud, zealous heart has passed on through the Tourtelots, Powells, Whipples, and Crawfords to temper much sturdy Rhode Island stock.

RHODE ISLAND FERRIES

THROUGHOUT the world, ferries have ever played a mighty part in the development of transportation. In early Colonial days they were extensively used along our Eastern seaboard and, even in these modern times, there are still many plying to and fro. True, they have changed in type, power and carrying capacity with the passing years, and many, of course, have become obsolete or unnecessary through the building of bridges, small at first, but increasing in size to the huge spans of this modern day.

Yet, despite the most magnificent achievements in bridge architecture, ferries are still doing a steady and profitable business in many localities. If ferries are still an important means of transportation, how much more so they must have been in Colonial days when the post roads ended on opposite shores and the ferry was the only means of communication between.

Wherever there was a stream or a body of water to be crossed they were a vital necessity, but nowhere were they more needed than in our own little State of Rhode Island, located as it is on both shores of the great inland waterway, Narragansett Bay. The early settlements in Rhode Island were built along its shores, on the islands in its waters, or on the banks of the rivers emptying into it.

The first ferry boats were operated under the principles of the old English common law but they were controlled by the towns which granted franchises to private owners and operators. For a long time, before the

business became recognized as profitable, towns had great difficulty in obtaining men to run the ferries, grants of land sometimes being offered as an inducement to take the position. Later on we find rich men, like Benjamin Ellery, of Newport, and Deputy-Governor Abbott, of Providence, making exceptional efforts to secure ferry franchises.

After the ferries became an established feature, many Acts were passed by the Assembly for their management. By 1690, post riders were rated as free passengers and by 1747, an Act provided that ferrymen must be ready to transport passengers from 5 A. M. to 8 P. M., from March 10th to September 10th, and from 6 A. M. to 7 P. M. during the balance of the year "if the weather will permit boats passing." However, "Physicians, Surgeons, Midwives, and Persons going to fetch Physicians, Surgeons, or Midwives were to be carried at any Time of Night."

Also, by 1747, laws required that ferry wharves be well built and kept in good repair, that all boats be good and sound, and that ferrymen give good service. A later provision stated that each boat must have two good oars and a boat hook. Ferries had to be kept afloat at all times and kept at the ferry landings except when laid up for repairs. The penalty for all inexcusable absences from the landings was fixed at ten dollars per hour.

In many instances, ferrymen also kept inns near their wharves and countless subterfuges were practiced to obtain the patronage of their passengers over night. And,

just as often, the passengers would pretend they were hurrying for a doctor in order to get quicker service. The ferryman's "House of Entertaynement" was a great convenience, however, since many of the ferries were sailboats and favorable winds were necessary for their operation.

Ferryman were exempt from military duty but frequently complaints were lodged against them for being absent from their posts on private business. Also, they were often prone to let their wharves and equipment fall into disrepair. Many of the operatives were none too skillful in the management of their boats and frequently "passengers, masters, and servants were compelled to work to disengage the ferry, jumping into the water to dislodge it from a sand bank."

Ferries in Rhode Island were located at the ends of highways where good landings were available and where the distance in water travel was the shortest. As a matter of fact, the post roads were followers of the ferries in development and, in 1715, Newport contracted for its first paved street between the ferry and the Colony House. Towns were often named for the ferries and, for one hundred years, Howland's Ferry, established in 1640 and the first in Rhode Island, gave its name to the present town of Tiverton.

Ferry owners with other business interests hired substitute operatives to run the ferries for which they held a franchise. And sometimes, the younger members of the family did the work. Andrew Edwards, who ran the Red Bridge Ferry in 1695, was only fourteen years old, and William Daggert, running the same ferry in 1770, was the same age. Captain Eaton sailed the large South Ferry when he was but fifteen years of age.

The post road was, at one time, made to cross as many ferries as possible (a money-making scheme, to be sure), highly necessary to the success of the ferries. Yet the roads were often in terrible condition. Gates hung across many of those which led to the ferries as late as 1739.

By 1743, wheeled vehicles had become so common as to make regular schedules of rates a necessity. Bristol Ferry, in the following hundred years, got most of this sort of traffic and a Ferry Act of 1844 mentions

rates for a "coach, barouche, wagon, four-wheel carriage, chaise or sulky, carryall or pleasure carriage, wagon hung on springs, or ox wagon or cart."

The first ferries were rowboats or canoes. Those at James Street, Providence, were round bottomed with a seat around the sides capable of holding a dozen passengers. The ferryman used crossed oars and stood up in the middle of the boat as he rowed. In 1830, Bristol Ferry had two rowboats, two sailboats, and one horse-powered ferry. Most ferries usually kept several small skiffs on hand for use in transporting one or two passengers at odd times.

Open sail boats of jib and mainsail type were quite extensively used. They were usually between thirty and forty feet long and were suitable for conveying small vehicles and cattle as well as passengers. These sail boats were sluggish, not easily managed, and extremely difficult to handle in strong winds. Passengers, advised by ferryman not to cross when the water was too rough, often thought the latter were afraid but such was seldom the case.

Scows hauled across by the aid of a rope, a method much used in other sections of the country at this period, were not of much value for use in Rhode Island waters where the crossings were more often rough than otherwise. However, a few of this type were utilized to replace bridges which were temporarily closed.

Horse ferries were of two kinds, those which were fitted with a treadmill operating the paddlewheels directly and those in which the horse or ox trod a circular platform which transmitted power to the paddles by cogs. One of the later type was used for a while at Jamestown. These types, however, were not satisfactory, because no progress could be made with them in rough weather.

The first steam ferry was operated by the Boston and Providence Railroad for transporting passengers from its terminal at India Point to the Stonington railroad station at Pawtuxet Cove. By 1873, Jamestown had a steam ferry of the New York type but Bristol did not have steam power until 1905 (due to the effect of the Fall River steam boats upon the ferry traffic).

Before the coming of steam ferries, the ferry landings had been generally built of

stone, but now slips of piles sunk in the bottom in the shape of a horseshoe were found more practical.

In olden days the bay was often frozen over solid in the winter and at those times ferries were, of course, useless. Sometimes, as in the winters of 1739, 1740 and 1780, it was possible to drive across from Narragansett to Portsmouth, or from Bristol to Portsmouth and Prudence Island.

In Revolutionary days the ferries were invaluable for the transportation of troops and supplies. It was as important that they be kept running as for the English channel to be kept open. Only during the occupation of Newport by the British were there extended interruptions in the service. How-

land's Ferry at that time was guarded by a fort and barracks.

Many of the old ferries are now gone and those remaining are fast disappearing. As Mount Hope Bridge has eliminated the Bristol Ferry so other bridges yet to be built, particularly between Jamestown and Newport, will doubtless replace the famous old ferries now in use at the mouth of the bay.

This brief sketch is necessarily incomplete. As much again might be written about each ferry that ever operated in Rhode Island waters. But, perhaps, enough has been said to arouse an interest in one of the most important means of transportation in the early development of the State and country.

THE "DR. JOHNSON" OF NARRAGANSETT

WHEN Goodwin, the editor of "The MacSparran Diary," in an excellent preface called the distinguished divine of the Narragansett Church a "kind of Dr. Johnson in clerical garb," he made an apt characterization of the Reverend James MacSparran that will doubtless be associated with his name in history always. In the prime of his years, portly of stature, his head covered by a huge wig, this worthy Episcopal churchman with his righteous air of authority and dignity closely resembled Boswell's idol. He typified the finest sort of cultured parish priest, presiding over his somewhat unruly aristocratic flock with ability, firmness, and true religious zeal. Nor did his normal parochial boundaries limit the extent of his ministrations and activities, for he not only aided other parishes and clergymen throughout Rhode Island and Connecticut and sat as an advisor in the ecclesiastical councils of Newport and Boston, but even carried on a constant correspondence with the foremost churchmen of New York and the highest dignitaries of the Church of England.

There is no positive evidence that James MacSparran was born in Dungiven, County

of Derry, Ireland, yet the date of his birth, September 10, 1693, is often associated with that town. It is more probable that he was born in Scotland, as his distinct Scottish lineage suggests, and that he was afterwards brought to Ireland by a favorite uncle. At least he lived in Ireland long enough to acquire the warm heart and the fiery temper so characteristic of the sons of Erin, and also became enough of an Irishman to give way occasionally to those delightfully incongruous slips of the tongue known as Irish bulls. Later in his life, when he sent the diplomas of his Master's and Doctor's degrees to be recorded in the parish register of Dungiven, he voiced a desire to have his name "preserved in his native country," a request that would seem to give credence to the more popular theory of his birth.

The name of the MacSparran family, a branch of the MacDonalds of the Isles, supposedly originated from a habit of the founder of the family of wearing a sack-like apron, called a "sporrán," in which he carried money to pay his retainers. Because of this eccentricity, the name MacSparran—Son of the Purse—not only became his clan name but afterwards the surname of his descendants. The MacDonalds resided in

the Mull of Kintyre, part of Scotland nearest to Ireland, and Kintore, a recorded Scottish home of the MacSparrans, has probably been misspelled.

The young James MacSparran, whether Irish or Scotch, attended the University of Glasgow, from which, in 1709, he received the degree of Master of Arts. He continued by studying for the Presbyterian ministry and, within a few years, obtained his credentials as a licentiate of the Scotch Presbytery. Just why he decided to come to America is unknown, but, in 1718, he landed in Boston at a time when Cotton Mather was the town's religious dictator. The two clashed for some reason, and the young MacSparran left Boston to visit a relative in Bristol.

Inasmuch as the Congregational pulpit was vacant when he arrived in the Rhode Island seaport, he was asked to occupy it on the first Sunday. His physical appearance, brilliant rhetoric, and youthful ardor so impressed the parishioners that they invited him to remain as the regular pastor at a stipend of £100 per annum. Soon, however, a fierce controversy, probably started through jealousy, made him a temporary victim of slander. Although he was partially exonerated in town meeting, his credentials were still questioned, and in 1719 he left for Ireland to obtain their confirmation. His pastorate expected his return the following June, but when, in 1721, he did come back it was not to Bristol and it was as a presbyter of the Church of England and a missionary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. His only allusion to this change of status appeared in “America Dissected,” written in the later years of his life, when he says: “I have great reason to thank God, that I was afflicted and abused by a false charge in my youth, as that opened me a way into the Christian priesthood in the most excellent of all churches.” This statement and his long blameless career at Saint Paul's, in Narragansett, eliminates the suspicions originated at Bristol. While in England, in 1720, he had been ordained to the diaconate in the Church of England by the Bishop of London and to the priesthood by the Archbishop of Canterbury, receiving a license from the former to assume his ministerial office in the Province of New England.

He came to Narragansett, but was also commissioned to “officiate, as opportunity shall offer, at Bristol, Freetown, Swansey, and Little Compton, where there are many people, members of the Church of England, destitute of a minister.” The parish of Saint Paul in Narragansett, organized fifteen years before his arrival, was practically dissolved, and at his first communion he administered to but seven followers. Yet by 1727 he had built up a congregation of over three hundred members. Like Dean Berkeley, who later came often to Narragansett as a guest pastor, he was especially zealous in his ministrations to the Indians and negroes of the vicinity and instructed them regularly each Sunday before his service.

His marriage, in 1722, to Hannah Gardiner, his baptism of Col. Daniel Updike, Attorney-General of the Colony, and the adhesion to the church of Judge Francis Willet were three events which marked the steady rise of his church in social status. Hannah Gardiner, only seventeen at the time of her marriage, was a beautiful and gifted member of a powerful family, allied by marriage to the even more influential Robinson and Hazard families, and the young preacher found himself welcomed and adopted into the highest social circles of the Colony. His young wife possessed exceptional qualities of mind and heart which especially fitted her to be his intimate companion and, in 1755, after her tragic death in London, he writes of her as “the most pious of women, the best of wives in the world.”

Early in his ministry, Dr. MacSparran procured land on the east side of what was later known as MacSparran Hill in South Kingston and built the mansion known as Glebe House. It was a spacious, gambrel-roofed structure with a long family room wherein the Sunday services were often held during the stormy days of winter. In the south wing of the house was the doctor's study and his beloved library.

This home was a veritable shrine of hospitality. Guests were always welcome, even when, as it occasionally happened, as many as nine arrived unexpectedly at dinner time. In the “Great Room” Dean Berkeley was often entertained and John Smibert, the artist, fresh from a sojourn in Italy, who brought the sunshine and culture of

that Latin country to the MacSparran home in his fascinating discourses on art and poetry. It was he, too, who later painted portraits of both the Doctor and his charming wife. These two, Berkeley and Smibert, were among the outstanding visitors to this hospitable home, yet many from the parish and social circles of Narragansett always found a welcome at its door.

Doctor MacSparran was a man of diversified temperament, but his virtues were predominant. He despised lay-reading and the preachers who had not been born in Ireland or England, and was rather narrow and bigoted in his belief in the exalted station of his church and his religion. However, his diary reveals him as a very human person, warm-hearted, sincere in his zeal, and faithful both to earthly ties and the greater bond with God. He highly deserved the praise which the University of Oxford gave him in the form of an honorary doctor's degree in 1736.

His labors were not entirely confined to religion, for he acquired quite a reputation as a doctor in the medical sense of the term. He worked (when there was need) in the fields along with some of his servants and parishioners and was not above aiding in many kinds of menial labor, although his aristocratic tendencies did not make such occasions too frequent. In 1751 he preached the sermon before the court on Tower Hill,

vigorously indicting the murderer, Thomas Carter.

England, which he had left behind, was always in his mind the promised land to which he hoped to return, and, in 1754, he made a second trip to the British Isles, taking his wife with him and hoping to make some provision for remaining there the rest of his life or for becoming a bishop in America. The journey was totally disastrous in all respects. There, in London, in 1755, his beloved wife succumbed to small-pox and was buried in the little Broadway Chapel burying ground near Victoria Street in Westminster. He could not gain a place in England and the dignitaries of the church were not yet ready to ordain a bishop in America.

Sad, broken in spirit, and with only the shadow of his former vigor, he returned to his Narragansett parish, dying there about two years later. And, after the manner of his diary, some kindly hand wrote on the Narragansett Parish Register: "On ye 5th day of December A. D. 1757 ye Rev. Doctor James MacSparran died at his house in South Kingston, who was minister of St. Paul's Church in ye Narragansett for ye space of Thirty Seven years, and was decently interred under ye Communion Table in said Church, on ye sixth day of said month, Much Lamented by his Parishioners and all whom he had Acquaintance with."

A GENTLEMAN OF NEWPORT

TO HAVE been a signer of the Declaration of Independence is not in itself a distinction which should entitle a man to fame. That the men who did sign this stirring declaration were distinguished is another matter. William Ellery, Jr., himself, in speaking of the case of another correspondent, who had publicly vindicated his slighted claim of being among the signers, said, "My name is there and, I believe, in every list that has been printed. If it had not been inserted in any of them, I question whether I should have taken the same pains to establish the fact as he has done. I should have left it to others, I believe, to prove it."

This evidence of reticence is exceedingly commendable to this sturdy Rhode Islander and should have the effect of making us anxious to know more about him.

The first of the Ellerys settled in Bristol, Rhode Island, near the close of the 17th century. Here William Ellery, Senior, was born in 1701. After graduating from Harvard College in 1722, he took up his residence in Newport, becoming one of its leading merchants and a close friend of such men as Abraham Redwood, Peleg Brown, Nathaniel Kay, Henry Collins, Thomas Hazard, and Abraham Whipple. That he was a man well-liked in the prosperous and popular seaport was evident, for he was

chosen to fill such offices as Judge, Assistant Governor, and Deputy-Governor. His love of civil and religious liberty was the key-note to his whole character.

William, his second son, was born in Newport, December 22, 1727, and lived in that town until 1743, the year in which he, too, entered Harvard College. While little enough is known of his college career, it was there that he acquired his first love for the classics, Greek, Latin, and French, and there he laid the foundation for that tempered philosophy of life that was to be his mark of distinction. Due to the social prominence of his own family in Newport, he was well-received in the social circles of Cambridge. In the four years of study he grew to love both his Alma Mater and the charming society which had adopted him, and Cambridge became his "second" home throughout the rest of his life. After having returned to Newport and established himself as a merchant there, he went back to Cambridge in 1750 to marry Ann Remington, a daughter of one of the justices of the Massachusetts Superior Court. His family life was always very beautiful, for he was a devoted husband and father.

However, this first wife died in 1764, and three years later William Ellery, Jr., married again. He engaged in many pursuits in the town of Newport, being at one time Naval Officer of the Colony, but it was not until 1770 that he began to practice law.

William Ellery had no outstanding qualities other than those which ever mark the true gentleman. He was sincere, sound of sense, and thorough in his love of freedom. Although "freedom" was the general demand of all the colonists at that time, his love of liberty was not built upon the shifting sands of public sentiment but upon the firm resolutions deduced from his own reflections and experiences. For that reason he placed his own obligations to uphold liberty as high as those which bound him to his wife and children. He was no dreamer, but believed that rights went hand in hand with duties. Although he joined in the agitation against the Stamp Act, knew the leaders of the movement toward independence, and served on important committees to procure the repeal of oppressive English revenue acts, his active political life did not rightly begin until 1776.

In that year he went to Congress as a delegate from Newport, Rhode Island. On the 14th of May, he, along with Stephen Hopkins of Providence, Rhode Island, became one of that distinguished group of gentlemen who set their signatures after the Declaration of Independence. He realized to the full the responsibility involved in such an act but was cheerfully prepared to face it. While the others came up to affix their signatures, he stood by the side of Secretary Charles Thomas, watching the expressions on their faces, and felt that those sturdy Americans, his compatriots, were equal to the crisis.

From 1771 to 1786 with the exception of the years 1780 and 1782, he remained in Congress. At that time a delegate to Congress did not have any more dignity or power than that which he already held in his own right. Perhaps, because his political career was not in any way extraordinary, not much is known about this period of his life. He served on many committees, the most important being the Marine Committee and the Board of Admiralty of the Navy Department, a board made up of three commissioners and two delegates from Congress, whose duty was to supervise the naval and marine affairs of the young United States.

But a complete knowledge of the political career of William Ellery, Jr., is not necessary to an appreciation of the man himself. He lived a full life outside of politics in which his character was perhaps more truly revealed.

During the years he passed in Congress he kept a minute diary of his journeys (made on horseback) to and from Washington, noting everything of importance about the inns, roads, fees, and all that happened on the way.

In 1776, after having reached an inn which he and his companions thought might be attacked by the English, he writes: ". . . In the first place, we fortified our stomachs with beef steaks and some strong drink and then went to work to fortify ourselves against an attack. . . . W. E. was so solaced with the beef, etc., that every trace of fear was utterly erased from his imagination, and he slept soundly."

Again, in speaking of the condition of one of these wayside taverns, he notes in his

journal: "The room admitted cold air at 1000 chinks, and our narrow bed had on it only one rug and one sheet. We went to bed almost completely dressed, but even that would not do . . . Our fellow lodgers suffered as much as we did; and, if they had read Tristram Shandy's chapter of curses and had remembered it, would have cursed our landlady through his whole category of curses."

But to proceed with a characterization of the man. In person, he was a man of moderate height with a large forehead, well-formed head, and features. His countenance was thoughtful and attentive; his speech quiet and impressive, and his step measured and slow. His dress was very plain yet becoming, being neither in the extreme mode nor yet old-fashioned for the times. His manners were cordial and delicate without the stupidity of excessive formality.

Besides being a trusted man, intelligible in word and deed, prudent, straight-forward, practical, independent, and consistent, he was also witty, extremely good-humored, an easy conversationalist and a clever satirist. When Congress needed some good wit to ridicule its arrogance or to suppress its useless argument, William Ellery, Jr., was most emphatically required, and more than one bored delegate from another State was not slow to say so. He was not a born speaker and at first was the victim of his own diffidence. However, after repeated efforts to improve himself, he became a good debater if not an orator. Writing, in 1815, of this period of his life, he says: "You have discovered a large bundle of letters, written by me to your father (from Congress). Have mercy upon them! I was a Whig then. Now I am called a Tory. They must be shown to no one. I am afraid they are full of fire. I am glad to find that, having passed through many fiery trials, I am now happy in my tranquil apartment with but little of the inflammability which my Whiggism excited, but still a staunch friend to political liberty and that liberty with which the Gospel has made us free." He was, in fact, a Whig during the Revolution and a Federalist thereafter.

In 1786 he left Congress and political

life. During the war his home had been burned and his family driven back to the mainland. He returned to a Newport whose trade, wealth, and renown had been shattered, and at the age of 60 began business anew, starting out in the closing years of his life to provide for his children. He held the office of Collector of Customs for the District of Newport from 1790 until his death.

After retiring from active participation in politics, he spent a great deal of time writing in behalf of public faith and efficient government, thereby causing much argument and attention. Yet, he soon relinquished even that slight interest in politics. He was an astute theologian, yet advocated no fixed creed. While he was a diligent student of the Bible, a supporter of charity and religious freedom, he belonged to no church, but worshipped with the Congregationalists. "I believe," he said, "If party names were entirely disused, there would be more harmony among Christians."

War he abhorred, although in Congress he recommended that General Greene receive appropriate recognition for his gallant services in the Revolution and, later on, applauded Perry's victory. Yet he was not a hero worshiper for he believed that "money raised for celebration for heroes, where towns were merely trying to outdo each other in splendor, might better be given to the families of the dead or disabled." Referring to Napoleon, in 1812, he writes: "How long this dreadful scourge will be suffered to lay waste and destroy, the Lord only knoweth."

The best and closing years of his life were spent in his beloved literary pursuits. His moderate and well-sustained habits, the result of self-discipline, begun late in his life, carried him in full vigor to the end of his life when he died, in 1820, at the age of ninety-three.

Modest, composed, retrospective, a man beloved of the young and old, strong in his beliefs yet open-minded, he was not content with superficiality in either his most personal or impartial opinions and research and typified always the splendid type of quiet-tempered and cultured gentleman who is a joy and an asset to any generation or century.

FISH AND FISHERIES OF RHODE ISLAND

IN THIS day, when the waters in and around Rhode Island have to be stocked periodically to maintain their supply of fish for both professional and amateur fishermen, it should be of some interest, especially to such native Izaak Waltons as may be left, to look back to the Rhode Island of yesterday, when the idea of stocking ponds and streams with trout, salmon, or bass would have hailed as an absurdity. As a matter of fact, none of the early settlers in the State could have been expected to have foreseen a day when any such procedure would be necessary. The Rhode Island of the day of the Norsemen, of Verrazano, and of Roger Williams was a sportsman's paradise. The woods were full of all kinds of game; the ground was unusually fertile and supported a luxuriant vegetation; and the waters teemed with fish. But the men and women of that day did not look at all these natural advantages with the eyes of sportsmen. To them, the game, fish, and fertile soil symbolized a good living—food which could be easily secured.

Thus, for more than two centuries, the inhabitants of the Colony applied themselves to the extravagant consumption of their natural resources, assuming them to be inexhaustible. Only at the end of that time did they take serious notice of the results of their wastefulness. And then the natural stock of fish had been so far depleted that even the strictest conservation had little effect. Breeding more fish to restock the waters was the only solution.

The first law on fishing was passed in 1640 by the Aquidneck (later the Rhode Island) Colony and stated that inhabitants of Newport might fish to their hearts' content in Newport waters. Kingston and other towns along the Pettaquamscutt River formed similar laws for their inhabitants before the close of the century. Interference with those who made their living by fishing

was forbidden under the most severe penalties. However, a section of the King Charles Charter of 1663 best illustrates the general attitude toward the question of fishing and fishing rights. It reads as follows:

"We do ordain and appoint that these presents shall not, in any measure, hinder any of our loving subjects, whatsoever, from using and exercising the trade of fishing upon the coast of New England, in America, but they may, and any or everyone of them, shall have full and free power and liberty to continue and use the trade of fishing upon the said coast, in any of the seas thereunto adjoining or any arms of the seas, or salt-water, rivers, and creeks where they have been accustomed to fish, and to build and set upon the waste land belonging to the said Colony and Plantations such wharves, stages and work-houses as shall be necessary for the salting, drying, and keeping of their fish to be taken or gotten upon the coast."

This was literally a royal invitation to make the most of the fishing at hand, and it was accepted thoroughly.

In 1719, a temporary special statute was passed by the General Assembly forbidding the further construction of dams and other obstructions across streams which prevented the free passage of fish. Under this law, individual Town Councils were made responsible for its infringements within their precincts. In 1735, seining and trapping were restricted to certain months of the year and entirely forbidden during Saturday, Sunday, and Monday of each week, while line-fishing was only forbidden on Sundays. Yet such legislation, with the many varying amendments through the years, was of no actual benefit to either seiners or line-fishermen, and a rivalry between the two classes for protective legislation sprang up.

In 1761, we find a new method of dealing with the problem of falls and dams across rivers. The people north of Pawtucket Falls petitioned the legislature for permission to run a lottery to raise money for the

construction of a tunnel through the Falls, or a channel around them, through which fish could pass from the lower into the upper waters. The petition was granted, and £1500 was raised to build what was called a "fish-way." The obstruction problem at John Arnold's dam, higher up on the river at Woonsocket, had been solved in a similar manner, through the building of a trench through which fish could pass. Later, in 1768, the Town of Providence appointed men to go to Pawtucket and lay out a piece of land to be used as a common, with a road into it, for the Town's free fishing.

A legislative committee attempted to make a survey of all the fisheries in 1766, but without success. In 1785, a serious quarrel arose between the Colonies of Rhode Island and Connecticut over the weirs which their respective towns on either side of the Pawcatuck River had constructed. In the fight for rights a group of Rhode Islanders drove a Connecticut captain and his men to Stonington and mobbed them. The matter was laid before the respective legislative bodies of the two Colonies for settlement and commissions to deal with it were appointed. However, before anything could be decided, the fish all died, causing the death of the issue as well. This was a direct result of the increase of manufacturing and the consequent building of dams. Ever since 1735, the colonists had become reconciled to such encroachments of their fishing privileges, due to the greater revenue from manufacturing, and now they suddenly realized that even the building of fish-ways around such obstructions had had little result. (This was because any fish-ways which interfered with private manufacturing interests were quietly legislated out of existence.) And, after 1857, the legislature abandoned the question of fish-ways entirely.

There had been laws restricting the taking of fish out of the State by non-residents. However, most of the laws up to this time applied only to fresh water fish. Smelts were the first salt-water fish to receive protection, and this was not until 1857. A commission, appointed the previous year to look into the causes of the diminishing fish supply, reported that fish were as plentiful as ever, but its investigation was not very complete. Certain kinds of fish were still abundant and that seemed to be enough. That other kinds

were fast disappearing was only too evident, yet there was no official talk of re-stocking. Scup was then plentiful off West Island and Seakonnet Point, as were also bluefish and tautog.

In 1870, the Commission of Inland Fisheries was established, but its duties were only to look after fresh water stock. Meanwhile the constant arguments went on between trappers and seiners and line-fishermen. It was inevitable that the former should win out, because people were demanding more and more fish as food and only large scale methods of catching fish were practical. A concession was made to the line-fishermen's demands by instituting a weekly closed period for trapping and seining, but the results were negligible. In 1879, the Commission of Inland Fisheries was also given full jurisdiction over all the bay fisheries.

Official attention toward re-stocking the waters first appeared in 1868, when salmon were raised and put in the rivers. This fish did not breed well, however, and soon disappeared. Black bass were then introduced from out of the State and thrived in Rhode Island waters. The idea of re-stocking, though not given legislative support until so late, had originated privately in 1825 with the Society for the Encouragement of Domestic Industries. This society did the best it could, giving premiums for the breeding and fattening of fish, but its small efforts passed without official recognition, until necessity forced the State to adopt the plan itself. Probably the single and constant labor of Newton Dexter, a member of the Inland Fisheries Commission and a lover of fishing as a sport, did more to establish the present methods of regularly re-stocking rivers and streams than anything else. Fish for re-stocking were obtained from the United States Fish Commission and consisted mainly of shad, trout, and black bass. And this method of keeping up the supply has continued to the present, being the only way after all.

In all this survey, one thing is dominant, that nothing was done officially for the protection of one of Rhode Island's greatest natural industries until forced by necessity. Lobsters were not protected until 1881, and then they were fast disappearing. It has been the same with other natural sources of

supply throughout the country. The buffalo, beaver, wood pigeon, and timber all existed in vast quantities for the benefit of the early settlers and western pioneers. And they have been used prodigally and wasted, until within a comparatively short time ago.

If there is any moral, it is the one which should inspire a foresightedness in the conservation of all sources of natural supply, something which, had it been applied some centuries earlier, might have been bearing rich fruits today.

HANNAH ROBINSON

ONE of the most romantic figures in all Rhode Island history was Hannah Robinson, whose name has been immortalized because of her association with the so-called “Hannah’s Rock,” a shrine which has been visited by many who have heard the touching story of her undying love for a faithless husband. In 1746, Mr. Roland Robinson, Hannah’s father, built a beautiful homestead, which is still standing and occupied, just off the Boston Neck Road about five miles north of Narragansett Pier, not far from the “Old South Ferry.”

It was in this year, also, that Hannah was born. Soon after her birth a colored child was born to one of the family slaves and she was called “Hannah” after her young mistress, for as soon as she was old enough she was made the young lady’s special maid. Later another daughter came into the family and she was called Mary. William, the brother, followed about thirteen years after the birth of his sister Hannah.

In her happy, prosperous home, Hannah Robinson grew into young ladyhood, and her father, anxious to give his children the best possible education, sent her to a famous school in Newport, a school for young ladies, kept by a Madam Osborne.

Hannah Robinson was so good and so beautiful and so full of grace of mind and personality that she seems more like a myth than a real person. Mrs. Turrell, a descendant, says of her, that she “was rather above medium height, with a clear complexion delicately tinted with rose; dark hazel eyes, Grecian features of the finest mould throughout; a faultless head of auburn hair, swan-like neck and shoulders, a lovely expression, and of an incomparable grace in speech, manner and carriage.” Certainly

all traditions are that she was the most beautiful girl in the American Colonies, and it does not seem strange that her father should have had great ambitions for her future.

Hannah, then, in all the first bloom of her beauty, entered this select school in Newport, and there it was that she met M. Pierre Simond, who taught dancing and French. He was the son of an old Huguenot family of some note, and Mrs. Turrell writes of him that “He was of pleasing person and seductive manners.”

It is probably true that from the first moment of their meeting Hannah Robinson and the young Frenchman fell deeply in love, and that they exchanged pledges of affection. The young people managed to meet occasionally outside of classes, and so the time went on until Hannah was to return to her father’s house.

Hannah knew well, and Simond realized, that Mr. Robinson, with all his pride and his ambition for his daughter, would never sanction their marriage, and when the time drew near for them to part they were very sad. But Hannah had an uncle, William Gardiner. It is said that, as a son of a second marriage of Hannah’s grandfather, he was scarcely older than his lovely niece, and certain it was that he had a warm, romantic heart and aided the lovers. He employed Simond in his home to teach his young sons, and thus made it possible for the young couple to meet without her father’s knowledge.

It is said that Mrs. Robinson divined Hannah’s infatuation for her lover, and did all that she could to dissuade her from it, but finding that all persuasion useless and that her daughter’s very health was menaced by any thought of separation, she reluctantly condoned their meeting. The old house is full of cup-boards, the most famous being

the one in which Hannah once hid her lover. He was calling upon her in the absence of her father, with her mother's knowledge, when they heard her father's steps approaching. He had returned home and true to his invariable custom sought his daughter to bid her an affectionate goodnight. There was but one thing to do and Miss Hannah did it! She thrust the young Frenchman into her clothes-closet, and there he remained safely hid until she had received her father's good-night kiss and the coast was clear for his departure.

But when Hannah remained so unattracted by other suitors Mr. Robinson's suspicions were aroused. One night he stepped to his front door for a breath of fresh air, and as he stood there was surprised to see a bit of white paper fluttering down from Hannah's chamber. Under the windows of her room grew great lilac bushes—there are still great lilac bushes at this old house—and, filled with rage, he rushed to them and beat them vigorously with his stout walking-stick. A young man ran out from his hiding place among them, and Mr. Robinson was furious to note that he was the young Frenchman who taught Colonel Gardiner's youngsters.

There was a terrible scene in the mansion that night, and after a stormy interview with her father, Hannah was, from that hour, virtually a prisoner in her father's house. Whether she walked or rode, from that time, she must be attended either by a member of the family or by some trusted servant. This, of course, was to prevent her meeting ever again Mr. Pierre Simond. But Hannah Robinson was her father's own daughter. She had a will of her own. Also, "all the world loves a lover," and the interested neighbors took Hannah's side, and in many a way helped to keep up communication between her and her lover.

At least, two people helped her to elope finally, and these two were the Colonel-uncle and a friend, Miss Belden. Hannah's mother did all in her power to persuade Hannah to give up her lover, but finding all her efforts unavailing and the girl's health impaired by the separation, she finally silently acquiesced in Hannah's plans.

At last all the plans were made for the elopement. Hannah's aunt, Mrs. Ludovick Urdike, was to give a great ball at Cocum-

cussoc, about eight miles north of Hannah's home. Guests were coming from Boston, Providence and Newport, and of course it would have been an unheard-of thing if her nieces had not attended. Mr. Robinson had reluctantly given his consent, and when the time came, Hannah and Mary, attended by a faithful servant, "Prince," set forth. Hannah had bidden her father "goodnight" a little earlier, and perhaps it was well, for when she came to bid her mother farewell, her feelings, suppressed in the presence of her father, overcame her. A descendant writes that she put her arms around her mother's neck and sobbed as if her heart would break. She also bade an affectionate farewell to Phillis, the cook, and to Hannah, her maid. Then she mounted, from the old horse-block still to be seen at the rear of the house, her splendid Spanish horse, and the three young people set forth.

At a spot agreed upon, on Ridge Hill, Mr. Simond was in waiting, Hannah sprang from her horse into his arms, and not heeding her sister's tears or the frantic pleadings of the terrified "Prince," the lovers dashed away to Providence, where they were married. It is said that a sister of Simond assisted Hannah with the necessary wardrobe for her wedding, and the young couple went to the elder Simond's home until Pierre secured some employment in Providence, at which time he took his wife there to live. The year of Hannah's marriage does not appear to have been recorded in any account found of her life, but it is said that she lived for many years in Providence.

It may be that Mr. Robinson's opposition to Hannah's marriage was based upon something more than merely disappointed ambition for his lovely daughter. Certain it is that when M. Simond found that his wife's wealthy father did not come to her aid he gradually neglected the poor child, and finally, it is said, he practically abandoned her.

Mr. Robinson's rage had been, of course, unbounded. He offered a large reward for the names of the person or persons who had helped her to elope, but no one would inform him. But, however implacable he outwardly appeared to be toward his disobedient child, his wife noticed that when he came into the house he would many times pass from room to room without apparent reason. Finally she observed that when he

found the room where Hannah's pet cat was, there he would settle, and once, when he believed himself unobserved, he was seen to press the little beast to his heart, while tears ran down his cheeks. And he would caress Hannah's favorite horse when he thought no one was near.

But he firmly resisted his wife's entreaties that Hannah be sent for to return home. They had come to know that she was in a sad condition in Providence. Her mother and the young brother William knew of her deprivations and assisted her all that they could. Mrs. Robinson sent her daughter small delicacies, her wardrobe, and her little dog, and for a time this was all that she could manage to do for her.

Because of the hardships she had suffered, and the desertion of her husband, for whom she had sacrificed so much, Hannah was now heart-broken, poor and ill. The only yielding Mr. Robinson had shown had been to send Hannah her maid, the one called after her own name.

But now the proud father sent Hannah this message. If she would tell him the names of those who had assisted her to run away with Mr. Simond he would welcome her back into her old home, and that she should be his daughter again. But Hannah Robinson was her father's own daughter. She wrote him that he had early inculcated into her mind the importance of keeping her word, and she could not, in honor, disclose to him the names of those whom she had promised to keep secret. Mr. Robinson had opened her letter eagerly, but when he had read it he tossed it contemptuously to her mother, saying: "Then let the foolish thing die where she is!"

But one day, at dinner, he sprang up from the table and rushed out of the house, mounted his horse and rode to Providence. At Hannah's door he rapped loudly. The maid, Hannah, opened the door and beamed with gladness to see her master. Now, she doubtless thought, all would go well. But Mr. Robinson only bade her say to her mistress that her father wished to know if she was now ready to disclose to him the names of those who had aided her in her elopement. Poor Hannah, torn with conflicting emotions, sent back word that she could not do so, and her father rode back the thirty-five miles to his home.

It is said that, again and again, Mr. Robinson did this—ride to his daughter's door, rap on it with his riding-whip and send in the same message. And again and again did Hannah refuse to tell him what he so wished to know. Finally, when the poor girl was almost at her life's end, her friends, Colonel Gardiner and Miss Belden, that she might be rescued from her pitiful plight, sent word to her to tell her father what he wished to know. Accordingly, Hannah sent word to her father that she would give him the information he so much desired. Mr. Robinson rode quickly to Providence. Entering the room where Hannah lay, he took one look at the wreck of his child, and knelt by her bedside. There he wept aloud with grief and remorse. He did not ask her for the information he had so long demanded. He had no thought now of anything but the welfare of his child.

Tenderly kissing Hannah, he put some gold pieces into the hands of the maid, bidding her procure whatever Hannah needed, and rode back to his home. It was night when he arrived, but he had four trusted men called from their beds immediately. He gave them instructions to proceed to Providence in his pleasure boat, carrying on it a litter. At daybreak, he himself, set out for Providence on horse back, accompanied by "Prince." "Prince" led a horse for Hannah's maid. Making all speed possible, they were soon at Hannah's door. The sick girl was tenderly lifted onto the litter and the little procession started back to Narragansett.

On her journey home, Hannah asked to be taken down to the spot now called "Hannah's Rock," a little off the travelled highway of MacSparran Hill. There she had often gone in her happy girlhood days to gaze upon one of the loveliest landscapes that can be found in the whole State of Rhode Island, and there she wished to remain for a little while before she passed on forever. She asked that a bit of the flower called "Everlasting" be plucked and she laid it on her breast. And, when she was dying, she told her mother: "He told me, when he gave it to me, that we must call it love everlasting, not life everlasting. Lay it with me in my grave, mother, that I may take it to the land where life is everlasting and where love never dies."

At sunrise she called for her trinkets and distributed them with her own hand.

Then, with feebly outstretched arms, she turned to her mother. Before she breathed her last she cast her eyes on her mother with an unutterable expression of affection, and then fixing them on her agonized father, kneeling by her bedside, holding one of her hands in his, she continued to look lovingly and steadfastly into his, as if she would convey to him a message of her undying respect and love until they closed in death.

Her old nurse, Mum Amey, raised her eyes from the face of her dying mistress and with a look of devout admiration exclaimed: "The angels is come!"

Afterwards, when asked the cause of her young mistress' death, Mum Amey said: "Nuthin' ail Missus Hannah. Dis world wer ony jes too hard for her, and de poor chile die ob de heart break."

If you ever happen to be in the vicinity of "Hannah's Rock," take a moment to look out upon the glorious view which Hannah Robinson loved so well. When you have gone about two-thirds of the distance from the village of Hamilton to the Pier, you will find a pathway leading in an easterly direction direct to the huge, cube-shaped rock near which Hannah Robinson gazed last upon Rhode Island's rolling countryside and the ocean's boundless expanse.

A TERRIBLE MAN OF WAR

THE era of privateering in Rhode Island developed a class of sea fighters unusually distinguished in both daring and seamanship. The era began along in the middle of the 17th century and reached its peak about a hundred years later, although, even after the Colonies had been successful in the Revolution and had established a navy, some privateers, like the "Yankee," were commissioned and had exciting careers during the War of 1812. Undoubtedly two basic reasons for the skill and boldness of the privateersmen as a whole were, first, the fact that they generally cruised alone, seldom in consort with other ships, and consequently had to rely solely upon the qualities of their particular ship and upon their own abilities as seamen and fighters, and, second, the fact that every man of the crew shared in the prize money. Of the two reasons the latter probably provided the greater incentive. However, this is not to be a discussion of privateersmen as a body.

Among the most daring of all who engaged in this kind of sanctioned piracy was Captain John Dennis, of Newport, a fighter who well deserved the title of "a terrible man of war." His chief exploits as a privateersman covered a period of thirteen years, 1743 to 1756, and he was leader among the men of his "profession" even when the "field" had become fairly crowded and "specialized." Most of his adventures occurred when he was in command of the sloop

"Prince Frederick," the brigantine of the same name, and the "Defiance."

The 99-ton sloop, "Prince Frederick," had an armament of 14 carriage and 21 swivel guns and had completed one mildly successful cruise before Captain Dennis was given her command the latter part of 1743. He posted articles in Newport, announcing a proposed voyage to the southward to seek Spanish prizes, and had no trouble in collecting a crew of eighty men. The armament of the vessel had been reduced to 12 carriage and 16 swivel guns, but he provisioned up for six months' cruise and set out from Newport.

His first victim was a vessel homeward bound from the West Indies to Cadiz, but after her captain had been relieved of some \$14,000 (she had no cargo,) she was allowed to proceed on her way. In the following six weeks or more the privateer sighted no sail, but was having trouble of her own to make up for any dearth of action. Captain Dennis had a short mutiny on his hands, but he suppressed it and marooned the two chief offenders on an island. On his trip homeward he captured a small Spanish schooner, which yielded a cargo of salt, shoes, leather, and 800 pieces of eight.

The next cruise of the "Prince Frederick" was of shorter length for the vessel carried more men. Under Captain Dennis she sailed out of Newport in June, 1744, and followed the Atlantic Coast southward again.

In a few weeks three Spanish vessels were sighted and the largest one captured after a long chase. She had been an English vessel originally but had been twice captured by the Spaniards who had converted her into a privateer of their own. Putting a prize crew on board, Captain Dennis sent her back to Newport. Within a short while he also captured a French vessel which he sent to Newport.

While in pursuit of a large Spanish vessel with a rich cargo, the "Prince Frederick" fell in with the "Revenge" and the two ships proceeded in consort. Near Cape Francois two French privateers, fully armed, attempted to capture their English rivals, and both of them attacked the "Prince Frederick" at once. Though under severe fire, Captain Dennis managed to get clear of them a first time, but they swept about and came at him again. For a while he expected to be captured, for his companion vessel was about two miles away, but he fought doggedly until the French drew off, weary of the conflict. The "Prince Frederick" had received minor damages and lost one man, but the French vessels had suffered more heavily, and blood ran out of their scuppers for some time.

After this engagement the Rhode Island vessel sailed over to the Florida Keys and captured a Spanish vessel which had a valuable cargo including 600 pounds of pure silver. However, the crew of the vessel escaped. With this last prize the "Prince Frederick" and the "Revenge" sailed home to Newport.

Before the former vessel could be provisioned for another cruise, a pistol, accidentally fired by one of her owners as they were surveying her stores, caused a terrific explosion of a good many barrels of gunpowder.

Three of the owners were killed; nearly all the stores were lost in the explosion; and consequently the "Prince Frederick" was not refitted for sea. However, the brigantine "Defiance," of 130 tons and 14 guns, was fitted out at Newport by John Tillinghast, Henry Collins, Solomon Townsend, and Daniel Coggeshall, and her command given to Captain Dennis.

In November 1744, he set sail in consort with the "Queen of Hungary." On this cruise he captured seventeen prizes, bringing one

vessel with a cargo of \$30,000 in money, 135 pounds in silver plate, many tons of copper, drugs, china and merchandise with him when he returned to Newport in May of the next year. On a second cruise the "Defiance" carried 110 men and provisions for nine months. After many weeks of sailing she captured a Spanish settee which had a cargo of 22,500 pieces of eight.

In January of 1746, off Cape Tiburon, the "Defiance" engaged three French vessels, and after an hour and a half of hard fighting Captain Dennis made up his mind to board the largest. Running boldly alongside, he boarded the vessel easily his daring maneuver scaring off the other two. The quarter-deck of the Frenchman blew up right after he had boarded, and he lost a number of men. Though the prize had a fairly valuable cargo, Captain Dennis paid for it with 15 men killed and 15 more wounded. He immediately set out for Newport with his prize in convoy.

Here in his native port again, the noted privateersman found himself in great difficulties. He had captured some negroes during one of his exploits and sent them in to Newport where they had been sold. However, the negroes were not slaves but free men, and when the news of their sale reached Havana, the Spaniards seized and imprisoned some of Captain Dennis' crew whom they had captured along with one of his prizes. Until the matter was investigated and cleared up, the Governor withheld a commission as a privateersman from Captain Dennis. And, due to the delay in the proceedings, the "Defiance" sailed away under another master before the action against Captain Dennis was withdrawn.

But the Captain soon received another command. This was the brigantine, "Prince Frederick," a different vessel entirely from the sloop of which he had formerly been master. The brigantine was of 170 tons with an armament of 18 carriage guns, 30 swivels and 18 blunderbusses. She had just returned from a long cruise under Captain Peter Marshall. With a fresh crew of 100 men, Captain Dennis sailed the "Prince Frederick" to the West Indies, his favorite haunt. Here he attacked a French privateer with its prize and succeeded in capturing the latter, although he lost two men and was wounded himself in the engagement. The

next prize was another French vessel which was sent to Newport to be condemned. After this the captain seemed to get interested in French vessels and captured six privateers in a row, taking them into St. Kitts. The next victim was a French sloop which was sent with a prize crew to Newport.

Late in the year of 1746 the government of Martinique fitted out a special privateer to attack and capture the "Prince Frederick" which had been causing so much trouble. The vessels soon met and had a very sharp engagement, but the Rhode Island vessel was the victor. Captain Dennis was again slightly wounded. The French vessel was taken into St. Kitts, where the "General and other Gentlemen of the Island" in acknowledgment of Captain Dennis' services "presented him with a Golden Oar and a purse of 500 pistoles."

During the winter of 1746-47 Captain Dennis had the audacity to send a message to the governor of Martinique, asking him to send out two of his best privateers and

adding that he, Captain Dennis, "would show him some Sport." The governor complied with the challenge and sent out two vessels. They did not find Captain Dennis, however, but instead chased a vessel they believed to be a rich English merchantman. It turned out to be the privateer "Lowestoft," of Bristol, proceeding with her guns run in and her ports closed to deceive the enemy. She let the Frenchmen overtake her, and then suddenly bristled into action and captured them both.

The last prize of Captain Dennis on this cruise was a vessel from the French sugar fleet which he took with him back to Newport. The next cruise of Captain Dennis was in a new sloop, named the "Jonathan" which he sailed in 1748. The following eight years were but a continuation of successful cruises for this stalwart Rhode Islander, but, in 1756, he sailed in command of the "Foy" a new large vessel especially fitted out for him, and from that voyage never returned.

A GREAT COLONIAL ARCHITECT

DURING the "Golden Age of Newport," that brilliant period in the cultural history of Rhode Island, there were many who helped the little seaport and social resort to gain real prestige in the fields of literature, philosophy, and art. The years of commercial success had brought to Newport that degree of wealth which, through its creation of a leisure class, often proves to be a fertile ground for the seeds of intellectual and artistic advancement. In 1729, Newport was wealthy and was adding yearly to her material riches. Thus, when George Berkeley, Dean of Derry, brought his idealistic philosophy to Newport in that year, he found the town ready to respond wholeheartedly to any cultural stimuli. Although the Dean remained in Rhode Island only three years, his influence extended far into the century. This was the beginning of the "Golden Age." Worthy successors to Berkeley held to the intellectual and artistic standards he started until the Revolution. There were leaders in all fields.

As patrons of art and architecture there were Henry Collins and Abraham Red-

wood; as painters, there were John Smibert (who came with Berkeley), Robert Feke, Samuel King, Cosmo Alexander, and Gilbert Stuart; as men of letters and theology, there were James Honyman, Isaac Touro, Samuel Hopkins, Ezra Stiles, John Comer, John Callender, and Nathaniel Clap; as men of science, there were Dr. Thomas Moffatt, Dr. Thomas Brett (a graduate of Leyden), and Dr. William Hunter; and finally, as architects, there were Richard Munday and Peter Harrison. It is of the last two, the architects, of which this brief survey is made.

Richard Munday was a predecessor of Peter Harrison and a worthy one in every respect. Before Peter Harrison had even thought of coming to America, Munday had designed beautiful Trinity Church, and had just finished with the Colony or State House when Harrison arrived. Both of these structures reflect the touch of a master in their perfect proportions. Trinity Church was hailed as the finest example of ecclesiastical architecture in Rhode Island until 1775, the year in which the First Baptist Church in

Providence was erected. The Colony House was by far the finest building of its kind in all the Colonies. These, then, were the exceptional public buildings which Peter Harrison found already standing in Newport. He was to add three more of equally fine lines and proportions, of which one was to be called by many the best single example of colonial art in the country.

There is practically no information about the early life of Peter Harrison. He was born in 1716, the son of one Thomas Harrison of Grimston, Yorkshire. However, the name, Harrison, was as common in Yorkshire as Smith now is in America, and in the county there were no less than five towns named Grimston. We do know, however, that his mother was Elizabeth Dennison, a descendant of the great house of Roxburghe, and the old *Connecticut Journal* commended his lineage by stating that “in point of family [he was] second perhaps to very few in America.” Peter, himself, later married Elizabeth, daughter of Edward Pelham, Jr., of Newport, then the owner of the Old Stone Mill and “of the same family as the late Duke of Newcastle.”

Tradition has it that Peter Harrison received a portion of his architectural training by working under Sir John Vanbrugh on the plans for Blenheim House, but, as a matter of fact, it was more probably his brother (who was also an architect). Why Peter Harrison decided to leave the Old World and come to America is a mystery, but, in 1740, he appeared in Rhode Island as “a passenger with Captain Patterson.” With him came his brother, Joseph. It is probable that these two came to the Colony as surveyors or draughtsmen, hoping to find plenty of work in settling boundary disputes. Peter gained his first recognition in that capacity by drawing up a plan of Cape Breton which facilitated its capture in 1745. Later, aided by his brother, Joseph, he made “a handsome draught of Fort George and the harbor of Newport.” With this piece of work the General Assembly was so pleased, that its members voted to present him with a piece of plate, valued at £75. In 1750, Peter made new plans of the fort and harbor by himself, and it is these drawings, preserved in London, that are the only known examples of his craftsmanship in existence. In all this early work, as in his

architectural plans, he showed an Old World finish that was unique in colonial times.

Both the brothers, after drifting about for a number of years, settled in Newport. Despite the era of wealth and culture, there was little opportunity for them to earn a living by their talents, and they were forced to become merchants. Their advertisement offered “a variety of European goods, just imported and to be Sold at their Store near the wharf of Captain John Brown.” This stock certainly was varied, for it ranged from “black Sagathee” to “oynions.”

Peter Harrison came into a lot of valuable Newport property through his marriage, and an especially fine section, located on the Neck, was long known as Harrison Farm. Here the potential architect turned farmer, becoming an expert in agriculture and selling as much as £175 worth of produce a year. Harrison Avenue takes its name from this farm.

Occasionally Peter Harrison made trading voyages and always kept well informed on maritime matters. He received the ambiguous title of “Captain” and enjoyed somewhat of a reputation as an authority on ship-building. He records, in one of his diaries, that he even “sought out Leviathan” in his “whale Sloope, Jenkins, master.” When difficulties arose in connection with the operation of the first lighthouse at the mouth of Newport Harbor, it was Peter Harrison who corrected its faults and put it in good running order.

Joseph Harrison returned to England in 1755 in hopes of bettering his condition, but he came back to New England twice more, once, in 1760, as Collector of Customs at New Haven and again, in 1764, as Collector at Boston. When he left New Haven he prevailed upon the authorities to give his position to his brother, Peter, and, in 1766, the latter became the Collector of Customs for New Haven.

The acceptance of a royal post was a fatal move for Peter Harrison to make, and it led him indirectly to his death. With the advent of the Revolution, the full hatred of the people turned upon all Crown officers, and Peter Harrison was no exception. It is true that he was a staunch loyalist, reputed even by his friends as being “preeminent for his loyalty to the King.” His position

in New Haven became so precarious that he was obliged to leave the town for a time until the fierce agitation had passed. In his absence his house was wantonly looted by an unprincipled mob and his beautiful library and all of his professional papers were destroyed. Such barbarous treatment probably had much to do with hastening his death, for he died only a few days after the Battle of Lexington.

Peter Harrison's architectural work will be remembered forever, but during his life it was only an avocation. His artistic activities fall into two periods with a gap of ten years between them. He collaborated with his elder brother in the designing of Redwood Library in 1748, but in reality it was a case where the brother started the job, made a mess of it, and left it for Peter to finish as best he could. The result was not as good as it might have been had the latter done the work alone. In 1749, he completed his best piece of work, King's Chapel in Boston, and then went for a decade before designing a new building for Newport, the Jewish Synagogue. In the interior of this building, Harrison's genius was displayed to the full. Later in the year he finished

work on Christ Church in Cambridge, Mass., which was more or less of a replica of King's Chapel in wood. Herein, however, in the organ loft itself is without doubt Harrison's finest single specimen of Georgian architecture. In 1761, he drew the first sketches for the Brick Market House in Newport. He modelled the exterior after the English market houses of the day. As a classic in brick, it is probably unrivalled in the entire country, and the exterior shows Harrison at his best. Just prior to his death he was consulted concerning the construction of a first hall for Dartmouth College, but he died before he had had a chance to develop any plans.

All of Peter Harrison's architecture remains as a monument to him today, although much of it has been sadly misused. In many cases, however, buildings are now being restored to their original condition, and will be kept as historical shrines for the future. Even in this day he is recognized as a "masterly architect," and he has had a profound influence on architectural art in America. A Rhode Islander by adoption, he has left treasures of Colonial architecture which have never been surpassed.

SHERIFF ROBINSON

ROWLAND ROBINSON, the Sheriff of King's County, was the eldest son of Deputy-Governor William Robinson, who lived so busily and happily with his wife, children and slaves in his large house near the head of Pettaquamscutt Cove. His household, it is said, consisted of just forty-one persons.

Rowland, in 1741, married Anstis, daughter of a wealthy Boston Neck farmer, Dr. James MacSparran performing the ceremony; and, in 1746, built the beautiful and stately mansion which still stands near Boston Neck Road about a mile north of the old South Ferry.

This year of 1746 was also the year of his first child's birth—she whose romantic and tragic story has been many times told. "Unfortunate Hannah Robinson" is the name by which this beautiful girl has gone down in history.

But in the year 1746 there was no cloud over that happy home and, beautiful as is the old "Narragansett Country" now, one must simply "believe in fairies" to see it with the "mind's eye" as it was at that period.

"The aristocratic class were large land-owners. They raised great quantities of hay and grain; they had large dairies, herds of cattle, flocks of sheep. They kept Christmas as it was kept in Old England, they attended the Church of England services. They danced, ate lamb, venison, turkeys, ducks. Their fruit and vegetables were not to be excelled."

There were no carriages then in Narragansett, but the wealthy planters rode to Church on their beautiful "pacers," attended by slaves who kept at their side to open

and close the many gates that divided the driveways along which they traveled.

In Thomas R. Hazard's "Recollections of Olden Times" we get a description of Rowland Robinson, gentleman farmer, and Sheriff of King's County. He says that in person he was portly, tall and erect. He had classical features, a clear, light complexion, and waving brown hair which he wore in a queue. In full dress he usually wore a dark velvet or brown broad-cloth coat, light yellow plush waist-coat with deep pockets and wide flaps, short violet colored velvet breeches buckled at the knee; nicely polished white-top boots or silver-buckled shoes, fine cambric shirt, profusely ruffled and plated at the bosom and wrists, with a white silk necktie, the whole surmounted by a looped-up, triangular hat over his powdered hair. In his hand he carried a gold-headed cane.

Later on, in Revolutionary times, it was said that his appearance in Newport, when he came to visit a brother there, was such that many of Count Rochambeau's officers vied with each other to obtain introductions to him and to procure invitations to his Narragansett home.

But, at the time in which this story opens, Rowland Robinson was following the usual life of his privileged class, and in addition to his other activities was making famous cheeses which he shipped to the West Indies.

In this connection, there was one very curious feature about his possessions. Alice Morse Earle has written that it was his ambition to possess one hundred of the beautiful "blanket cows" that formed his herd, but that he could never achieve this number. He might have ninety-nine of the black-and-white creatures, but just so surely as the hundredth one was born he would lose one or more in some way. It would sicken and die, or meet death by accident. He never did, tradition says, keep an even hundred of these animals for any appreciable time.

In those old King's County days much dependence was placed upon slave labor. Between his house and his lands, his herds and his cheese-making, Rowland Robinson needed many helpers, and following the usual custom he sent over to Africa for a shipload of these poor creatures. At least as many as twenty-eight men and women were secured for him, and when he re-

ceived word that the ship was in, he rode his horse down to the South Ferry to see the slaves disembark. His idea was to keep the likeliest ones for his house and his fields, and to sell the others.

But when he arrived at the Ferry and sat on his fine horse watching the poor, sick, weary, and frightened black creatures coming down over the side of the vessel, he took no pleasure in the sight. Some of them were so weak they could hardly walk. And as he watched, tears of compassion came into Rowland Robinson's eyes. Some have said he never sold a soul of them. Twenty-eight servants he kept, treated kindly, and found work for all on his estate. Only once again did he ever send to Africa for labor, and that was at the plea of Abigail, a prized house-servant. Abigail had been a Queen in Africa, and, once reconciled to her new home in this country, she begged her master to allow her to go back to her native land, find her son, an African Prince, and bring him back with her to this land of plenty. So Mr. Robinson permitted her to go and provided for her comfort on the journey. And back Queen Abigail came, bearing with her the young man, who became Mr. Robinson's, especial body-servant, and he was always called "Prince."

Updike, the historian, has written down the character of Rowland Robinson as being relentless, unforgiving, harsh, but a Robinson descendant says that this is not right. Impetuous and over-bearing he may have been, but nevertheless he had a fine, generous and forgiving spirit.

Instance after instance arises in a perusal of his life to show that his first indignations were time after time succeeded by a merciful softening. Thomas R. Hazard speaks of such instances.

Steppany, one of the slaves that came from Guinea, was a confirmed thief, and his master often lost patience with him. He had furnished him with a little house to live in, and one day word came from this humble home that Steppany was very ill. His son brought the message, and when he had delivered it, Mr. Robinson's stored-up rage vented itself. He burst out: "Boy, what makes your father such a thief?" The boy, frightened, ran away home, while Mr. Robinson, relenting, sent Prince over with a

horse laden with necessities for the old man's use.

Another slave, also a thief, was Jerry. Mr. Robinson had winked at many a theft, petty or otherwise, but when Jerry stole a valuable, imported ram he lost patience. When the loss of the animal was reported to him, he turned his horses's head toward Jerry's cabin in a good towering rage. Jerry saw him coming and got under the bed. When Mr. Robinson got to the cabin he could smell the ram cooking, and he rapped with his famous cane on the door. Nobody answered the knock, but he kept on pounding the door until Jerry's wife appeared. Her husband, she said, had gone fishing to get food for his poor children. But Mr. Robinson knew better, for he had caught a glimpse of the culprit sawing wood as he approached the house, and knew he was hiding within. So he continued to demand Jerry in a thundering voice until finally the trembling black appeared at the door. "Come here, you rascally thief, while I break every bone in your body for stealing my English ram." Jerry averred that, because of the darkness, he did not know it was the ram he had taken. He thought it was a "big wether sheep" until he came to dress it. He pleaded for mercy, his wife wept, and half a dozen whimpering children cried and claimed that they were half-starved. In the end the weeping children secured mercy for their father, and Mr. Robinson still uttering direful threats but with a tear in his eye turned toward home and left the family, presumably, to enjoy their fine dinner of stolen ram.

This same Jerry once had his leg broken by the famous cane, but this was by accident, for Mr. Robinson had aimed at a refractory steer and hit the man's leg instead. He was instantly full of concern, had the

negro tenderly carried to his home, and sent for old Job Sweet to come and set the bone. This done, scarce a day went by without the master coming to inquire for the disabled man, while his family's needs were abundantly supplied from the house and farm. Jerry afterward was wont to say that he only wished Mr. Robinson would break his other leg, that his family might live as well as it did while he was laid up.

Still another incident refuting the belief that Rowland Robinson was a stern, hard man is in connection with that murder which in 1751 shook the country-side. That was the Carter-Jackson murder, which is, as Kipling would say, "another story" and which is told in another part of this book.

On the first of January, 1751, while Sheriff Robinson was in office, there was committed on Tower Hill, Rhode Island, a crime so dastardly and so cruel that for generations afterward children shuddered by their warm chimneysides to hear their elders repeat the story.

Filled with horror at the crime, and resolute that justice should be done, the Sheriff of King's County arrested Carter, the murderer, in Newport, and "without aid," Hazard says, "brought the criminal who was a remarkably powerful and desperately resolute man" over two ferries and along the roads to Tower Hill for trial.

As they proceeded for some distance, the Sheriff riding a fine black horse and the prisoner on foot; the Sheriff noted that Carter walked with fatigue. And so this cold, hard, domineering man got down from his saddle, loosened the man's bonds, and made him mount the horse which he also rode.

Thus, Rowland Robinson, Sheriff of King's County, rode to Tower Hill with the murderer sitting behind him on the great black horse, and delivered his prisoner to the jail.

ON THE TOWER HILL ROAD

The Indictment:—

"The Grand Jury for the County at Tower Hill do upon their Oaths in behalf of our said Sovereign Lord the King present that Thomas Carter, late of Newport in the County of Newport, mariner, not having the Fear of God before his Eyes, but being moved and seduced by the Instigation of the Devil upon the first day of January in the twenty-fourth year of His said Majesty's reign, Annoque Dominat 1750 (about nine o'clock in the afternoon of said day), in South Kingstown in the county of King's County, with Force and Arms upon the Body of One William Jackson, late an Inhabitant of His said Majesty's Dominion of Virginia, trader, being then and there in the Peace of God and our said Lord the King, an assault did make. And the said Thomas Carter with one Dagger to the Value of five shillings which said Thomas Carter then had and held drawn in his Hand, Feloniously, Voluntarily and of Malice aforethought smote and wounded the said William Jackson; at said South Kingstown in said County feloniously and of malice aforethought at the Time aforesaid giving said William Jackson Two Mortal Wounds upon the left Breast of about Two Inches in Breadth and about Five Inches in Depth and One Mortal Wound in his Neck of about Two Inches in Width and about Three Inches in Depth. Of which Mortal Wounds the said William Jackson at said South County Kingstown at the time aforesaid instantly Died.

And so the said Jurors upon their Oaths aforesaid say that the aforesaid Thomas Carter upon the aforesaid First Day of January in the year aforesaid at said South Kingstown in the County aforesaid, the said William Jackson in the Manner and Forme aforesaid of Malice Feloniously and Voluntarily killed and Murdered against the Peace of our said Lord, his Crown and Dignity.

(Signed) D. Updike, Attorney for the King."

KING GEORGE the Second sat upon the throne of England when these words were penned and the ink with which they were written has been dry nearly two centuries. The ancient, yellow papers searched bear conflicting dates, but it seems reasonably certain that it was on December 31, 1750, that the two men met and that it was on New Year's Day, 1751, that one Widow Nash entertained two travelers on their way to Newport. It is probable that she fed and sheltered the two men in her home on that day,

and from her testimony given later it appears that she also performed the homely services of mending a garment and dressing the hair of the man who hailed from "The Old Dominion of Virginia," Jackson by name.

The other traveler was Captain Thomas Carter, who had been owner and master of a small vessel that ran between Newport and New York. But Carter was in sorry plight that day, for he had been shipwrecked with loss of both his vessel and cargo off the coast of Long Island, and was making his way back home to Newport on foot when he had fallen in with Mr. Jackson. Jackson was coming North with a horse-load of deer-skins, and he seems to have formed a liking for the unfortunate mariner and shared his horse with him and generously paid their mutual daily expenses upon the road, Captain Carter being penniless.

Alternately riding and walking, the two men traveled the weary miles. Occasionally they stopped for food and rest at some convenient farm-house or tavern, and it was because Carter claimed to be sick that they stopped at the house of the Widow Nash for rest and refreshment before continuing on.

At what point in their journey the mariner discovered that the benefactor possessed, beside his peltries and valuable horse, a bag of silver is not known. But they evidently found good cheer in the widow's house, for she not only fed them, but after she sewed the button on Jackson's coat or vest, she dressed his hair. While doing so, her attention was attracted to a peculiar lock of hair. One narrative says it was a close, round lock of black hair, quite different in appearance from his other locks; another says it was snowy white contrasting strongly with the color of the rest of his hair. At any rate, the widow noticed this peculiarity, and as the two men prepared to leave her house she remarked to Mr. Jackson, jestingly: "If any one should murder you, I can identify your body by that queer lock of hair." The two travelers set forth, avowing that they would reach Franklin Ferry that night and cross over to Newport

in the morning. It was near sunset on that ill-fated day when they left the house and perhaps the widow tucked away the price of their entertainment in the tea-pot that set high on her shelf and forgot about them — until circumstances recalled their visit very vividly to her mind.

Let the pedestrian or the motorist note, on the Tower Hill Road when next he passes over it, about a mile and a half out of Wakefield, a little cemetery overlooking the river. Near the roadside he will see a monument erected by the late Mr. Thomas Peace Hazard. This is called the "Carter-Jackson" monument, and on its four sides is inscribed the story of the deed that happened there "about the hour of midnight" on that long past New Year's night.

For at just this point, on that fateful night, Thomas Carter came up close behind his good friend sitting on his horse, and smote him fearfully with a large stone on the back of his head. Jackson recovered a little and fled for his life to an old, deserted house nearby, the chimney of which was still standing in 1850. They called the spot "Chimney Hill" for a long time after this crime. But Carter pursued the poor fellow and finished him with the weapon so quaintly described in the "*Indictment*," — the "Dagger to the Value of Five Shillings," then dragged his body nearly a mile down the hill where he concealed it under the ice of the waters of Pettaquamscutt Cove.

Considering, perhaps, that he had done a satisfactory night's work, he then passed along toward Newport with Jackson's horse, the deer-skins and the "bag of silver."

Mr. Hazard writes that it was "a few days" afterward, and another writer affirms that it was "seven weeks" later, that a man, spearing eels in the Narrow River, found the body of the murdered man, and the body was brought to the shore. No one knew who the stranger was — save one! That day it so happened that the Widow Nash was in the village on an errand of some sort and was among those who gathered around the body just drawn from the water. Suddenly her eyes grew larger, and she bent over the form on the ground. The corpse had a very peculiar lock of hair, one she had seen before and remarked upon. Her trembling fingers searched along the front of his vest or coat, and, sure enough, — there was the

button that she had sewed on for the kind stranger who had picked up Captain Carter during his long journey from the wreck of his vessel in Long Island waters.

She recalled the jesting words she had flung after the departing travelers. — "If ever you're murdered," she had laughed to Jackson, "I can identify your body by that lock of hair."

The widow's testimony sent the Sheriff of King's County riding down to Newport mounted on a powerful black horse, in search of the murderer. The criminal was seated in his sister's house, on "The Point," with his sister's child in his lap, and the records say that "alone and unaided" Rowland Robinson brought this desperate, black-hearted criminal along the roads and across two ferries to the Tower Hill Jail.

Carter pleaded not guilty, but was proved to have committed the crime and to have endeavored to sell the deer-skins and poor Jackson's horse in Newport, claiming he had bought them from their former owner. Before he died he made full confession of his crime and gave the details of it. There were no palliating circumstances; he had simply seen that his benefactor possessed what amounted to wealth in those days, — namely, one pack of deer leather, to the value of six hundred pounds (English money), one bag of silver to the value of four hundred pounds, one horse of the price of eighty pounds, and had coveted the riches so assembled, perhaps about \$5400.00 in our present money, a good sum in those days.

After Carter was condemned, he was kept in handcuffs continually until his execution. Once he complained to his jailer that they hurt his wrists. The jailer sent for the blacksmith, and Mr. Hull knelt before the prisoner, who was seated, to ease the fetters. They were connected with a band of iron about twelve inches long. Quick as chain lightning Carter lifted up his two hands, fettered as they were and struck Hull on the head with terrific force, meaning, of course, to overcome him and make his escape. He was foiled in the attempt, however, and it is said he "deeply regretted" that his effort had been in vain.

The execution, set for May 10th, 1751, between the hours of eleven o'clock in the morning and two o'clock in the afternoon,

was duly carried out. The gibbet was erected by the roadside on the eastern part of Tower Hill, the sentence being that he should be hanged by the neck until he was dead, and that then his body should be hung in chains nearby the place of execution and left there until consumed.

The Rev. James MacSparran, D.D., before the execution preached a sermon to the condemned man and to the multitude assembled to see him hanged. And the words of the good man shed a light upon this dark picture, for, while abhorring the crime, and upholding the justice of his execution, he ended with these words of Heavenly compassion.

"Oh, Lord, look down upon this unhappy, poor man who needs Thy pity and Thy pardon." And then: "Oh, let not him whom

we are now commending to Thy mercy forever perish and be lost!"

It must have been with these words in his ears that Carter passed to his fate.

After the execution, the body was suspended in an iron frame near the roadside, and when the wind blew, the chains would creak dreadfully and the darkies in the neighborhood were too terrified to pass it in the dark night.

Thomas R. Hazard, in his "Recollections of the Olden Times," writes: "When I was a boy I used to sit in the kitchen chimney-corner and listen, with my hair on end, to Uncle Sci and other old negroes as they told how scared they used to be when they rode by of a dark night and heard the chains creaking in the wind, and ever and anon one of Carter's bones fall *cajunk* to the ground."

THE FIRST BAPTIST MEETING HOUSE

LIKE many another early religious or civil organization, the First Baptist Church, founded in Providence by Roger Williams in 1638, had to endure the lack of a meeting house for many years, alleviating the difficulty by either conducting services in the homes of various members or out-of-doors. Perhaps King Philip's War was an ill wind that brought some good, for, after that conflict, when Providence with undaunted youthful courage was rebuilding herself and forgetting her dreary ashes, all institutions and organizations seemed to spring up with new life and vigor like the fresh green that soon hides the wastes of a burnt prairie. And thus, by 1700, the First Baptist Church, under the leadership of Pardon Tillinghast, had grown to a size where a meeting house became an absolute necessity. Consequently, Pardon Tillinghast, at his own expense, erected a rude structure at the northwest corner of North Main and Smith Streets and, in 1711, deeded it to his church. This building, which tradition describes as resembling "a hay-cap, with a fire-place in the middle, the smoke escaping from a hole in the roof," was hardly adequate and only served until 1726 when a larger building, forty feet square,

was constructed on the adjoining lot to the south.

During the next fifty years the Baptist Church lost much of its first momentum and began to lag behind the rapidly growing Providence. In the years just before the Revolution, when the town population had reached 4,000, the Baptists had only 118 members, but then in 1770, the Rev. James Manning came from Warren to Providence to become the first president of the tiny hilltop college, soon to be known as Brown University. This was an event of deep importance to the First Baptist Church for the young President consented to serve as its acting pastor. Again the church responded to fresh stimuli, and within a very short time, only three years, plans were being discussed for the building of a large new meeting house in the center of the town. The record of the meeting, held in the home of Daniel Cahoon in 1774, reads as follows:

"*Resolved*, That we will all heartily unite as one man in all Lawfull Ways and means to promote the good of this Society; and particularly to attend to and revive the affair of Building a Meeting House, for the publick Worship of Almighty God; and also for holding Commencement in."

The "affair" was certainly revived with a

will. Backed enthusiastically, the new project went ahead speedily. About 5,000 pounds was soon raised by private subscription for the erection of a building sixty feet square, and within a week after the first meeting it was decided to procure a lot of land from John Angell, an ideal tract located in the center of the town and only used by its owner as an apple orchard. The purchase was quickly negotiated by William Russel, and five days later Joseph Brown and Jonathan Hammond were sent to Boston to study the churches there. However, none of Boston's ecclesiastical architecture pleased them as well as a particular design which they found in James Gibbs' "Book of Architecture."

Both because Joseph Brown wished to copy this design of a Marybone Chapel, as shown in Gibbs' book, and because, due to the new provision, more room would be needed to accommodate graduating classes at Commencement it was decided to increase the size of the building to eighty feet square. Therefore, more land was needed, and an adjoining lot on the South was purchased from Amaziah Waterman for 855 pounds, an amount equal to that paid to Angell. In addition to this need for more land, there was a corresponding need for more money, and, though the Baptists were somewhat reluctant to do so, they secured the permission of the General Assembly to launch a public lottery in order to raise about 2,000 more pounds. Around twelve thousand lottery tickets were sold throughout New England at prices ranging from two and one-half to five dollars each, bringing in a net profit of 1,900 pounds.

Three of the famous Brown brothers had some important connection with the erection of the building, but it was Joseph Brown who drew up the detailed plans. He had already chosen a beautiful design for a steeple out of the same book by Gibbs, but he had a mass of further detail to attend to. The skill of this Rhode Islander was truly amazing, almost rivalling that of Peter Harrison, and to this day prominent architects can scarcely find a single item that could be changed for the better. The fluted Ionic columns, the unusually large capitals, the groined arches, and the scrolls and paneling display a mastery of architectural line

and proportion hardly expected of an amateur.

On June 1, 1774, ground was broken, and on August 29th, when the side frames and roof trusses were ready to be raised, the event was celebrated by a general holiday. In less than a year from the latter date, on May 28, 1775, the building was dedicated, though it was then uncompleted, for the spire had yet to be put in place. President Manning, on that memorable morning, took his text from Genesis 28:17, "This is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of Heaven."

The pulpit in which he stood was more lofty than that now in use for its rail was on a level with the lower line of the gallery. Below him sat the deacons, facing the audience, while behind him was a beautiful Venetian window, partially screened by heavy curtains and now long closed. His congregation sat in the old-fashioned square pews which had seats on three sides. There were 126 of these pews on the floor, but at that time the gallery had benches only.

Of course, it is the auditorium which is of the greatest interest to the visitor. This has a main entrance directly through the tower, reached by double stairways, but there are also two entrances in the rear and one each at both the north and south sides. The original square pews were removed in 1832, and 144 new pews put in. At the same time the upper gallery at the west end which had been used for slaves was taken away, the sounding board was dismantled, and the pulpit altered. Two years later the organ, a gift of Nicholas Brown, was installed, but it was yet fifty years before the recess containing the baptistry was added. The seating capacity of the main floor is between 800 and 900 persons, while the gallery will hold between 500 and 600 more. Such a capacity is ample for the regular religious services, but now much too small for conventions or college exercises.

One of the most beautiful of all the interior ornaments is the crystal chandelier which hangs in the main auditorium. It was presented by Hope Brown, in 1792, in memory of her father, the first Nicholas Brown, and it is believed to have been first lighted on the evening of her wedding to Thomas Poynton Ives, even though the

ceremony was not performed in the meeting house but in the family home on Thomas Street. The chandelier was bought in London, but the glassware was probably made in the famous works at Waterford, Ireland. Up to 1884, the 24 globes were fitted with candles, and the chandelier itself attached by a long chain hanging from the attic of the building. The raising and lowering was aided by a counterweight, consisting of a box filled with Revolutionary cannon balls and bar shot. In 1884 an addition, for the baptistry, was made to the rear of the building and a stained glass window was added as a memorial to Mrs. Hope Ives by her granddaughter, Mrs. William Gammell. The crystal chandelier was fitted with gas burners and an iron pipe took the place of the chain. However, by 1914, with the substitution of electricity, the original chain was restored. There have been various other kinds of subsidiary lighting fixtures, ranging from crude whale-oil lamps to the present indirect electric lighting. The means for heating the building passed through similar elementary stages of development which began with foot-stoves carried to the services by members who could afford them.

Those who climb up the several flights of stairs to the attic over the auditorium may see the sturdy Colonial architecture, the huge crossbeams of oak, held mostly by wooden pins, and the wooden pulley and windlass for raising the chandelier. Another flight brings one to the great tower clock. The present one was installed in 1873, being the gift of Henry C. Packard, but the first clock, brought over from England, had previously served as the town's principal timepiece for about one hundred years. The present dials are seven feet in diameter, made of ground glass and illuminated automatically by electricity.

By climbing yet one more flight, an energetic visitor may arrive at the small open space beside the bell, a spot midway between the tip of the steeple and the ground.

The total height is 185 feet. The bell, four inches thick, and weighing 2,500 pounds, was brought from England at the same time as the original clock. Rung too vigorously in 1787, it cracked and had to be twice recast before it was completely mended. When clocks in the town were few, this bell rang regularly at sunrise to wake the people; at noon to announce the dinner hour, and at night for the curfew, a custom which has long been continued.

This is, of course, but the merest summary of the history and architecture of this famous old building. Mr. Norman M. Isham has undoubtedly compiled the most complete survey of the structure in a book which he assembled on the occasion of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the erection of the building. But, herein we may at least pay our bit of homage and inspire our bit of interest in this beautiful example of Colonial "Georgian" architecture. Its slim, delicately-formed spire has won increasing admiration with the years, while its stern, yet charming interior may be said to have incorporated an intangible spirit of holiness. Though this meeting house has shown a ruggedness of construction which has enabled it to withstand the gales and tempests of the passing years—and even the greatest of these, such as the storm of 1815—it is now given more of the attention which it deserves. It is inspected annually with the greatest of care, and more than once have sums exceeding its original cost been expended in its upkeep. Yet, the old meeting house which has been the scene of so many great public memorial services has been maintained in its original purpose and condition. Its location at the corner of North Main and Waterman Streets is now unique, for it is the exact geographical center of the city. As the decades pass the building becomes a heritage of increasing charm and value to the residents of Providence and an intriguing and beautiful landmark for many who visit this growing city.

“P’INT, JUDY, P’INT”

MANY MEN” seem to have had “many minds” in relation to the origin of the name “Point Judith.” Some say it was named for the wife of John Hull, Boston goldsmith and mintmaster, while others claim that it was named for Judith Stoddard, *mother* of Mrs. John Hull. Also, there is the legend that the name was given by some churchmen from Boston who came here to deprive by trickery some prospective buyers of the land. They took the name from the Bible, in which it appears as representing the southern part of Canaan which was allotted to the Tribe of Judah, and these men chose to call the southeastern boundary of their *pretended* purchase “Point Judith.” And then, just as we apparently get the matter straightened out, we see that on some of the earliest maps the name is printed “Point Juda Neck.”

Perhaps the most childish theory is that the name came through the ejaculation of a harassed seaman. The story goes that a Nantucket captain was lost in a fog and did not know in which direction to steer. His daughter, in the boat with him, presently cried out that she spied land. The old Captain, not so quick to see it, commanded anxiously, “P’int, Judy, p’int!” But by the name of “Point Judith” this point of land is now known to all mariners as one of the most dangerous spots along the Atlantic coast. It is on the west side of Narragansett Bay, and was discovered in 1524 by Verrazano, a Venetian, also the discoverer of Block Island.

Point Judith is a part of the town of Narragansett, and the famous “Pettaquamscott Purchase” covered the land that the boundaries of this town and those of South Kingstown now outline.

Samuel Sewall was one of the seven original purchasers of this tract. He bought many acres on the west side of “The Great Pond” (Atlantic Ocean). This was Point Judith. Judge Sewall it was who married Hannah, only daughter of the Boston goldsmith and mintmaster before mentioned. She it was whom her father placed on one

side of a great scale on her wedding day and in the presence of the assembled guests carefully balanced the other side with shining, new “Pine Tree Shillings.” Not until the scale was perfectly balanced did the silver stream of coins cease flowing.

Edith Sheldon says that five tribes of Indians lived in the Point Judith section when the English came. There were Pequots, Niantics, Nipmucks, Wampanoags and Narragansetts. The latter tribe was dominant, and its members were said to be great home lovers. When obliged to leave their habitations temporarily, it was customary to fasten the doors from the inside with a cord or a wooden bolt, the last Indian making his exit by way of the chimney,—or that hole in the top of the structure that served as an outlet for the smoke.

The same writer also says that perhaps the earliest temperance petition was made by Pessicus, Sachem of the Narragansetts. In this petition he prayed King Charles to forbid the bringing of strong waters into the country, for, he said, he already had lost thirty-two men who “dyed” from drinking it.

Another historian says that Canonchet was a wise and peaceful Indian prince of goodly stature and of great courage of mind. Roger Williams called him “The Father of his Country” a hundred and fifty years before Washington was so called.

It is said that the first white settlers in Narragansett built their houses as they had been accustomed to do in less tempestuous localities, but that the winds and the storms caused such havoc to these “frail tenements” that the use of the heavy timbers and the building of the great stone chimneys still to be seen in ancient houses in this vicinity became a necessity.

Point Judith was a favored locality for the raising of “Narragansett Pacers.” These “Pacers” were wonderful horses of Arabian origin. The first Rowland Robinson in Narragansett brought the first horse of this breed into this country. He turned him loose in his Point Judith pastures and bred him in with the native stock. These cross

breeds became enormously popular as saddle-horses. They had a very even gait, they were very fleet and could easily carry quite a load in addition to their riders. The farmers raised these "Pacers," and so many were sold in the West Indies and in Virginia, annually, that at last not a mare was left in town. So far as is known there are now no "Narragansett Pacers" in this country.

They used to race these wonderful, fleet creatures on "Little Neck Beach," or the "Pier Beach," we call it now. Dr. MacSparran testified that he saw some of these horses pace a mile in a little more than two minutes, but in much less than three minutes.

Slaves used to be kept on Point Judith, and there was a law that they could not be out after nine o'clock in the evening. If they were, their masters had to whip them with ten blows, and if the masters failed to do this they might be fined ten dollars. The black people were locked into the garrets of the farmhouses at night.

At first the slaves had but one name, but later on, wishing to have two names like the rest of people, they would take on the names of their masters,—thus there came to be many negro Helmes, Watsons, Olneys, Robinsons, etc.

The early school on Point Judith would make "another story," so suffice it to say that there were men teachers in winter and women teachers in summer. Winter terms did not begin until the fall work was done and the crops in. The teachers "boarded around," staying a certain number of nights to each child in the family that attended school. They never boarded in workingmen's homes, but in the farmhouses. One teacher, because of his short stay at each home, made the remark that he "went around warming beds."

At the time of the Revolution, lower Point Judith was owned by one Richard Walcott, a Tory, who found it desirable to take a trip to England. The State reserved one common lot where all the farmers might gather seaweed from the shore with which to fertilize their land, and gave two farms to Walcott's daughter, whom they judged as not being deserving of losing all of her father's property. The rest of the land the State divided into six farms which were sold at auction.

During the Revolution, the farmers had a hidden lot in Borland Lot Woods. It was called "The Federal Lot," and to this place, through woodsy lanes, they would drive their stock to hide it from the eyes of the British. There are no records that the stock was ever discovered by the enemy in this secret place. This hiding-place was not the only one of which the rebels to the King availed themselves. The first post-office on Point Judith was in a hollow elm tree. The tree was on the estate now owned by Mrs. Depew, and into it went many a letter of instructions to our men, and the British were never able to locate the "post-office."

It is not certain when the first light-house was built but, according to tradition, one was erected in 1806. Whether this wooden light-house was the original one, or whether it replaced a former light-house, is not known, but it is certain that this 1806 light-house was blown down in the Great Gale of September 23, 1815.

One of the Knowles family has recorded that "On that day the tide reached its highest point at about eleven o'clock in the morning. Driven by a furious wind, the water roared over the Point, demolishing the light-house and all other things in its way. The flood-tide broke over the sandbanks between the ocean and the pond, carrying away the old banks and filling in the pond for a mile-and-a-half back, forming marshes and flats. When the tide receded, late in the afternoon, it cut out a deep channel, forming what is now called *The Breachway*."

"After the Great Gale, oysters became so plentiful that one man could get twenty-five bushels a day. They sold for from twelve to twenty cents per bushel.

"As soon as the gale was over, plans were at once started to build a new stone light-house which was put into commission in the late summer of 1816. The light is at the top of a stone tower fifty feet high, and about seventy-five feet above the water mark. It is known as a fourth order light, there being three types with larger lenses.

"Hazard Knowles, of Jamestown, came into possession of the two south farms on the Point, sold by the State after the War of 1775, and it is recorded in the family that

he sold to the United States the lot for the first light-house."

The Great Gale of 1815 marked tragedy to William Knowles, his son, and their five workmen at Sand Hill Cove. They had brought potatoes down to the shore in an ox-cart to be put on board a schooner. There was no wharf, and their method of loading was to drive the animals into the water as far as they could, turn them around, and load the potatoes in sacks into a small boat. Then they would row the boat out to the schooner waiting to receive them. One of the family has told how for many a day in

his youth he stood knee-deep in the water all day engaged in this kind of work.

On the momentous day of September 23rd, 1815, the workers saw the approaching gale and hastened for the shore. They were just drawing their boat up over the bank when the fury of the storm smote them. They had left the ox-cart nearby and the old man rushed for it. His body was found, three days later, locked into one of the wheels of the cart about three miles up the salt pond. The bodies of the workmen were found the day after the storm, and the son's was found the following day.

CHRISTMAS IN NARRAGANSETT

"Yule, yule, yule,
Three puddings in a pule,
Crack nuts and cry yule."

SNATCHES of Christmas ballads and folk-songs like this were typical of the season in Old England at the time when so many were separating from the mother country for diverse reasons and coming to new colonies along the Atlantic seaboard of our western continent. Old England went into the matter of celebrating Christmas in thorough fashion, following customs laid down through many centuries. The day itself was given to solemn worship in the chapels, churches and cathedrals, but the eve before and the twelve days after were devoted to revelry and all sorts of parties and festivals. All the "pubs" were crowded with merry burghers; aunts, uncles, cousins, and grandchildren descended in droves to transform quiet old estates and sedate households into places where joviality was king and jubilant good fellowship the rule. Families were reunited; boys and girls flocked home from school; shops closed or themselves entered into the zest of the season; and everywhere reigned the best of good spirits.

And yet many, like the Puritans, revolted against such a spread of fine feeling, and, coming to New England, abolished all observance of the day. Perhaps it was mainly because the English church sponsored such celebration at Christmas, and they wanted to break from this church in every possible

way. At any rate, Christmas was generally ignored by our stern old New England ancestors, until the 18th century was well under way. Shops kept open as usual, and the people went about their business with little thought of the holiday season. Toward the end of the 17th century there was some revival of interest and a partial return to the observance of Christmas, but those who opposed the idea were in the majority at the time, and it was many years afterwards that the day was formally set aside, shops closed, and the season entered into with zest and enjoyment.

Yet as every rule has its exceptions, so in New England there were some communities which transported all the English customs en masse to this country, and as far as possible lived here much the same kind of life they had followed in England. And of course they transplanted, among other customs, the full celebration of Christmas. Generally this was true in the case of the more opulent villages and townships, and particularly true of Old Narragansett in Rhode Island. Here the observance of the season resembled that of the Dutch settlements in New York. Visiting was in order; games were played; and the taverns catered to large gatherings of jolly townsfolk.

Whereas in England Christmas drew all the relatives of huge families together, in sections like Old Narragansett the holidays bound whole townships into a sort of common family, in which all celebrated almost as one unit and shared their various joys

and advantages. In short, the Christmas period became a time of "open house" where for two weeks all were engaged in one grand carnival of visiting back and forth and feasting. Christmas morning started the festivities off, and until long after New Year's both the families of planters and those of their slave servants enjoyed themselves to the full.

What a time it was! For weeks ahead young folks studied their books and learned their lessons with only half a normal diligence. And as the great day drew closer their excitement knew no bounds. Well it might, for in the big farmhouses on the Narragansett plantations all was bustle in preparation for the ensuing holidays. Special yule logs for the great fireplaces were being drawn in by pairs of horses or, more probably, teams of oxen. Housewives were busy at the task of burnishing their pewterware and putting their houses in order for the guests who would soon be arriving. There were Christmas greens to be gathered, punch to be brewed, and many a surreptitious stealing away to town or to the village store to procure presents. The stores of candles were looked over and the best selected and placed ready in the candlesticks and candelabras.

The kitchens of these old farmhouses were generally the most picturesque of all rooms. It was only necessary to peep into them and get a whiff of their delightful aroma to tell just about what was going to take place in the house itself. There, all preparations for festivities of various natures reached a climax, for what celebration or festival of any sort was complete without its share of feasting?

Christmas brought more work and preparation than Thanksgiving. More chickens, ducks, and geese met their doom at this time than at any other festive period. Whole sides of beef and sheep were roasted too in barbecue fashion. Then there were the puddings and pies, and all the thousand and one little delicacies to be gobbled up by the many guests. This was a time when the colored cooks displayed their mastery of the culinary art, and they were in their glory.

But what of the day itself? Well, as we have said, the festivities swung into action early Christmas morning, when families

would be awakened unusually early by the clamoring children. No dozing in bed, no stealing of last cat-naps on such a morning! It had been long awaited, the moment for which great plans had been made, the hour when presents were exchanged and opened, when the first greetings were bandied back and forth. This was the intimate celebration for separate families, the most delightful perhaps of all that took place.

For the children it was the most fascinating! The older folks were more sedate in their sentiment, but the young folks bubbled over with hilarity. Now the toys that had been carefully hidden by parents came into the hands of their rightful owners. There were not many of them, but it does not take many to thrill and satisfy a childish heart. For the girls there were dolls, some made by the slaves, others brought all the way from Old England on some packet. And for the boys there were all sorts of odd gifts ranging from small pocket knives to balls and bats, and marbles. Mittens, knitted from red and other colored yarn by patient aunts and grandmothers, were presented all round, and then there was generally an uncle to slip a silver shilling or two, or perhaps even a half-crown or sovereign into an eager hand. But these were only some of the many things to delight young hearts. Perhaps also there were bundles unwrapped, revealing pairs of skates, or guns, or little brooches, watches, or what not.

All too soon these early hours of excitement were over, and it became time for the whole family to bundle into sleighs or carriages (if there was a lack of snow) and drive off to church. There, perhaps in St. Paul's, now gone, they joined many of the other families of the countryside in the Episcopal Christmas service through the rest of Christmas morning.

This done, the religious services over, the long term of "open house" began. Children, all bundled up, trudged through the snow or piled into sleighs with their elders to travel the winding country roads to neighboring farmhouses. Everywhere each visit was a little celebration of its own. Those who were guests at one hour might be hosts the next. What puddings, what candy, what Christmas brews were consumed! And how

many a bashful girl was captured under the mistletoe by a watchful and ready admirer! It was a gay time, a happy time for young and old. In many of the larger houses where room was available, evening guests, upon arriving, found a musician or two tuning up and knew the special treat of a dance was in immediate store.

Thus it went on day after day, night after night, until it seemed that there could be no more jollity, no more merriment possible.

New Year's Day brought a fresh surge of fun-making in the middle of the long festival and then twelfth night brought everything to a close. And that marked the end of the old-time Narragansett Christmas season, a holiday season that has long since passed, and that was never equalled in other parts of Rhode Island. For an abundance of sheer joy and good fellowship it was almost as fine as that celebrated through many centuries in Old England.

BROWN AND IVES

OF ALL the industries from which the young and growing port of Providence gained its strength the greatest was shipping. Roger Williams may have foreseen that, because of its position at the head of Narragansett Bay, Providence, by its ships and commerce, would rise to fame. Even if the vision was not in his mind, it certainly was in the minds of many of the early settlers who had begun to think of other things besides the inevitable planting of crops. Visions are not always realized by those who possess them, and in spite of the fact that Providence was founded in 1636, it was not until 1652 that John Smith shipped to Newfoundland “. . . forty-nine roles of tobacco, one hogshead of fleure, and thirteen bushels of pease.” This marked the beginning of the great export trade of Providence. At that time no facilities for shipping were available, a condition no definite step was taken to remedy until 1689, when Pardon Tillinghast — called today the “Father of Providence shipping” — built a warehouse on a small tract of land granted to him by the town fathers. Shortly after, Tillinghast also built a wharf at the foot of what is now Transit Street. Others were quick to follow his example, and wharves and warehouses came into being almost overnight. This sudden development gave commerce great impetus, not only with the other Colonies but with the famed West Indies.

Following the building of wharves came the building of ships and, in 1711, Nathaniel Brown was granted land to establish a shipyard on Weybosset Neck (now in the

heart of the city). Other shipyards were established, one at the southern end of Towne Street and another at a point which is now the foot of Waterman Street.

The leadership in the development of shipping was taken by the families headed by Tillinghast and Colonel Nicholas Power. The latter married Mercy Tillinghast. A daughter of this union was Hope Power, and it is at this period in the history of the families that the name of Brown begins its rise to fame. Hope Power married James Brown, a great-grandson of Chad Brown who had followed Williams from Massachusetts into the wilderness of the Narragansett Bay region.

James Brown was engaged in shipping in one way or another from the time he was a young man to his death. At first as a sailor, then as master of a vessel, the young Captain Brown set up a shop on Towne Street, in 1723. Although James Brown was founder of the business, being joined later by his brother, Obadiah, it was for the four sons of the former that the shipping trade opened up its greatest possibilities. James Brown died prematurely in 1739, and Obadiah took three of his brother's sons, Nicholas, Joseph, and John, into business with him. Moses Brown joined his brothers some years later when the business had been reorganized.

Nicholas, the eldest, instead of appropriating a double portion of his father's estate, as was allowed by the Colonial laws, divided the property equally among his brothers and sister. Joseph, the second of the brothers, remained in the shipping firm

only a short while. He found the desire to study stronger than the lure of the commercial trade and withdrew to take up the study of philosophy. Eventually, he became Professor of Experimental Philosophy at Brown University. The next in line in the Brown family was John. Until 1782 he remained one of the firm, but finally established his own shipbuilding and trading company at India Point. The last of the four, Moses, survived his noted brothers by many years. He not only had had the early apprenticeship with his uncle, Obadiah, but also served in the firm of Nicholas Brown & Company for ten years.

John Brown, it was, who laid the foundation for the great firm of Brown & Ives. He took as a first partner, John Francis, a Philadelphia merchant, who continued as a member of the firm until his death in 1796. A Mr. Benson was also a member, retiring in the same year, being superceded by Thomas Poynton Ives. Thomas Poynton Ives had married Nicholas Brown's daughter and thus had previously become a partner of the four brothers in the original shipping firm. Thus was formed the great commercial firm of Brown & Ives, destined to be the most powerful business firm in the early life of the Providence colony.

John Brown built bridges, wharves, and warehouses, and constantly extended his region of trade to the ports of the entire world, particularly to those of the East Indies. In the meanwhile, Thomas Poynton Ives, the partner, had risen to fame in another line outside shipping. He had become the first president of the Providence Institution for Savings, and had served from its founding in 1819 until 1835.

Many famous ships were built by the firm of Brown & Ives and sent out from Providence. In 1787, John Brown had sent the first ship to the East Indies. She was the "General George Washington." This great ship, the first of three to be named after the first president of the United States, made many subsequent voyages, to India and even to Russia. The next ship was the "President Washington," while the third was named the "George Washington." The latter, after a very successful record of service for the Providence shipping firm, was sold by John Brown to the government and was turned into a frigate. She was the famous ship that

was sailed to Constantinople by Captain Bainbridge.

Other notable ships, built by the firm of which John Brown was long a member, although the partners changed from time to time, were the "John Jay," and the "Ann & Hope," the latter being named for the wives of John Brown and Thomas Poynton Ives. Both ships had short careers and were wrecked. The "John Jay" went to pieces after she had struck a reef in the East Indies, while the "Ann & Hope" ran aground off Block Island.

In the Revolution, one of the ships built by John Brown played a very prominent part. She was a tiny vessel, the "Providence," and had formerly been called the "Katie." Purchased by the Colonial Government, she became part of the first United States fleet, commanded by Commodore Hopkins of Rhode Island. The "Providence," though sometimes called a brig, was rigged as a sloop. She mounted twelve six-pounders and ten swivels and carried a crew of 90 men, 28 of whom were marines. Captain Hazard was her first commander but when he was later court martialed, John Paul Jones became Captain. Under this young officer, who was later destined to become great in American naval circles, she did an endless amount of raiding and convoy duty in the vicinity of Cape Breton and Louisburg.

It was after Captain Jones had been called to the command of a larger ship that the little sloop, under Captain Hacker, captured the English brig "Diligent." Suffering the fate of a number of other ships of the young American Navy which were destroyed or captured in a disastrous engagement with the enemy in the Penobscot Bay, she remained lost to the Colonies after that engagement.

Many other ships might easily be named among the many that were built by the firm of Brown & Ives. The "Hope" and the brig "Eliza" were two, which were, for many years, engaged in the peaceful but highly lucrative trade which made the Providence firm not only famous, but extremely wealthy.

It is not far fetched to say that the commerce brought to Providence by the ships built and sent out by John Brown and Thomas Poynton Ives laid the foundation

for the building of our great city of today. Shipping, always fascinating to the layman, the landlubber, and perhaps even more so to the sailor, has played a great part in the development of many cities, and the same has been true of the port of Providence. The shipping interests have ever been con-

nected with the other prominent organizations throughout the growing town and, later, the city. And of all the Providence shipping firms, whose members were outstanding not only in their chosen profession but in the many other walks of life, the firm of Brown & Ives was foremost.

A YANKEE FROM CRANSTON

WHAT follows must necessarily be only the thinnest outline of an unusually adventurous and strange career. The full story of this native of Cranston is contained in his own narrative, under the title of "The Life and Adventures of Israel R. Potter," and is oddly similar to much of Dickens' work. It is as exciting and stirring as many a modern work of fiction and certainly as substantial. But here is the story in brief.

Israel R. Potter was born in Cranston on August 1, 1744, living with his parents until he was eighteen. At that age he unhappily fell in love with the daughter of a neighbor, beginning an affair to which his parents brought a quick ending. Disgruntled and sadly disappointed, the young man decided to leave his home. He took advantage of his family's attendance at church on the following Sabbath to hide his few belongings and some provisions in a nearby wood, and then in the quiet of the night slipped out the door and was gone. His mixed fortunes began the next day when he reached Hartford, Connecticut, and obtained work with a farmer for \$6 per month. A month of this and we find him going north to Springfield, but not stopping there because of an offer from a stranger to make a trip up the Connecticut River into the Cahos country. The trip, which was by canoe, was one of several weeks duration, ending at Lebanon, New Hampshire. Potter had difficulty in obtaining his pay, though it was only \$4, but once having received it he set out for New York.

Here he contracted for 200 acres of land in return for four months work, but at the end of the stipulated period his employer refused to make out a deed. Potter secured a position for part of the ensuing winter

with a company of surveyors; and when they had finished their work and had gone back to New Hampshire, he used his wages to outfit himself with a gun and ammunition and obtained enough skins by hunting to enable him to buy a 100 acre tract of land in the spring. He immediately built a log cabin and set about clearing his land. Summers he worked his farm; winters he returned to hunting and trapping; but after two years he sold out to the original owner and headed northward into Canada to engage in fur trade with the Indians. In this he was so successful that he decided to return to his parents.

His family greeted him like a prodigal son; but when they noticed that his attachment for his former sweetheart, not only had not diminished but increased, they became as disagreeable as before. Potter, disappointed, determined to leave again, this time to try the life of a sailor.

At Providence he joined the crew of a sloop bound for Grenada. On the fifteenth day out this ill-fated vessel caught on fire, and the crew of eight had to take to a leaky longboat, scarcely having time to throw into it some food and water. Then, with every reason to believe that they would not be able to exist until they could reach land, Fate smiled on them in the form of a Dutch ship, which picked them up on their second day of rowing. Meeting an American vessel bound for Antigua, the rescued men left the hospitality of the Dutchmen and transferred to her. Shortly after arriving at Antigua, Potter got a berth on an American brig bound for Porto Rico and from there went to Eustacia. Here he joined the crew of a Nantucket whaling ship, sharing with them a short but highly successful voyage and finally returning to Nantucket. This



THE OLNEYVILLE BRANCH OF THE PROVIDENCE INSTITUTION FOR SAVINGS,
1917-21 WESTMINSTER STREET, OLNEYVILLE SQUARE.
ERECTED 1927.

gave him an opportunity to go again to Providence and Cranston and look up his family and friends. The reception he received could hardly have been cordial for within two months he had returned to Nantucket and signed on for a three years whaling voyage into the South Seas. This trip seemed to have cured his sea fever, for after all the hardship and toil of this voyage he returned to Cranston with the resolve to become a landsman again.

Potter once more began the life of a farmer in the town of Coventry, working there for several months. It was then the year 1774 and the first storm clouds of the impending Revolution were beginning to appear, black and ominous. Companies of minute men were being formed everywhere and he joined one in Coventry. The following spring brought the news of Concord and Lexington, and the resulting march of all outlying companies of militia to Boston where they joined in one large encampment at Charleston. Potter's company was among these, and he was fated to take part in all the fighting at Bunker Hill. Three times was he wounded, once by cutlass and twice by musket balls.

Washington had arrived to take charge of the American forces while Potter was in the hospital, and when the latter got out he was offered an opportunity to be one of the crew of an armed brigantine that Washington was sending down Boston Bay to intercept enemy supply ships. Unfortunately the brigantine met more than her match and was captured. Her whole crew was taken back to Boston, transferred to a British frigate, and sent to England. Potter did his best to instigate a mutiny among the American prisoners, so that they might seize the ship, but a traitor revealed the plot, and Potter spent the rest of the voyage in irons. Upon his arrival in Portsmouth, England, he escaped court martial, because his betrayer turned out to be a British deserter.

The prisoners were sent to the marine hospital, where half of them died of small pox, but Potter, and the rest who survived, were sent aboard a prison ship. For weeks he sought an opportunity to escape, before a chance came his way. He was sent ashore as one of a crew of a small barge. While the others were drinking ale in a nearby

inn, Potter took to his heels and escaped. Ten miles away, he was hailed by a naval officer who inquired after his ship. Upon Potter's request that he should mind his own business, the officer set after him. Running a second time, Potter might have escaped, but the officer began to cry "Stop thief!" adding such a pack of shopkeepers and idlers to the chase that the American was soon run down.

A prisoner again, Potter was taken to an inn and placed in the custody of two soldiers. Using his wits, he took advantage of the officer's command that he should be given plenty of drink and treated everyone royally, getting his two guardians in a very advanced stage of reeling by the time they took him to his room. He was handcuffed, yet again he made a bold plan for an escape. Waiting until the tavern was quiet, he requested to be taken outdoors for a moment. His guards acquiesced, yet no sooner had they opened the outer door, than Potter tripped them both up and slipped into the darkness of the courtyard. Here he found a twelve foot wall to scale, and only succeeded in getting over it by means of a tree, from which he jumped. Later he got rid of his handcuffs.

The rest of the tale of this intrepid Yankee is long indeed and we can only skim rapidly over it. He was captured again, but again escaped, this time out of a Round House Prison. The next months were terrible. He was hounded from one place to another, rarely meeting a friendly person. Yet his cleverness at disguise and quick escapes kept him free. For a time he even worked in the gardens of the king, being found out and accosted by this supreme dignitary himself. It is to the credit of George the III that he did not add to the troubles of Potter.

At one time Potter was sent for by some English squires who were friendly to America and entrusted with letters to Benjamin Franklin in Paris. Several times he made the journey between France and England, and then on the last, when Franklin was to have secured him a passage to America, all intercourse between France and England ceased, and Potter was left in the latter country, the victim of ill fortune. He returned to his furtive and shifting life at all sorts of trades, but finally, being no longer

molested and believing that he should never see America again, he married. This step only marked out for him years of bitter struggle and the most abject poverty.

When the Revolution was over, he could not take his family to America, because of lack of sufficient funds, and with the return of the English troops with all their men entering the ranks of labor again, he had difficulty in keeping his family in food and clothing. His children were ill; debts caused his imprisonment; food was so scarce and work more so; all his furniture was confiscated; all his children except one died; and finally his wife, in 1817, succumbed to the slow starvation to which long

fasts subjected them all. The remaining boy aided his father as much as possible, selling matches, sweeping crosswalks, doing anything for many years. Finally, in 1823, after pleading with the American Consul, both father and son got passages to America, the latter going first because the former was too sick to travel. Reunited in Boston, they went to Providence and Cranston to look up the Potter family, but found they had long since departed for other regions. Potter was 79 years old then. In desperation he applied to Congress for a pension, telling this story, but was refused. And there our own story ends, a bitter tale for all its excitement, but a true one.

OLD RHODE ISLAND PRISONS

OLD prisons, dungeons, and convict ships always arouse the curiosity of the average individual. There seems to be an inordinate fascination inherent in old cells, chains and handcuffs, and instruments of torture. Perhaps it is because people cannot resist making an examination of the very things they most fear; perhaps, because there is a sort of morbid pleasure to be derived from a shudder. But the fact remains that anything connected with crime—even the name itself—has the lure of the mysterious and exciting for the majority of righteous and God-fearing people. And, for this reason, a brief résumé of the old prisons in Rhode Island should not be without its share of interest.

Almost as soon as any newly-established settlement needs a church and a meeting house, it seems to need a prison. And such was the case with Portsmouth, for in the very same year, 1638, in which the little group, headed by Coddington and Clarke, arrived from Boston to found the town on the Island of Aquidneck, the elders ordered that a house "for a Prison, containing twelve foote in length and tenn foote in breadth and tenn foote studd, be forthwith built of sufficient strength." William Brenton was made overseer and Henry Bull keeper. For a while, after the founding of Newport in the next year, this first prison

served both towns, but Newport soon found it necessary to build one of its own.

Meanwhile, in 1649, the separate Colony of the Providence Plantations issued a general court order as follows: "each town within this collonie shall provide a prison with a chimneye and necessities for any offender that shall be committed, within nine months." The order was amended to state that Warwick should have a prison and Providence and Portsmouth simply cages, yet, oddly, even this was not ever carried out. The Newport prison had to serve as the final place of incarceration for offenders arrested throughout both Colonies.

As a matter of fact, Newport really was the logical situation for a prison, for this seaport was the leading town of all Rhode Island and the Providence Plantations. With its large commerce, bringing seamen from all countries, among them pirates and foreign privateersmen, its normal percentage of criminals was naturally increased, and its need of a handy prison more pressing. But the old Newport Prison was not capable of holding the offenders sent down by all the Colony towns. Consequently, once these latter decided not to build prisons of their own, they contributed toward the building of a new prison for Newport—Providence giving £30, Warwick £20, and Portsmouth £10.

But none of these early jails could have been very stoutly constructed. Practically every decade found Newport building a new one. Or, perhaps it was that the town only built to supply a present need, thinking the number of offenders against the law would not grow in proportion with the population. If there was such a supposition, its foolishness rapidly became apparent. Thus, Newport had a new jail in 1702, built from a direct appropriation of the General Assembly, and then another in 1717, after money had been raised through an issuance of many pounds of paper currency.

All these jails were actually insecure places in which to confine dangerous criminals. They were built of wood and did not offer any positive protection from raids from without. Any really desperate prisoner could have found a way to escape without great difficulty. The King's County Jail, at Little Rest Hill, was broken into, in 1770, by a group of individuals in disguise, and five prisoners were liberated. However, in many cases, violence of such sort was not necessary. Jailers were only human and could be occasionally persuaded to leave a door unbarred or ajar. Sometimes we cannot blame them, for if they possessed any humanity at all, they could not always see men falling sick and dying in the dismal, unsanitary cells which most of the prisons contained without doing something to aid them.

With the laying out of counties, it became the custom to build jails in conjunction with court-houses. Major William Smith built a combination building of this type in Providence, in 1731, but two years later it was sold by the town. In 1772, Newport built a substantial prison of brick. It served as the county jail and was located on Marlborough Street. During the Revolution, when the British held Newport, they used this jail as a place for the imprisonment of captured colonists.

In 1778, Newport no longer remained the principal place of incarceration for Providence became its successor. After the Revolution, when Rhode Island became part of the Federal Union, county jails were used for the imprisonment of offenders against national laws, the Federal government allowing fifty cents per month in payment

for the cost of keeping each prisoner. At that rate, unless the Colony itself contributed toward the care of such criminals, their lot must have been terrible.

But now let us look back and see what some of the punishments were which were meted out to transgressors against the law. As in other New England Colonies, the stocks and pillories were common in all Rhode Island towns, and served as a means of punishment for minor misdemeanors. Whipping took care of offenses of a more serious nature, the victims being stripped to the waist, chained to a post or tree by the hands, and lashed across the back with unbraided and knotted tar ropes. This barbarous method was sometimes used in punishing women as well as men. Branding was another form of punishment of the more brutal order, and then, of course, there were the regular fines and imprisonments, of a severity equal to the crime committed. Gradually, the more cruel of these punishments passed into disuse, and only fines and imprisonments have continued to the present day.

As far as the death penalty was concerned, the Code of 1647 ordered it as the punishment for "high treason, murder, petit treason, manslaughter, burglary, robbery, arson, rape, and crimes against nature." In 1718, in a revision of this code, arson and rape were omitted from the list, but, in 1797 they were again added. In the latter year high and petit treason and crimes against nature were excluded. Finally, in 1838, imprisonment was substituted for all crimes except murder and arson, and the sentence given for the latter was allowed to be the option of the court. However, in 1852, all capital punishment was abolished, except in the case of a murder committed by a person already sentenced to life imprisonment.

Yet, given his choice, many a prisoner would have chosen death in preference to life imprisonment in one of the typical old jails. They were in a wretched condition, unsanitary, breeding places for disease, without much heat, if any, and without any place where a prisoner could work and so keep from going crazy. This enforced idleness was the most horrible part of the punishment, for, left to brood, a prisoner might

quickly become insane. But an amelioration of such atrocious conditions was under way.

In 1794, agitation was begun for a State Penitentiary in Providence, but the result was only another County Jail. However, in 1838, a State Prison was erected at Great Point in Providence (about where the State Normal School now stands) at a cost of \$51,501, or about \$1300 per cell. It was an improvement in size only. Its great granite blocks, clamped together with iron, collected moisture, which in the winter turned to frost and ice on the insides of the cells. These were narrow, like the corridors, poorly ventilated and lighted, and the most wretched places imaginable. But the prison had been built and it had to serve, even if it was a disgrace. A new County Jail was joined to the structure in 1838.

A commission of overseers was appointed to look after the upkeep of the prison and

it was due to these men that we find a long-needed workshop proposed and then built. Giving the prisoners something to do was the greatest improvement in two centuries, and their labor aided in the upkeep of the prison. A new wing was added in 1851, containing 88 cells. Six years later a library was established and then another wing with a chapel and new workshop. It was a serious attempt to try to educate and reform the prisoners, and good results were obtained.

In 1869, a state farm, with a work-house, asylum for the insane, and an alms-house, was established in Cranston, on the Pontiac Road, and finally, after long argument, a new State Prison was built within the limits of this farm in 1874, and it is this which remains in full use today. A long road has been travelled since the first prisons and cages were established within Rhode Island, but even now there is yet a long way to go.

A COLONIAL COQUETTE

THIS little tale of the trials and tribulations of love in 18th century Rhode Island would really fit easily into any age, but here it is, gleaned from the private correspondence of William Palfrey of Boston and Moses Brown, that astute and diplomatic Quaker, the youngest of the "Four Brown Brothers" of Providence. The lady in the case was Mistress Polly Olney, the charming and strangely facetious daughter of Joseph Olney, a favorite innkeeper of Providence. It was at his tavern that the youth of the town used to gather in the ominous days preceding the War for Independence, and in the yard of this hostelry grew the elm which was christened "The Liberty Tree," a name by which the tavern itself was later known.

Of Moses Brown, one of the noted characters in Rhode Island history, little needs to be said, but perhaps William Palfrey requires further qualification. He was born in Boston, in 1741, being three years older than Mistress Polly. His grandson, an eminent New England historian, has described him as "an agreeable person with a frank and generous expression of countenance,

great gayety and heartiness of disposition, a fund of anecdote, a seasoning of original wit, and a somewhat sedulous attention to dress as well as to manners, advantages which, added to his perfectly correct habits, his known industry and trustworthiness, and his forwardness and influence in the political circles of his equals in age, introduced him favorably to the good society of the town." In 1761, the year in which this romance began, Palfrey was employed as a clerk in the establishment of Nathaniel Wheelwright who was second only to the elder Hancock as a merchant of Boston.

Palfrey came to Providence on business in 1761, being entertained, while in the town, by Moses Brown who introduced him to a number of pretty girls. Among them was Polly Olney who seems to have made a swift conquest of his heart. In his first letter from Boston to Moses Brown, in which he thanked the latter for his past hospitality, he only wished to be remembered to "Miss Sally & the other ladies," but, in a later letter of March 26, 1761, he took the Quaker into his full confidence regarding his passion for Miss Polly, requesting him to convey his "complements"

to "the dear Polly" toward whom he had feelings which he was quite unable "to express."

Letters were constantly exchanged between the two friends as the courtship of Mistress Polly gained headway, and Moses Brown became the trusted spokesman and aide of the Boston lover who was forced to do most of his wooing by post and by proxy. In April, Palfrey wrote again to his friend, saying "Inclos'd you have a Letter for P——y which I doubt not you will be kind Enough to deliver her and in as private a manner as the Nature of the thing will admit of. I must Confess a Correspondence with the fair Sex is vastly agreeable to me. Especially with the one who I have so great a Regard for as I have for P——y & am sorry that I was oblig'd to leave Providence before I had an opportunity to settle the affair with her, as I was depriv'd of that pleasure by her being gone to one of the Neighbours a Visiting, however hope I shall have another opportunity soon." It is amusing to note that in this letter he also requests that its bearer, a Dr. Jackson, ("who is a friend & Mason") be introduced "Especially to the Females." This was the first letter to Polly.

However, by August of 1761, trouble had begun to arise. Palfrey had paid a visit to Providence, in which he had missed seeing either Polly or Moses Brown, but had heard a rumor that the former was soon to be married to a Mr. Bowers of Swansea. Subject to the usual credulity and jealousy of a lover, he had inquired further concerning this disturbing report, only becoming more upset when informed that it was not Mr. Bowers but Moses Brown himself who was courting Polly. Upon his return to Boston Palfrey wrote at once to Moses Brown, demanding an immediate explanation of the rumor and saying, somewhat spiritedly, that he was glad that he had "not as yet advanced so far but that he could Retreat with Honour."

Moses Brown answered quickly, expressing great surprise at Palfrey's implied accusation. He said that there was nothing in the rumor concerning Polly and Mr. Bowers. Polly had merely gone to Swansea for a visit and returned in the company of Dr. Bowers, who had then stayed in Providence for several days both at the Olney's Tavern

and at the Brown Homestead. But, after admitting it to be true that his friends had accused him, (Moses Brown) of courting Polly (although she was just an intimate friend), the Quaker cleverly turned the tables by asking Palfrey to explain a rumor that had it that he, Palfrey, was paying addresses to "a young Lady in Boston," a rumor which (if true) would make him think both himself and Polly "Very Ungenteely Us'd." With this he neatly turned the tables on his hot-headed accuser.

Upon receipt of the letter from Moses Brown, Palfrey just briefly acknowledged it, for he had to go to New York on business, but a week later he wrote more fully, apologizing for accusing his friend of duplicity and railing heartily against the evils of all rumors. He said that inasmuch as he was a close friend of a certain Cazneau and had been often invited to the latter's home, he had formed a perfectly natural acquaintanceship with Cazneau's sisters and had occasionally taken one of them out walking or carried "her and her sisters with some other Ladies to a play." He called Boston a "Tattling Town" (quite appropriately) and hoped his explanation would clear up the matter, preserving both his friendship with Moses Brown and his own personal honor. And, in closing, he spoke of journeying to Providence very shortly in order to see Polly.

After this letter Moses Brown heard nothing further from Palfrey until February of 1762. He then received a long letter giving a full report of all that had happened between the Bostonian and his sweetheart, Polly. The latter had been at Newport, and Palfrey had sent her a letter in care of Moses Brown, in which he proposed to her fully, explaining that he could not come to Providence again before the end of the year (1761) and asking her to answer by post. No answer came, however, and Palfrey, greatly worried, came to Rhode Island to seek her out. He found Polly at Newport but could not get an opportunity to talk to her privately. "Something or other" was always happening. When Polly returned to Providence, Palfrey came back with her still hoping for a chance to see her alone. Finally, when becoming desperate and thinking he might have to go back to Boston leaving the matter unsettled, he conceived a

clever plan. With the help of Polly's brother, Jo., he succeeded in getting a Miss Paget to invite Polly and himself to her house and then leave them alone. This scheme, he says, "took." However, when he asked Polly if she had received his letter and what she thought of it, her answer was very vague. Pressing the case, he received a very definite rejection, coolly given, with the additional admonition "to think no more of her."

Thinking her answer final, Palfrey returned to Boston, deeply humiliated, and never wrote to her after that. But, Polly had since come to Boston, and Palfrey had met her at a ball. However, to him she still seemed "Exceeding Shy & behav'd with an Air of Distant Reserve." He treated her well and still regarded her highly, expressing every wish for her future happiness. In closing this long letter, he said that, although rumors were about that he had deceived Polly during the whole affair, he had always dealt with her honorably, and, if in doubt, Moses Brown might show this letter to her.

Moses Brown, to his credit, believed his friend's explanation implicitly without having any further assurance from Polly, and wrote that he was well satisfied with the explanation. Although Palfrey had since entered into partnership with his friend Cazneau and had begun to pay serious court to one of his sisters, he was still not quite immune to the charms of Polly, for in April he wrote excitedly to Moses Brown that "Polly is this minute gone out of the Store . . . I think I could perceive a visible alteration in her countenance & bahavior for the better. She did not seem to be quite so much upon the Reserve as usual." Later,

one of Moses Brown's letters to Palfrey concerning Polly fell into Miss Cazneau's hands and was opened and read by her with true feminine curiosity. Palfrey nearly lost his second sweetheart as a result, but the matter blew over. The final letter to Moses Brown, written late in April, was a real explanation and showed Polly to be a rather foolish coquette. Palfrey wrote "Polly told my friend Flagg Last Evening that she thought it would have looked odd for a young Lady to say Yes so soon and that if there was any misunderstanding between us, she was very sorry for it." Foolish Polly! She revealed herself too late, for Palfrey was truly a man of honor and held to his engagement to Miss Cazneau. He did, however, remark further on in his letter to Moses Brown, "I am sorry I was not acquainted with her temper and disposition before, as it would have prevented all that has happened."

Yet Polly did not go to Boston in vain, for, in 1764, the *Providence Gazette and Country Journal* announced her marriage to a Mr. Thomas Greene of Boston, describing her as a "young lady" of "real merit" and one fitted "to grace the conubial state and perpetuate its felicity." Moses Brown, too was married that year to his cousin, Nancy Brown, but it was a year afterwards that Palfrey married Miss Cazneau. During the Revolution he was a member of Washington's personal staff, the Paymaster-General of all the Continental Troops, resigning finally to become Consul-General to France. In 1780 he sailed out of Delaware Bay, on the "Shillala" to fill his last appointment, but neither he nor the ship were ever heard of again.

SAMUEL CASEY, SILVERSMITH

IT is strange that a sparsely-settled area of old-time Rhode Island farming country should have supported a good many silversmiths, but fully a half-dozen or more followers of this noble and time-honored craft found they could make at least a partial living in the region about the village of Little Rest in South Kingston. Newport and Providence were nominally the places for this type of craftsmen, yet

the silversmiths of Little Rest achieved quite a portion of fame for themselves. John Waite, Joseph Perkins, Gideon Casey, Nathaniel Helme—all these were well known in 18th century Rhode Island, but the master craftsman of them all was Samuel Casey. And the tale of his life as told by William Davis Miller is exceptionally interesting. It was he who was said to be the grandson of the sole survivor of the

Irish Massacre in Ulster County, Ireland, in 1641. This lucky survivor, Thomas Casey, came to Newport in about 1658; and it was in Newport that the grandson, Samuel, was born, although the date of 1724 (like many other things about his colorful career) is doubtful.

At any rate we find the father, Samuel Casey, Senior, moved and settled in North Kingston in 1734. Then, sixteen years later, we find Samuel Casey, Junior, named in the deed to a piece of land which he had purchased from Caleb Gardiner in Exeter as "Samuel Casey, Junr. of Exeter—silver-smith." This was in 1750, and what had happened previously in Samuel Casey's twenty-six years of growing up we do not know. Presumably he had learned his trade in Newport for there there were opportunities enough.

The land Casey purchased was a small plot of four acres, situated at the cross-roads known as Curtis Corners, about two miles south of the village of Little Rest. There was a house and barn on the lot, and, in 1753, Samuel sold a half interest to his brother, Gideon, and took him as a partner in the business of silversmithing. Gideon was never the craftsman that his brother was, and it was Samuel whose silver tankards and teapots made him renowned first through all Narragansett, then throughout the Colony itself, and finally in many of the neighboring districts outside the Colony. Specimens of his truly lovely and delicate engraving (extremely valuable today) were to be found even in New York; and when the students of Yale College wanted a special silver tankard to present to Ezra Stiles at the termination of his Tutorship in 1755, they came to Samuel Casey. The Narragansett planters' families made up his best clientele, but their patronage was not enough to keep this silversmith in the straight and narrow path, as we shall soon see. If he had only gone to Newport and set up a workshop, he probably would have reached great fame and maybe kept out of a lot of trouble. There he might have found close rivals but surely no superiors, for his spoons, tongs, teapots, cups, tankards, and other pieces of silver service would have matched up well with the best that the Colonial Period produced.

For some ten years Samuel Casey kept his brother as a partner, finally re-buying his share when the latter left to settle in Warwick. In the following year came Samuel's first disaster. Misfortune overtook him, and his shop and house burned down. The notice in the papers of the time read: "the very valuable Dwelling-House of Mr. Samuel Casey . . . unhappily took fire, and was Entirely consumed with a great Quantity of rich Furniture. The whole Loss, 't is said, amounts to near Five Thousands Pounds, Lawful Money." This was a great deal of money for those frugal days and is a good estimate of Samuel's success up to that time.

The unfortunate craftsman soon set up a new shop in the garret of Helme House, a large gambrel-roofed building which was probably the most imposing in the community. Here he did all his work up to the day when he was forced to leave Rhode Island for safer parts elsewhere. Evidently the returns from the legitimate business of silversmithing were not sufficient to meet the needs of Samuel Casey, or perhaps he was trying to retrieve his recent loss quickly, for it was in the garret of Helme House that he began what the records of the time call "Money-making."

Perhaps he was not the instigator of the idea, for he was not alone in the illegal enterprise. He was approached first by several men of South Kingston and nearby townships, especially by one Noah Colton. They "agreed and contrived to make counterfeit Dollars and for that Purpose provided themselves with a Set of Tools and instruments." Soon quite a system was in operation.

The first die was for making moedores and was supplied by "Uzariah Philips of Smithfield in Providence." (Moedores were Portuguese gold coins, valued at £1 16s, and in common use in Rhode Island.) Philips sent word to Casey that he could find the die in a "stoneheap" in Casey's Meadow. But this die "not being well made they laid it by and used it no more." Dies for the more common Spanish milled dollars were brought to Casey's house by Samuel Willson of Tower Hill.

Sometimes Casey made up his own metal; on other occasions he received blanks in the shape of dollars from secret agents. A

man named Corning "carried to Samuel Casey a number of Dolar Blanks which were made by William Reynolds." In one instance Joseph Babcock came to Casey and told him that "in a certain Place in the Declarants great Chamber (where they had before placed counterfeit and true money) he would find something in a rag belonging to a Friend which wanted his Assistance." When Casey looked in the designated place, he found six or eight "pieces of base Metal the shape and size of Spanish Milled Dollars, and he took and milled and stamped and returned them to the same place." Soon after he had told Babcock what he had done, he went to the place to see if the counterfeit money was still there, but, as he probably expected, found it gone.

Casey got about 300 Spanish milled dollars and 40 half Johannes made before he was caught. (Johannes and half-johannes were also Portuguese coins, which had values of £2 8 s. and £1 4 s. respectively, and which were known in the Colony as "joe" and "half joe.") He knew in advance that his game was up and told his cousin, Gideon, who had been helping him, to take all the tools and dies and throw them "into a sunken Swamp on Caleb Gardiner's Ground where they Cannot be found." But one die for a Spanish milled dollar was overlooked in cleaning out the garret of Helme House and was found many years later.

On July 11, 1770, Samuel Casey was hailed before the Justices of Peace (among them, as Chief Justice, Stephen Hopkins) at Newport and examined by them on a charge that in 1768 he had made and passed Spanish Milled Dollars and other coins. He declined to admit that he had passed them, saying he had given them to Colton, William Corning, and Thomas Clarke. After this examination he was committed to the King's County Jail at Little Rest and soon indicted by the Grand Jury because "he, on the third Day of November in the ninth year of his Said Majesty's Reign A.D. 1768 . . . did forge & Counterfeit Ten Peaces of Copper and other mixed

Metals to the Likeness & Similitude of the Good money Called Spanish Milled Dollars, Being Foreign Coin then and Ever since Current in this Colony, which act of the said Samuel Casey is Felony."

At the trial Casey pled "Not guilty" and the jury returned the same verdict, but "the Court being Dissatisfied with the verdict sent the Jury out again." This time the jury returned the verdict that if Casey's confession at his examination in Newport, together with some other circumstantial evidence, seemed to the court to be lawful evidence against the prisoner, then they the jury would declare him guilty. The court quickly decided on Casey's guilt and sentenced him to be hanged in November, 1770. He was then returned to prison to await his execution.

But Casey had friends who were neither idle nor afraid. On the night of November 3, 1770, "a considerable Number of People riotously assembled in King's County, and with their Faces blacked proceeded to his Majesty's Goal, there, the outer door of which they broke open with Iron-Bars and Pick-Axes; they then violently entered the Goal, broke every Lock therein and set at Liberty sundry Criminals, lately convicted of Money-making, one of whom (Samuel Casey) was under Sentence of Death." William Reynolds, Thomas Clarke, and Elisha Reynolds were others released at the same time, but they had had lighter sentences—fines, whipping, and the pillory.

The Assembly immediately offered £50 reward for any information about the prisoners or about those who had broken into the jail, but, as in the famous "Gaspee" affair, many knew but no one talked. An additional £50 was offered specially for Samuel Casey, but he had vanished completely. Where he went, whether he continued in some other colony as a silversmith or counterfeiter, and where and when he died, some of his old and close friends might have known. But we do not, and we must take a last sight of him, or rather "his coat tails," as he dashed off on horseback that memorable night riding "westward."

A REMARKABLE JOURNEY

THE time of the "Journey" was around April 26th, 1775, therefore much water had flowed by Namquit Point since that amazing dawn of June 10th, 1772, when the King's armed schooner "Gaspee" burned to the water's edge and then blew up.

In all the three years since that event, it is said, although Governor Wanton had promptly offered a reward of \$500.00 for the apprehension of the men who had done the deed, and although the King of England had offered \$5,000.00 for the apprehension of the leader of the expedition and \$2,500.00 for any one of the "common offenders, there was none within the limits of our State poor enough to be bribed, mean enough to be bought, or cowardly enough to be frightened into a betrayal of the brave men who struck the first blow in the great struggle for freedom which had to be fought."

After so long a time, therefore, without detection by his Majesty's servants, John Brown, middle-aged by now, sailing along in one of the Brown-owned vessels carrying flour to Providence, might well have had other matters in mind than that of his own personal safety on this 22nd day of April, 1775.

There had been other incidents in Rhode Island in these three years, of course. In the February following the burning of the "Gaspee," three hundred pounds of good tea had been burned in Market Square. Moses Brown had nothing to do with the destruction of the tea—he simply vowed never again to taste the herb, a vow he kept for all the remaining sixty years of his life.

In the April following the tea-burning there was a general Muster of Militia and it was noted that Providence County had two thousand Infantry and a Troop of Horse under arms, while Kent County had nearly fifteen hundred. Down in East Greenwich a lame Quaker and his friends had drilled, all the winter of 1774-75, in an independent company of soldiers called "The Kentish Guards."

Of course, what might well have been uppermost in John Brown's mind on this

particular April day was the amazing news of the Battle of Concord and Lexington, which had been fought only three days before. All the Colonists must have been thinking of this, and details and incidents of the battle must have been on every tongue. 'Tis fairly certain, therefore, that when his Majesty's ship, the "Rose," held up the Brown vessel and the "Rose's" master, Capt. James Wallace, arrested John Brown and hurried him off to Boston on a well-grounded suspicion that he had taken part in the destruction of the "Gaspee," his prisoner must have been both surprised and considerably annoyed. For John Brown, although he is said to have had the "courage of a Corsair," had also a fund of good solid sense and disquieting thoughts may well have entered his mind. For instance, under the law he had been guilty of "piracy," those three years back, and the penalty for that offense was dire. Also, he may have reflected ruefully that, at this particular time with the blood of three hundred comrades still dyeing the roadsides into Boston, and the Americans within the last two days stretching their ragged but rugged lines all the way down from the Mystic River on the north, to Dorchester on the south, hemming General Gage's Army into Boston on the entire land side, the British were liable to be particularly provoked. He may well have quaked, although he must have known that the news of his capture would stir the countryside.

How the news of his disaster first reached his brother Moses, and how it came about that it was Moses—Moses, the youngest brother; Moses, the Quaker of a year, whose principles forbade his lifting his hand against the enemy—who set out to his rescue is not recorded. Where was Nicholas in this emergency? What did Nicholas believe? Joseph Brown knew about the burning of the King's ship—he had been "among those present." Therefore Joseph had good reason not to want to put his head into the British lion's mouth. But Joseph may not have told his brother Moses all that he knew of the situation.

Possibly, because John and Moses were the nearest in age, there was an unusual bond between them, but perhaps the most important reason why Moses should be the emissary appears to be that Moses did truly believe that John had not been a party to the act for which he was arrested.

When it was decided that Moses should go to John's rescue, despite his brother's peril, he did not start without making careful preparation. First, he collected nineteen letters from notable people to aid him in getting through the British lines. From whom were these letters obtained? From none of the rebel citizens, surely. Perhaps Moses, the man of peace, numbered friends on both sides and so obtained important signatures that would carry weight with the King's servants in Boston.

At any rate, armed with these nineteen letters, on horseback and alone, Moses Brown, on or about April 26, 1775, set out on a journey so remarkable that it is most unfortunate that complete record of every hour of it is not at hand.

History tells us that, after the battle, Colonists from all parts of New England streamed along the roads, leading into the village of Cambridge, until, within four or five days, 16,000 of them were encamped half-starved, shivering through the cold nights without blankets. Moses Brown saw these men in camp while attending to the formalities necessary in obtaining a pass through our lines. Rough, ungainly men many of these patriots were, "round-shouldered and stiff from labor. Perhaps in ill-fitting old military uniforms of blue turned back with red, but most of them in smocks as they had come from the fields . . . Some with great wigs that had once been white, some in their own hair, with every kind of hat or fur cap, every variety of old musket or shot gun; without or discipline, laughing and talking with their leaders, welcoming to their ranks students from New Haven, or clerks from country-stores."

It was these unkempt patriots, using a variety of ammunition including half-bullets and old nails, who took such terrible toll on the British soldiers at Bunker Hill in less than two months from that day, as they aimed at the belts of the "Redcoats."

When Moses Brown passed successfully

through the British lines, as he did, with his nineteen letters, he was the first man to enter the city of Boston after the Battle of Concord and Lexington. A descendant of the Brown family has written that it has long been "a difficult question what ways and means such a good man could have used to rescue his brother, when John was the very man, the exact fugitive from justice that the English had been searching for for three years with great vigilance and cost." Nine months before he died (and he lived to be ninety-eight years old) he wrote to a friend a letter concerning it. He recalled in this letter how the British were in Boston and the Americans besieging that city. He said that he passed through the lines successfully with his letters and that the first man he encountered was a British sentinel. The soldier did not hear him approach and did not see him until he was right upon him. He turned upon the gentle Quaker and gave him such a "blast" as he had never before received. But there was something in that earnest face before him which must have reassured the sentinel. No doubt he was impressed that here was no ordinary intruder. Perhaps the famous letters carried weight. At any rate, he calmed down and escorted Moses through scenes in marked contrast to the undisciplined camp he had just left—through companies of disciplined soldiers who wore scarlet coats and white knee-breeches and who carried muskets whose barrels fairly shone, until he came to the headquarters of General Gage. Then he was taken to Vice-Admiral Graves, to Chief-Justice Peter Oliver, and, finally, to "Brother John" himself.

Judge Oliver, who had been instructed by his Majesty to find out who burnt the "Gaspee," was puzzled. He said to Moses: "It is true there were named before the Court five John Browns, some white, some black, but no person was so identified as to enable the Court to issue any process, and, on considering the subject, we were united in judgment that nothing further could be done, and I will speak to the Admiral if you wish it." And, at his request, the Admiral set "Brother John" at liberty.

In the letter to his friend, Moses Brown made a statement which, considering the

character of the man, should be regarded as testimony of all weight. The statement was: “It happened well for me and John that I knew nothing of his being concerned in the burning of the ‘Gaspee,’ or that he was charged with it.”

History says that it was his “earnest entreaty in behalf of ‘Brother John,’ his perfect certainty that John had no connection whatever with the affair, that brought about his rescue.”

The two brothers prepared now to return to Providence. With but one horse, the one on which Moses had ridden to Boston, it was decided that as John was so much bigger he should sit in front while Moses rode behind. And in this way the two brothers returned home.

On their arrival in Providence—and one wonders at what hour—they were received with “joy beyond expression.”

They were at once called before the General Assembly to relate all that they had seen and heard. Stephen Hopkins, then a Member of Congress, was among those present. After a spirited discussion at that sitting, the Assembly voted to raise a regiment of five hundred men and to place General Greene and General Varnum at the head of it.

And by and by, after weary years, the War was over and the “Four Brothers” free to lead each in his own way, a life which to this day makes honorable impress on our State of Rhode Island and these “Plantations.”

OLD TAVERN AND STAGECOACH DAYS

MANY today can remember the last of the stagecoaches or stages which carried mail and travelers to the rural towns. With the establishment of the rural free delivery mail service, these lumbering stages gradually disappeared. But the great coach and six that followed the post road between cities went out with the coming of the railroad. And, within a few decades, when the sound of the coach horn no longer echoed from hill to hill and the rattle of wheels and pounding of hooves had died away, the tavern also passed into oblivion.

The tavern was usually located near the meeting house, being a close second in importance, and was variously known as a tavern, inn, or ordinary. Many things the meeting house lacked the other supplied—warmth in winter, coolness in summer, comfort for the body (and perhaps for the spirit as well). But when people began to neglect the church entirely for the tavern, the church elders passed laws to make them attend the former. “Frozen out” of one, they were soon “frozen” in the other. Yet, when a meeting house or church was to be raised, an inn was decidedly necessary, for no great building could ever be raised without hot toddy and rum.

In fact, taverns were the only places

where liquors could be bought and sold. They were licensed and forced to maintain order. Eleazer Arnold, of Providence, received his license in 1710, but he was not the first, for, in 1674, John Whipple had been allowed to “keepe a house of Inter-tainment.” The doors of the early taverns were open to all except apprentices, negroes, and Indians, although the last were gradually admitted.

These first taverns did not have the guest facilities which we usually associate with the name. Whipple’s ordinary had only two rooms and no place to put up travelers. However, it did have “pewter basins, quart pots, pint pots, gillpots, glass bottles, and other dishes,” which were much more in demand than “old fether beds,” broken “bedstuds,” and “old Red Coverlets.” In Boston there were a few taverns with all the spaciousness of a mansion. These had separately furnished rooms, each with a name of its own. However, the majority by far were like the Whipple inn. And they grew in numbers like weeds, until, by 1696, they had already begun to be denounced as a bad influence. While there was little show about them, they actually did a great deal for travelers. Bills were figured according to capacity to pay, and guests received all the comforts and at-

tention of a private home. Dr. Johnson was reputed to have said, "No sir, there is nothing which has yet been contrived by man by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn."

The tavernkeepers themselves were a picturesque lot. Usually stout, good-natured, good-looking, and well-dressed, they were prominent public figures, enjoying all sorts of confidences, public and private, leading the singing in the meeting houses, running ferries, teaching the children of travelers, serving on the legislature or town council, acting as recruiting officers in times of war, as storekeepers, surveyors, or storytellers. Some were frugal and thrifty, some mean and penurious, while others were extravagant. Some were of bitter dispositions, but, as a rule, they were jolly enough.

Justice Eleazer Arnold held court in his tavern on the Mendon road near Lincoln Woods. Here was one place, at least, where the Indians found a warm welcome. He had in his tavern, when his belongings were reckoned up, the "old bed the Indians used to lie on." Whether this is meant in the same sense as in the story told of William Penn and the Indians is not known. In that case it was humorously said that he and the Indians used to retire to the house and lie and talk for hours, Penn doing the talking and the Indians the lying.

Henry Bowen, who operated a famous tavern in Barrington before the Revolution, was a great public man, serving as storekeeper, Sunday constable, moderator, tax assessor and collector, and recruiting officer. Thomas Fenner, a keeper of a tavern in Neutaconconit, was a major, a justice of the peace, a storekeeper, and noted surveyor.

One of the most distinctive features of the old tavern was its sign. Always conspicuous, even when it simply consisted of a rude board with the painted name, it stuck out from the side of the tavern itself, or hung from a nearby tree. Signs themselves originated in Greek and Roman days, and from the latter the English derived the tavern symbol, the "bush." An ordinance of Louis XIV of France read: "Tavernkeepers must put up synboards and a bush." The names on these signboards on the colonial taverns were of all sorts, copied in many cases from those of England, and ranging

from the "White Horse," "Crown," "Boar," to "Shakespeare's Head" and the "Golden Ball Inn" of Providence.

"Training days" were the busiest for innkeepers. In the days prior to the Revolution all males had to practice arms at least once a week, usually on Saturday. In Providence it was "ordered that those farms which are one mile off the town alone shall have liberty to leave one man at home on the trayneing dayes." This privilege was allowed as a means of protection against prowling Indians. Because tavernkeepers in many cases were also military officers, they were sometimes accused of ordering drills to increase their tavern trade. Other particular days of importance in the life of the taverns were market days, when the farmers from out of town regaled themselves after their trading, and Ordinance Days, held for new ministers.

But what of the taverns themselves? How were they arranged within and what sort of cheer did they offer? Of first importance was the great room. A huge fireplace almost filled one whole side (that of Eleazer Arnold was especially noteworthy). Here the huge logs burned fiercely in winter, throwing a wealth of warmth into the room, but in summer the fireplace was filled with green shrubs. The floor of the room was of hard oak, sanded and polished smooth and white. Scattered about were chests, chairs, benches, settees, and stools. The ceiling was usually low-studded, with great hand-hewn beams. The bar, perhaps the most important adjunct, stood in one corner, although it was sometimes in the form of an adjoining buffet. Hanging by the fireplace was the flip-iron, known also as "hottle, logger-head, and flip-dog" and indispensable in the concoction of many favorite beverages. This instrument was heated and plunged into liquors to give them a peculiar, bitter and dearly loved flavor. It was often broken during repeated heatings and had to be sent to the blacksmith for repair. Henry Bowen of Barrington derived much popularity from his punch, prepared in a "large Defiance punch bowl." Another favorite drink was flip or battered flip, made of beer and a beaten egg, stirred well with a hot flip-iron, and brought to a finish with a dash of rum. But there were many popular New

England drinks, such as punch, cider, strong beer, porter, grog, port, sherry, toddy, claret, and rum. The most common was cider, first introduced by William Blackstone.

All sorts of entertainment were offered in addition to liquid refreshment. Here, all kinds of strange captive animals, monstrosities, and the like were exhibited, for the old tavernkeeper was a born showman and knew how to draw a crowd. At the tavern, too, gathered many of the old and young to dance the old square dances and the minuets. The music supplied by a viol, flute, fiddle, or spinnet was weak, but once the spirit of the gathering was aroused, the singing voices carried on the tunes.

Thus, in nearly every respect, the taverns were the center of town and community life. Roger Williams held meetings in the Mowry Tavern, built in 1655 at the north end of the city. Before the Revolution the taverns were the meeting places for those who discussed revolt. At Peleg Arnold's Inn, in Smithfield, minute men were recruited, and Captain Joseph Olney named one of his huge elms in front of his tavern "The Lib-

erty Tree." At James Sabin's waterfront tavern gathered the men who set out to burn the "Gaspee," and General Prescott, after his capture, was taken to David Arnold's Inn in Warwick. "Pitt's Head" and "White Horse," famous taverns of Newport, were first recruiting stations for the patriots and then the quarters for the English and Hessians during the occupation of Newport.

In stagecoach days the taverns took on a new importance, for they became booking places for all travelers and mail. Crowds gathered to greet the arrival of the stagecoach, curious to learn news of other States and outlying districts.

But the days of the stagecoach are also gone. The clouds of dust, the roar and rattle, the plunging horses, the coachman's shouts, the blare of the horn, and the bustling about, building up the fire, bringing out porter and punch, unloading of baggage and passengers, the care of the horses, questions asked and answered, all the general excitement and confusion are gone and with them the tavern days, the last days of real Colonial romance and quaintness.

THE KENTISH GUARDS

IN ADDITION to whatever military forces the Colonial government of Rhode Island equipped and maintained for purposes of defense, there were various independent military organizations which were founded during fluctuating waves of patriotic enthusiasm. While the desire to band together in clubs and associations has always been a strong human characteristic, the chaotic period of American history, which extended from the years just prior to the Revolution to those just following the War of 1812, provided unusual stimuli for the formation of many private organizations of a military nature. Among such Rhode Island military organizations of independent origin and maintenance, none was more famous than the Kentish Guards. It was in Kent County, more exactly in East Greenwich, that the idea of forming this organization

was first conceived, and, in 1774, after a large group of patriotic citizens had drawn up a tentative charter and petitioned the General Assembly for an "Act of Incorporation," the charter was granted and the unit, called the "Kentish Guards," came into existence.

There were in the neighborhood of 180 men in the complete personnel of this unit. Liberal funds had been raised privately to establish and outfit the Guards, and they were supplied with elaborate uniforms and equipment. In addition, they received excellent military training and rapidly became a competent and well-disciplined company. Many men, prominent not only in East Greenwich but in the Colony as a whole, were members of the Kentish Guards, and, during the Revolution, the organization gave more distinguished officers to the Continental Army than any other independent unit of its sort throughout New Eng-

land. Of especial note were Major-General Nathanael Greene, who rose to be second only to Washington himself; Brigadier-General James Varnum, Colonel Christopher Greene, who defeated the Hessians at Red Bank, New Jersey; Colonel Archibald Crary, Major John S. Dexter and Captain Thomas Arnold. Many of lower rank also had especially commendable military careers, and in all more than thirty-five of the Kentish Guards were in the Continental Army.

When, in the Battle of Lexington, in 1775, the sturdy Massachusetts patriots "fired the shot heard round the world," the echo of this commencement of hostilities with the British came swiftly and clearly to Rhode Island. The Kentish Guards, well-trained and eager for action, were not slow in responding to the call of their countrymen of the Bay State. In little more than two hours after the news of the repulse of the British reached the Providence Plantations by rider, the guards were on the march northward. But the thrills of anticipation, the brave martial music, the excitement of marching out of East Greenwich, were evidences of a patriotic fervor that was doomed to disappointment. When the Guards, one hundred and ten strong, reached Pawtucket, they were halted and ordered back by Governor Joseph Wanton. While the fact that the British had returned to Boston and fortified themselves securely in that stronghold was given as a reason for this command, it is probable that the Governor was more than a little in sympathy with the British cause and was somewhat of a Tory. However, disregarding the order, Nathanael Greene and two companions marched on to Boston and offered their services to General Washington, in Cambridge. This act on the part of the staunch Rhode Islanders aroused the deep admiration of Washington, and it was this deed that was the foundation for his later great friendship and faith in Nathanael Greene.

After having returned to East Greenwich, the remainder of the Kentish Guards proceeded to erect a fort at the entrance to East Greenwich Bay as a protection for the town and surrounding countryside against the British ships then in Narragansett Bay. This fortification, named Fort Daniels, was equipped with eight or ten cannon, which

were taken to West Point after the Revolution. While a guard was maintained there for a long time and the fort had its day of importance, no trace of it now remains except in the town records.

If the main body of the Kentish Guards was disappointed in not being able to join Washington and the Continental Army at Cambridge, there was still plenty to keep it on the alert right in the vicinity of East Greenwich. Small details of men from the organization were often engaged in running down and capturing spies that appeared in the vicinity, the case of a man named Hart being a particular example. Quite frequently the Guards were called to Quidnesset Point, two or three miles below East Greenwich, to prevent the British ships from landing plundering parties. In many of these cases the British had been aided by Tories who knew the countryside well and helped the enemy in their raids.

The activities of British warships, one of twenty-five tons in command of Captain Wallace and another of twenty tons commanded by Captain Ascough, were especially watched, particularly after the former commander had landed at Canonicut Island, burned many houses, carried off cattle and provisions, and even killed some of the inhabitants. At one time, when a ship was driven ashore near East Greenwich and captured by the enemy, the Kentish Guards sent a detachment to retake the vessel. A short but sharp skirmish ensued, but the patriots were victorious.

On a later expedition against the British, the guards sailed a sloop to Prudence Island. In the midst of the work of landing supplies and provisions they were interrupted by a runner from the other end of the island who informed them that the British were landing two hundred men at a point only three miles away. Although the Kentish Guards were only eighty in number, the rest of their unit being still on the mainland, they made a brave show with flags and drums (for their guns and ammunition had not been landed) and succeeded in scaring off the enemy. Again, in 1778, the guards attempted to go to the aid of General Sullivan on Newport Island, but their transport was cut off by an English warship, and they were forced to land at Pappoosesquaw Point, opposite Bristol. While there they re-

ceived orders not to go on, so they encamped and took care of the wounded from the Battle of Rhode Island.

After the Revolution the Kentish Guards entered upon an era of non-activity until the advent of the War of 1812. Again men from their ranks joined governmental forces and gave good account of themselves. However, the real high-point in the career of the Guards as an organization came in 1842 when they played a prominent part in what was known as the Dorr War. Answering a call from Governor King, they marched to Providence, under the command of Colonel Allen. This was at a time when Dorr himself with his followers attempted to capture the Cranston Street Arsenal. However, the threatened attack failed, and the Guards did not have any real work to do. A month intervened before Governor King again called for the Guards, this time sending a special train to bring them directly to Pawtucket. After the Dorr affair, trouble and rebellion had been brewing among the people, until it had broken out in rioting in Pawtucket.

The Kentish Guards, about fifty or sixty in number, took up their posts at a bridge over the Blackstone River and at Main Street opposite Mill Street. Mobs, who assembled to watch, taunted the soldiers and even threatened them with violence. Attempts were made to break the line of guards, and one man with a horse and carriage was encouraged to break the ranks.

His persistent attempts made it necessary for the Guards to fire at the horse, an action which stirred the mob into throwing bricks and missiles of all sorts. When the soldiers fired with blank cartridges to frighten the enraged multitude, the latter only became more furious. Despite all the taunts and the more serious danger from the flying missiles, the Kentish Guards refrained from attacking and maintained perfect discipline. So reluctant were they to cause injury to anyone that they elevated their guns above the heads of the people when ordered to fire. Matters had to reach a climax, however, and after a more threatening advance upon the part of certain body of men, the Guards shot in earnest, killing the ring leader. This seemed to bring the people to their senses, and they dispersed immediately. The fact that it was a rainy day, and consequently one calculated to dampen the most violent spirits, was, perhaps, instrumental in reducing the number of casualties that might otherwise have occurred.

After this engagement, the Kentish Guards again returned to East Greenwich and were highly honored by their fellow townsmen. Resolutions of thanks were drawn up and sent to them by citizens of Pawtucket, while in addition, they were presented with a handsome blue silk flag by ladies of Providence. The episode was concluded with a highly laudatory sermon preached in their honor by Reverend Crane of East Greenwich.

THE BOMBARDMENT OF BRISTOL

ON the perfect autumnal afternoon of Saturday, October 7th, 1775, word was spread through the peaceful town of Bristol of the approach of a fleet of British war-vessels, which had, for some months, been stationed at Newport. The fleet, consisting of the war-ships, “Rose,” “Glasgow,” and “Swan,” one bomb-brig, a schooner, and some smaller vessels, sailed leisurely up the bay in a light southerly breeze, and when they dropped anchor, about sunset, the entire population lined the shore, to witness the unusual spectacle.

That the visit was other than a friendly one, was wholly unsuspected.

Captain Sir James Wallace was in command, with the “Rose” as his flag-ship. Following the firing of a royal salute, from the flag-ship, at eight o’clock, a barge from the same vessel, pulled into the wharf. A Lieutenant stepped ashore and informed the assembled citizens that Captain Wallace had a demand to make and desired some representative townsman to visit him, on the “Rose,” at once, or the town would be attacked without further ceremony.

William Bradford, as a Magistrate, told the Lieutenant that inasmuch as the demand came from Captain Wallace, there was no reason why the townsmen should go to him, but if he would come to the head of the wharf in the morning, he would be received as a gentleman, and his demands considered.

The Lieutenant returned to the "Rose," and an hour later, while the citizens were anxiously awaiting Captain Wallace's reply, the entire fleet began a heavy cannonading, and the bomb-ship heaved shells and carcasses filled with combustibles into the town. This continued for an hour and a half. In the midst of the hottest fire, Colonel Potter went aboard the "Rose" and requested a cessation of hostilities until the inhabitants could choose a committee to confer with Captain Wallace. A truce of six hours was, therefore, declared. The committee which went to the flag-ship was met by Captain Wallace with the curt demand that they supply him, at once, with 200 sheep and 30 fat cattle. This was impossible, as the farmers had driven their stock back into the country and only one sheep and a few cows remained. After several hours of negotiations the Captain said, "I have this one proposal to make: if you will promise to supply me with 40 sheep, at or before 12 o'clock, I will assure you that another gun shall not be discharged."

Faced with the alternative of furnishing their enemies with food, or jeopardizing the safety of the town, the committee had no choice but to deliver the sheep, which they did at the appointed time. After stealing about 90 sheep and some poultry from Popasquash, the fleet weighed anchor and moored at Popasquash Point. The next day they went into Bristol Ferry-way and fired several shots at the houses and people on shore. Three of the ships went aground, but were floated with the rising tide, and the fleet departed.

It is thought that in firing on the town it was Wallace's idea to intimidate the inhabitants, rather than do serious harm, because the guns of the vessels were set at an angle which sent most of the shot over the houses into the rising ground behind the town.

Nevertheless, the church, the meeting house, the court house, and several dwellings were pierced by the shots. One shot struck a locust tree on State Street, and glanced off into the Walley house, where it was discovered embedded in the ceiling, in 1840. Another shot entered Finney's Distillery, passed through three hogsheads and barrels of rum, and spilt the contents. A good sized grape-shot pierced the walls of Benjamin Smith's house, on the west side of Hope Street, passed over the bed in which his son was asleep, and lodged in the fireplace, where it was allowed to remain for some time as a memento.

A great gap was made in the stone wall near Governor Bradford's home, and while the Governor was climbing the fence between the garden and the house, a shot sent flying into the air a board on which his hand had rested but a moment before. Another shot reduced to splinters the curb of a well from which a man was drawing water. For many years afterwards the plows of the farmers constantly turned up quantities of rusty shot. This bombardment, naturally enough, brought consternation to the citizens, and even the skies turned black, and a torrential rain fell. An unusually fatal epidemic had been raging for some weeks, and more than sixty of the sick were hurriedly carried out into the rain by their terror-stricken families, the exposure proving fatal in several cases.

Fortunately, not a single person was struck by the flying shot, the only other fatality being the death of the Reverend John Burt, who was found, face down, in a corn-field to which he had fled, in fear, from his sick-bed.

The following bit of poetry, inspired by the Bombardment, was popular for many years, although it has little literary value:

THE BOMBARDMENT OF BRISTOL

In seventeen hundred and seventy-five
Our Bristol town was much surprised

By a pack of thievish villains,

That will not work to earn their livings.

October, 't was the seventh day,

As I have heard the people say,

Wallace, his name be ever curst,

Came in our harbor just at dusk.



THE EMPIRE-ABORN BRANCH OF THE PROVIDENCE INSTITUTION FOR SAVINGS,
EMPIRE AND ABORN STREETS, BETWEEN WESTMINSTER
AND WASHINGTON STREETS
ERECTED 1929.

And there his ships did safely moor,
And quickly sent his barge on shore
With orders that should not be broke,
Or they might expect a smoke.

Demanding that the magistrates
Should quickly come on board his ships,
And let him have some sheep and cattle,
Or they might expect a battle.

At eight o'clock, by signal given,
Our peaceful atmosphere was riven
By British balls, both grape and round,
As plenty afterward were found.

But oh! to hear the doleful cries
Of people running for their lives!
Women, with children in their arms,
Running away to the farms.

With all their firing and their skill
They did not any person kill.
Neither was any person hurt
But the Reverend Parson Burt.

And, he was not killed by a ball,
As judged by jurors, one and all:
But being in a sickly state,
He frightened fell, which proved his fate.

Another truth to you I'll tell,
That you may see they levelled well:
For, aiming for to kill the people,
They fired their shot into a steeple.

They fired low, they fired high,
The women scream, the children cry:
And all their firing and their racket
Shot off the topmast of a packet.

EAST GREENWICH POTTERY

YEARS upon years roll by giving to things created long ago a rich old flavor and a time-aged mellowness. In liqueurs, towns, and men the first sharp tastes, the feverish love of growth, the youthful nervousness is blended out; and gradually the pulses of all three calm down to easy smoothness.

The pulse of old East Greenwich is smooth. It beats quietly beneath the roar of rail and highway traffic. It beats calmly behind the modern shopping district which is growing so fast, behind the dapper, white flotilla of yachts and motorboats in the harbor, behind the hurried lives of a new kind of inhabitant. Why should East Greenwich, old and famous, be disturbed by change? Like an old man quietly smoking before a fire, the town lives back among its memories. The old houses that sit by day watching the endless stream of moving cars wait patiently for night, when the darkness brings the lighted stage-coach rumbling into town.

Again, the light shines from the windows of the tavern, and the bay is dotted with gray ghost sails of lean “four-masters” heading for the docks. The old town hears sailors laughing through the night when no one else hears anything at all. The day sees everything as it is; only at night

can the old town vision the past. It sees the stocks and pillories before the court house, and at the head of King Street. For it, the Kentish Guards again parade in all their colonial finery. The very township changes; the new is whisked away and in its stead the old dirt roads come back, the shipyards raise their framework, old shops replace the new, and in the old gray houses visions of a hundred years ago return.

The coming of dawn erases the scene like a picture upon a blackboard, but at night it again returns. Down at the corner of King and Marlborough Streets a short stout chimney belches fire into the dark. The Upton brothers are at work. A modern dwelling stands upon the spot in the day but at night it vanishes, and in its stead are the Upton shop and kiln. The years roll back to 1775; East Greenwich pottery is being made once more.

We of today are blind. But the old town can look into the kiln and can see the Uptons working. A door is being opened and shut, and each time wild bursts of flame shoot out into the darkness. One of the brothers, perhaps it is Samuel, is using a long shovel-like instrument to tend the fires, while Isaac is moulding rough plates and cups from dark red clay. Pieces from the kiln are lying about, a little brighter

red, yet still quite somber. Crude products they are. Plates not quite even on the bottoms, not perfectly symmetrical, cups with varying handles, all unlike except in color and materials, pans for milk and jugs, heavier than the others, though they were all thick enough. Rough products made for a rough people, a people that are revolting against finer material things, revolting against an old established country in favor of a new pioneer civilization.

For this is the year of the Revolution, thirteen little Colonies against England, and one of these Colonies is Rhode Island. All imports have been stopped because all trade has been stopped. There is no English cloth, no English brass-work, no fine English porcelain. But the Colonies are making cloth in the homes, men are hammering out iron instead of brass, and here in East Greenwich the Uptons are making pottery. They little dream that, in future years, their pottery will be famous. They are only working to satisfy a demand for their product. Families need cups, saucers, plates, many of them, not only in East Greenwich but up and down the bay. This clay material is so coarse it will not hold together well. It is like the red clay flower pots of 1929, or the earthenware jugs and milkpans of the 1890's, and breaks easily. Orders have piled upon orders, and the Uptons are working even at night.

We change from the scene of the kiln and steal a look inside one of the old houses. The table is set with these red plates and cups from the Upton kiln, not a one balanced perfectly, but blending in well with the dark wood of the table itself and giving back in red glow some of the warmth of the hearth-fire. These then form the stock of this household. We move on to another. This family has retired early but there are the same kind of plates and cups on the cupboard shelves beside the pewter in the kitchen. House after house; it is all alike. The Upton crockery has replaced nearly all the lighter and more graceful pieces of English china. Everywhere there is this same blend of red, this same loyalty to native manufacture.

What do the histories say about East Greenwich pottery and the Uptons? They say that in 1771 Thomas Aldrich sold the lot at the corner of King and Marlborough

Streets to Isaac and Samuel Upton. The two were brothers, both having been born at Bedford, Mass., in a family of pottery-makers. The father had come from Danvers, Mass., where he had been one of a locally famous group of glaziers, and had passed on his trade to his sons.

For many years the family had lived on Cape Cod, the brothers both marrying Yarmouth girls although Samuel later went to Nantucket. There he varied the trade of potter with that of being a sailor until the war. In 1775 he came to East Greenwich and again joined his brother in the potter's shop. For the whole space of the war the brothers worked together, trying hard to supply the needs of a whole bay-side while imports were at a standstill.

They dug their coarse red clay from deposits which are still in existence at Quidnesett, at a spot called Gould's Mount, and carried it to the kiln to mould it for firing. While the clay was coarse and the product nearly as much so, the demand was nearly more than they could supply. We can be assured that while the colonists did not prefer this rough crockery to the finer products of the English kilns, in this period of violent anti-British feeling the work of the Uptons served as one of the great helps to bolster up a colonial pride and courage.

The pottery itself was to be found in every household, but little has been preserved. The very coarseness of the clay made breaking very easy, and for that reason the greater part of it has disappeared. To the colonists the contents were probably the most inviting aspect of this crude crockery, even though those of us who love antiques might be apt to see beyond the practical side. We can be sure, however, that the East Greenwich colonists enjoyed many good cups of "Victory" tea and as many delicious dinners from this red clay pottery as they ever did from finer porcelain.

A few specimens of the pottery now exist in the possession of collectors and museums, even though the great bulk of it is gone. The Uptons themselves left East Greenwich immediately after the war. In 1783 Isaac, who had moved to Berkley, Mass., deeded his share of the shop and kiln to Samuel for 250 Spanish milled dollars. However, Samuel did not remain to take full possession but returned to Nan-

tucket to begin again his sailor's life. Pottery has not been made in East Greenwich from that time, and the fame of East Greenwich pottery remains with the Uptons.

There was another potter named Joseph Wilson, who carried on business at the time in North Providence. But his work was based on the principles of glazing taught

by the Swiss and Germans in Philadelphia and does not stand out so individually and so typically of the times as that of the Uptons. They were colonists and their work embodied the colonial spirit to the very last degree. Upon this distinctive quality the fame of East Greenwich pottery rests today.

AT THE POINT OF THE CANDLESTICK

IT WAS May in Rhode Island, the first spring after the dreadful winter of ice and snow and suffering at Valley Forge. Three long years had the men of Warren, Rhode Island, watched and planned against and fought the foe, and three long years had the Warren women knitted and sewed and deprived themselves that the hardships of the Continental soldiers might be lessened.

A month before, the French alliance had been signed, and many believed that, because of this, the war would be over, but the wiser ones knew that the end was still far off.

In 1776, there were only 1,005 inhabitants, including slaves, in the town of Warren, and with the departure of volunteers to join Washington's army, but a very small fighting force remained. However, the few men that were still available planned an expedition against the British forces in Rhode Island. They had built seventy whale-boats, and these, together with the re-conditioned row-galley "Washington," lay in the Kickemuit River in readiness for the attack upon the British stronghold. In addition to the boats, a great supply of tar, pitch and powder was available for use in the bold exploit.

They believed that the expedition would succeed, for the utmost secrecy had been preserved. True, everyone in Warren knew of the idea—even Mr. Holland, the Englishman. But everyone in town was known to be loyal. And Mr. Holland was loyal—he was the schoolmaster and a trusted personage.

But someone transmitted the secret to General Pigot, the commander of the British forces in Rhode Island. There was a "Watch House" on a high bank of the

Kickemuit River, yet for once it must have lacked a watchman, for on the 25th of May a body of troops which Pigot had despatched from Newport to Bristol marched on to Warren and took the town completely by surprise.

There were British soldiers and their cohorts, the Hessian mercenaries, five hundred strong in all. Under Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell they at once began a systematic tour of destruction and pillage. The majority hurried to the Kickemuit River, where the patriots' boats lay in readiness for the planned attack upon the British. These they burned, together with the "Washington." Continuing their riotous invasion, they also burned the Baptist Church, the Baptist parsonage, and other buildings. And to make a good job of it, they blew up the powder house and burned all the stores of pitch and tar. Who could have betrayed the plans of the patriots? No one knows.

While the soldiers were preparing to burn the grist-mill, the miller cried, "Spare the mill, brothers!"

"Brothers?" repeated one of the soldiers. "Do you call us that? If we are your brothers, we shall do you a favor and take you out of this nest of rebels." Accordingly he signalled to his comrades and the miller was taken away as a prisoner. Perhaps the miller was the traitor.

However, it is more than likely that Mr. Holland was not as loyal as his fellow townsmen had believed. When the British soldiers were leaving the town, they stopped and cheered loudly when they reached his house. He immediately came out and joined them, and with them disappeared from Warren forever.

The British retreat was a brilliant one. Colonel Campbell feared that other coun-

ties might come to Warren's aid, yet he wanted to leave a last touch of British pomp with the despoiled patriots. Heading the line were the prisoners with their guards. Behind them marched the Hessians, wearing great boots and huge fur caps, the boots filled with plunder of every description. Following were the British in their scarlet coats, their gold lace, their three-cornered hats, and their small-clothes and buckled shoes. Last of all marched Colonel Campbell. Drums were beating, flags were flying, and it was a very gay affair.

But the Colonel was not last, for far behind straggled a diminutive drummer. His drum was very large,—he was very tired,—and he was very full, not of the clear water from the spring of Massasoit, but of good West India rum. As he passed in front of the hotel with faltering steps, a group of women, among them a young girl named Nellie Easterbrooks, noticed him. These women were excited and worked up to the last pitch of anger because of the brutal treatment they had been forced to undergo from the insolent invaders. All sorts of outrages had been committed by the Hessians and British while they were accumulating plunder, including one instance where a group of bullies forced a woman to hand over all her best china while they deliberately broke it piece by piece. Nellie Easterbrooks had been listening to

the stories told by these women. She was a small girl, but she had a fierce impetuosity backed up by daring.

The drummer might have gotten by safely had Nellie not seen him. She sprang up, stirring the group of women to action. "Let's take that man!" she cried. Running inside the hotel, she seized a tall brass candlestick and rushed with it into the street. In a wild burst of anger, the other women followed her.

She pointed the candlestick, glistening in the sun, full at the drummer and commanded him to halt. White with fear, the man threw up his hands, crying, "Don't fire, ladies, I surrender!"

Women wore aprons in those days, and every one of those present tore hers to strips and bound him with them. Then they dragged their bewildered captive into the hotel and locked him into a closet there.

It is said that he was very glad to be captured, for his drum was getting extremely heavy and he was having great difficulty in maintaining a soldierly bearing. One story has it that he was later exchanged for an American prisoner, while another has it that he remained in Warren and married one of the women there. If he *did* marry a Warren girl, it was surely not Nellie Easterbrooks. She married one Nathaniel Hicks West of Bristol, who was a true patriot and not a subject of King George.

SILAS TALBOT

THE Revolution bred scores of leaders in both the military and naval fields, masters of merchantmen who were immediately fitted through their long seafaring experience to take charge of privateers and men-of-war, and men of the soil whose long struggle in building up farms, plantations, and accompanying industries well fitted them for the rigors of life in military service. Skilled leaders there were of every sort, but in one man, the subject of this brief sketch, there was the very unusual combination of consummate skill and leadership in both the naval and military fields.

Born the ninth in a large family of fourteen children, he was early thrown upon his own resources at the age of twelve when his

father died. The family lived in Bristol, however, and it was only natural for Silas to turn to the sea for both an education and livelihood. Starting as a cabin boy and making the most of his keen wits and hardy, rugged constitution, he advanced rapidly, soon having his own command. In 1772 he married a Miss Richmond of an old Colonial family and built a fine home in Providence out of his seaman's earnings. As a boy he had known the trade of a stone-mason, but lucrative as it was, he had abandoned it for the sea.

After settling in Providence, he turned to a bit of mercantile speculation, specializing in lumber. But he had hardly started in this type of occupation when

the Revolution broke out. At once men everywhere began to train for war, carrying into the various branches of military service the training of their separate professions or occupations. Talbot and some companions hired a loft in an old sugar house, collected a small company of men, and began some earnest drilling under the able tutelage of a runaway Scotch drum-major. As a result, when the Rhode Island regiments were being formed, he was given an immediate captaincy and saw a little service right away.

Soon he went on to New York with the army and joined the American forces along the Hudson. The British fleet under Lord Howe was then anchored in New York harbor and the lower Hudson, providing a constant threat to the American batteries. Then it was that Talbot left the army to take service with what American navy there was. He was given command of a fire ship and ordered to proceed up the Hudson some fifteen miles or so, anchor and await instructions. During the three days he lay in waiting some of the British vessels separated from the fleet and strung themselves out along the Hudson. This was all that was necessary. Talbot immediately received orders to proceed against them. He selected one large warship that lay about seven miles away as the object of attack and began his preparations.

All during the evening his crew labored to put the fire ship in readiness. She was filled with all sorts of combustibles, soaked with turpentine and trains of powder laid along her deck. One daring seaman was appointed to strip down and lie flat on her deck with a match in hand to fire the powder at the last moment. At two o'clock in the morning the anchor was hoisted and the ship drifted down stream. Captain Talbot sighted the British ship through the mist and steered for her broadside. The attack was totally unexpected by the enemy, and the fire ship was upon them and grappled fast before they were half awake.

It is easy to picture the chaos that ensued. The flaming fireship proved a fine torch to light the large 64-gun warship. The latter's spars and rigging were silhouetted in a lurid glow that could be seen

for miles. Men were running about her decks, some trying to battle the fire, others jumping headlong into the river. Meanwhile Captain Talbot and his audacious crew had tumbled into a small boat and were rowing away from the scene as rapidly as possible, their mission accomplished. Before they reached safety, other British ships had come to the aid of their stricken companion and shot from their small arms and guns were flying about the little American skiff. It was hit but twice, however, and all reached shore safely. But the fireship had done its own damage where the enemy's guns had not. Talbot, who had been last to leave, was terribly burned, his clothes charred completely and his eyesight almost gone.

Once on shore, the crew carried him to various homes for aid and finally laid him in a widow's cabin and covered him with a blanket. And in such a condition well might he have died had not two American officers, one a doctor, been passing by. They had him removed to a hospital; and, though he suffered for a long while and was blind in the meantime, he recovered fully.

The British ship had been pulled away from the fireship, badly damaged, but the best result of the whole enterprise was that the British fleet withdrew to below New York. Talbot was highly commended for his daring, given a vote of thanks by Congress, made a major, and commended to General Washington.

Once recovered, he took joint command of the American forces in Mud Island fort on the Delaware River. Here a small force was being besieged by a large force of British, part stationed in an opposing fort and part stationed in warships. The Mud Island fort was raked with a heavy cross-fire, but it was able to hold its own until a large armed transport was brought directly against it. Under the broadsides from this ship the American force had to evacuate its position. But this was not done while Major Talbot was on the scene. He had fought for hours with a shattered wrist and only forced to retire when another piece of shot struck him in the hip.

Again he was in the hospital and again he received congratulations all round for

his gallant services. He received an audience with Washington, was highly commended by his superior, and sent home for a leave of absence to Rhode Island.

In 1776, recovered again, he was with the American forces in the battle of Rhode Island. It was he who secured the 86 small boats that General Sullivan's army used in the crossing from the mainland to the island; it was he who was sent on a lone reconnoitering trip down the island; and it was he who finally checked the British to cover the retreat of the Americans from the island after the failure of Sullivan's expedition.

From this exploit he jumped to action on the water once more, outfitting a sloop and under the cover of darkness capturing the heavily armed Pigot galley that lay in a dangerous position at the mouth of the Seakonnet River. For this great bit of daring he was made a colonel. Twice more he tried similar enterprises with the sloop, named "Hawk," but was unsuccessful due to circumstances beyond his control. Then he was formally transferred to the navy and ordered to guard the coast from Long Island to Nantucket.

But though he had a commission, he had no ship. Congress was too poor to supply him with one, so he outfitted a small sloop, named "Argo," and took command. The very inferiority of his little vessel in size and armament proved to its advantage, for it had great speed and was fine for swift dashes upon the enemy. He trained his crew to the utmost efficiency and kept them at the pitch of excitement. In May, 1779, he set out with 60 men in this wide-sterned vessel, so clumsy with its high bulkhead and only a tiller to steer by. But clumsy or not, the "Argo" soon gained a great reputation under his command. She had many skirmishes with the British, drove many of their vessels out of the harbors along the coast, and finally had a successful fight with the Tory privateer, "King George," which had been doing much damage. Under the skillful leadership of Captain Talbot, it took only one broadside to make the larger vessel surrender. Later in the year this commander fought for four and one-half hours with a large English warship. The vessels were within pistol

shot of each other, and he had his speaking trumpet pieced twice and his coat-tails shot off. When the mainmast of the British vessel crashed down, she surrendered. But by then the "Argo" herself was sinking. With plugging in her hull to stop the gaping holes she was kept afloat and was able to accompany her prize to port. After this engagement the "Argo" was taken back by her original owners. With her, Captain Talbot had captured five enemy ships and three hundred prisoners.

Again he received accord from all sides, letters from Congress and from various commanders. Again he was promised a ship but finally had to procure one himself. In this ship, the "George Washington," his fortunes turned. After about two engagements he was captured by a large man-of-war, beginning for him a long period of imprisonment. For a while he was on that "hell-ship," the New Jersey prison galley, then kept for a while in the "Old Sugar House" in New York. From there he was carried on a terrible seven weeks' winter voyage on board the prison ship "Yarmouth" and taken to Dartmoor prison, England. From here he made three bold attempts to escape, but was caught every time and severely punished. Finally he was released but left destitute in England.

By being exchanged for a British prisoner he was sent to France, secured help from Benjamin Franklin, and at last set out for America again. The brig he was on was captured but his kind-hearted captor, learning his story, put him on another ship bound for New York. In 1782 he reached New York and, after resting, proceeded to Providence once more, after having been gone more than two years. Quarrels over his merit as an officer so disgusted him that he sold all his Providence property and moved to New York, buying the confiscated estate of Sir William Johnson. Here he engaged in farming, until he was recalled in 1794 to command the frigate "Constitution" in the short Algerian war. Though his service was again as colorful and commendable as before, difficulties with the war department over his rank made him impulsively resign his commission and retire from the navy forever.

Thus for the rest of his life he lived in retirement upon his farm. He was always a gentleman in the true sense of the word,

a born leader, an ardent patriot, and, most important of all to us, a Rhode Islander. He died in 1813 in New York.

THE OLD STONE CHIMNEY HOUSE

THERE is an old house in Rhode Island that intrigues many persons. It is sometimes referred to as the old "Garrison House," sometimes as "The Old Stone Chimney House," but many like best to think of it by the name that an old paper gave it, which is "*The Splendid Mansion of Eleazar Arnold.*"

If you leave the trolley at "Loafers' Tree" and walk along the "Great Road" toward Quinsnicket in the town of Lincoln, the first impression of the ancient house is that it is common and uninteresting. But go to the north end of the building and gaze upon the great stone chimney in order to find the picturesque and ancient aspect of the "Mansion."

The late Mr. Preserved Arnold, in whose family this estate was for the better part of three centuries, said that no one but Indians and Arnolds had ever owned the land, and that when this house was built people came from miles around to see "*The Splendid Mansion of Eleazar Arnold.*"

Mr. Arnold further said, that the walls of the house were interlined with flint to guard against possible attacks of the Indians. He told, also, of the three men who built the great chimney. The first man who worked on it died before it was completed. A second worker, taking up the task that the first one laid down, also died suddenly before his work was finished. The third man, with courage, completed it, all the work being so well done that the chimney stands today a monument to its three builders.

Just a little farther along the "Great Road" one turns into the grove of Quinsnicket—in Indian language, "Place of Many Stones." In this lovely glen King Philip brought, each winter, his Queen, his son and the royal household. One may still see a few stones marking the site of the Queen's stone wigwam on the bank of the

brook. It is said that Philip, from the top of the great flat rock overhanging the gold-fish pond, would harangue his warriors gathered at the base, and it was at this spot that the Pierce massacre was planned in 1676. The Indians preferred this well-sheltered glen at Quinsnicket to Mount Hope in the severe weather.

There are many lovely legends of this neighborhood, the most romantic of which has been told elsewhere. This was the story of the beautiful Betsey Whipple, who lived in Cumberland, but who visited at "The Old Stone-Chimney House" under whose south wall may still be seen the bed of lilies-of-the-valley over which she and her lover stood. For no less a personage than the Vicomte Rochambeau, son of the General of that name, courted Betsey. She sent him away but accepted, later, his parting gift of his magnificent war-horse. This lady lived many years after the close of the Revolution. You may still read her will, on file in the archives of the Cumberland Town Hall.

Mr. Arnold told of another incident in her life, less romantic than her love-affair with the younger Rochambeau, but still of interest. It seems that more than one man aspired to her hand, and one in particular was very persistent. Again and again had Betsey Whipple said him "Nay," and again and again had he renewed his suit. Late one evening she allowed him to escort her home from some social gathering, and crossing the dark fields to her father's house they found their way by the feeble light of a lantern. For the last time the enamoured swain asked Betsey to marry him and once again the girl refused him. Naturally very disappointed and annoyed, the young man took his revenge upon her. "Betsey," he said, "since thee doth prefer to walk alone through life, thee hath best begin to-night." And so saying, he turned on his heel and left her alone to stumble over the dark path.

through the fields to her father's house. For he, in his anger, *took the lantern with him!*

All the rest of her life Betsey Whipple told that story to her family, but she would never disclose the man's name. Her relatives were always very desirous of ascertaining who the man was, but she remained magnanimously loyal and would not tell them. Finally, when she was ninety-five years old, and dying, one of her nieces bent over her. "Auntie," she said coaxingly, "*who* did you say it was that used you so unmannerly that night you refused to marry him?"

The old lady opened her once beautiful eyes, and with a last twinkle in them said: "I did never tell thee, my dear!" and died with her secret intact.

The "Splendid Mansion of Eleazar Arnold" does not look very splendid now. It stands with boarded windows, the highway encroaches on its lawn and naught remains of its former state but the magnificent stone chimney on whose hearth, alas, no great logs now burn. But the deserted house has a truly splendid neighbor. This is the old-seam-face granite house standing almost opposite the Butterfly Factory, just before you turn into Quinsnicket. Many stories have been told of the furore for lotteries in years long past, how individuals and churches even raised money in this way.

Some time previous to 1807 a young man by the name of Stephen Smith was madly in love with an ambitious girl who promised to marry him if he would build her a house "better than any other in the county." So Mr. Smith bought a lucky ticket in the Louisiana Lottery and, fortunately, won \$40,000.00. This was a fortune in those days, and he very happily set about building in good, substantial granite from across the fields, the realization of his dreams.

Slowly the beautiful structure rose and its lovely line of roof still delights the eye, representing as it does the very last of the Colonial period of architecture. It was used as a model for the "Rhode Island

House" at the St. Louis Exposition. Young Smith sent across the ocean for marbles for his mantels and hung his fiancée's picture on the wall in a golden frame. And when all was done, and the dream of the "most beautiful house in the county" was realized, alas his money was gone, and the young lady promptly refused to marry him! Stephen Smith remained a bachelor, and lived out his blameless life in a smaller house near by, happier, we hope, with his books and his flowers and the companionship of his relatives than he would have been with the mercenary lady who "threw him over."

From the pages of recorded history we find these facts about this historic neighborhood which should be visited by everyone. "The highway on which the Arnold Mansion stands led to Mendon and thence to other towns in Massachusetts, and was the only traveled road through the section in the early days. At the time when the building was erected the clearing extended to the east, south and west, while to the northwestward, north and northeastward the primeval forest almost touched its walls. To protect this exposed side of the house from the fire-arrows which lurking Indians might direct against it, the house was built with the northerly side of stone, and originally the shingles on the roof were covered with mortar.

The "Butterfly Factory" was built in 1811, by Stephen H. Smith, who also built "Hearthside," and the dam which forms Quinsnicket Lake in the Lincoln woods. The "Butterfly Factory" is so-called because of the curious coloring of two stones placed side by side in the wall, these stones having the appearance of a butterfly. The bell which formerly hung in the belfry bore the date of 1563 (usually erroneously given as 1263) and is said to have originally hung in an English convent, and later to have been on the British frigate "Guerriere" at the time of its capture by the United States ship "Constitution" during the War of 1812.

THE SPLENDID MANSION

A NEW ENGLAND spring time lay upon the Rhode Island countryside. A young French officer in the uniform of the Regiment of Bourbonnais rode from the camps in North Providence over the pleasant, rustic roads, unaccompanied by orderly or servant. At times he rode fast, as though impatient to reach his destination; again, seeming to fall into deep thought, he proceeded at a snail's pace.

The breeze swayed the tall grass in the old Pond Tavern meadow, and he idly recalled seeing, last year, a few old men working in that hay-field where, in times of peace, it had been its owner's boast that forty men could swing their scythes together. The rider presently drew near the Quaker Meeting House, in what is now the town of Lincoln, and his eyes dwelt on the ancient stone which still stands, conveniently tilted, for the use of equestrians. His reflections, we may presume, were sentimental, as "'Twas here I saw her first. She was dismounting from her horse at that curious old horse-block, as people call it here, and I seized a fortunate chance to spring from my saddle and help her down ere her lazy servant could reach her side."

Here his eyes roamed beyond the old stepping-stone to the first house beyond the Meeting House, called, in those days, "The Splendid Mansion of Eleazar Arnold." This mansion was the destination of the rider, and he scanned the landscape anxiously. Yes, there was Mistress Betsey Whipple, in her uncle's garden, as he had both hoped and feared to find her. In a moment the beautiful great black horse, "Le Duc," and his rider were at the gate of the mansion, the rider dismounted at her side, while a servant took the charger and fastened him in the shade of a convenient maple tree. The girl looked up at the soldier from the bed of lilies-of-the-valley that she was tending. Her face was, perhaps, of a slight pallor.

"Mistress Betsey," said the young officer, "I recall that last year I helped you plant those lilies, and now I see them blooming here. Time, indeed, passes quickly."

"And now thee comes to say goodbye," said the maiden with a clear, direct look, "and soon, victory won over our foes, thee will be returning to thy native country."

"You speak of a speedy victory," said the soldier gravely, "but 'tis now five years and more since Concord and Lexington."

"God give us grace," responded the maid, a noble expression on her young face, "to keep steadfast five years more, if need be; but we have great faith, hereabouts, that our General, with thine, will soon change 'this winter of our discontent and make it glorious summer,' as some words my uncle read me from one of Master Shakespeare's books come haltingly back to me."

"Betsey," burst out the handsome youth, irrelevantly, "in that short gown of thine, as white as milk; with that fichu of snow and your little cap banding your face until I can scarce see a half-inch of your gold hair; Betsey, you look to me like a little holy virgin!"

"Nay," he rushed on, "look not so shocked nor yet rebuke me, for of such indeed you are! Do I not remember that first night after I had helped you dismount at the Meeting House, and on your uncle's invitation afterward, supped here, that you would not sing for us, because, forsooth, it was the Sabbath night?"

"Thee are at once a merry, happy girl and yet a little saint!"

"Betsey, I have remarked thee well, and at all times and places. Thee was as sweet and graceful in thy uncle's kitchen that night thee served two hungry soldiers with the little cakes made of meal and water and toasted by the fire in some fashion that made them sweet as fine wheat bread to Frenchmen, as thee was that night thee sat in state by the great Washington's side in Hacker's Hall, in Providence; thou art always the same, adorable!"

"Nay, then, *ma chere amie*," he rushed on, "thee wouldst never tell me what said the great man to thee that night when thee smiled and blushed and replied to him so amiably."

The maid desperately seized her opportunity to divert him from the theme he seemed bent on pursuing, and laughing a gay, sweet laugh, said: "Thee may remember that on that night—it was the 13th of last March, I do remember, for 'twas only this morning that I was looking again at my little card of invitation to that ball—I had such a cold and sore throat that I could scarce speak aloud, and would, indeed, have stayed at home but for my uncle's express wish to the contrary. Well, General Washington, noticing my plight, was so kind as to say that he was often troubled himself with sore throat but always applied a remedy that he found beneficial. He said he would recommend it to me but for the certainty that I would never use it."

"And what replied you to that?" inquired the young man, momentarily diverted.

"I said that I would certainly try any remedy that General Washington recommended. And the General said, 'Well, then, the remedy is this: Apply onions and molasses, boiled together. They have cured me, many a time.'"

They laughed, the careless laughter of youth, but in a moment, the soldier growing sober again, said: "But this is no time for laughter. Betsey, I love thee, and if duty should call me away from thee, and I should survive the glorious campaign which but for thee I so eagerly anticipate, tell me that thee will some day cross the ocean with me, and grace my home and make my father and myself the happiest of mortals."

The maid's lip quivered, then, with an effort: "Sir, this day while working in my garden I found a curious little object which had lain a century in our soil until a spade upturned it. 'Twas lost, a hundred years ago by my great-great-great-aunt, Nancy. 'Tis a great jest with our family that Aunt Nancy was so slow that she was once a year in making a night-cap. Her slowness is a proverb with the Arnold's. But 'tis known of her that she was a good and honorable woman. All of my forebears have been so." Here Betsey held out a little, dark, discolored object at which the young nobleman scarce glances.

"*Monsieur, le Vicomte*, didst leave no sweetheart behind thee in thy country of

France before thee came with thy noble father to aid our country?"

The man gave her a startled look, then, in a moment, he was but a boy again. "Betsey," he cried, "I am so miserable, for thee it is I love, not her. She between whom there is some bond with me was made my fiancée for 'reasons of convenience,' as we say over there. Thou dost strike at my honor, Betsey, but I tell thee truly, the maid loves me not and 'tis thee I love, and it will not be a bond of love I break, but even as I tell thee."

"Thee says the maid loves thee not. Doth she know thee well?"

"Since childhood," he owned, "we have been thrown together."

The girl bent wistfully over her bed of lilies, as if seeking to draw wisdom from their sweetness and purity, and then, as if help had been given her, said firmly: "I have a message for thee. The maid across the sea loves thee well, and lives but for thy homecoming."

An hour later, the youth whose face drawn with pain yet seemed at last in expression to somehow match her noble mood, bent over her hand for a last parting. From his shelter 'neath the maple tree came "Le Duc," the noble horse, and again the maid fed him from her hand as she had so many times before in the time since the young nobleman had made the acquaintance with her family.

And if, after so many generations of men, one should say that a maid's hand was held close to a man's heart for a long moment, who can deny the words? But, finally, with a mighty swing, the youth was on his charger and the beautiful creature had borne him away.

Of the next days an historian says that on the eighteenth of June "The sparkling Regiment of Bourbonnais, on the nineteenth the Royal Deux-Ponts; on the twentieth, the Regiment of Saintongue, left, successively, the camps of Providence; keeping always between each other the distance of a day's march. Crowds were present to witness their departure."

Meanwhile, in the Splendid Mansion of Eleazar Arnold, life went on much as usual. Betsey did not go with her uncle to witness the departure of the French troops.

But on the twentieth of June, two days after the departure of the Bourbonnais, the girl, waking very early, heard a sound that sent her flying to the window. It was no dream, for there, near the gate, in the shade of the maple tree, pawed a splendid black charger, riderless.

As quickly as might be, Mistress Betsey was down the stair and her arms about the creature's neck. 'Twas in his mane she found the note. It ran:

"Ma chere, I didst say thee art a little holy virgin. Thou art. But I shall die unless I leave thee some remembrance of a friendship that smells as sweet in memory

as the vale-lilies in thy garden. I know that any gift from my hand would be spurned as thou hast spurned my love. Therefore, I send thee by a messenger whom thou shalt not see, a token of the great regard I bear thee.

"Thou canst not return Le Duc, for his master is far away. I am leaving him in thy care while life lasts.

"Be kind to him for the sake of one who does thy bidding. Adieu, forever."

And firm and free was the signature so proud appended to the note so humble. It read: "Donatien-Marie Joseph De Vineur Rochambeau."

THE FRENCH FLEET

THE arrival of the French fleet in American waters in the third year of the American Revolution was the first evidence of help from the French government. How very nearly this expression of allied sympathy came to be converted into serious enmity—due to circumstances almost beyond human control—will never be known for a certainty, but we may rest assured that it is to the unusual diplomatic skill, sympathy, and patriotism of the young LaFayette and to the mature wisdom of Washington himself, that credit must go for the reconciliation of feeling between the young American republic and the old French monarchy. While this first French expedition was a failure, no discredit can fall either upon its able commander or his men.

Within forty-eight hours after the cabinet of Louis XVI had signed the treaty of alliance with the American envoys, a fleet was being prepared to go to the aid of the American Colonies and Comte D'Estaing, one of France's most honorable and able military leaders, had been selected as its commander. Count D'Estaing was about fifty years old at the time, a skilled veteran with a fine reputation for bravery and soldierly ability. However, while he had commanded ships from the land in past wars of France, he had never been in actual command of a fleet in action upon the high seas. His selection by the king naturally caused quite a bit of

adverse comment from naval officers of long experience, and the attitude of his own officers under him when he put to sea from Toulon in April, 1778, was rather hostile. Starting under sealed orders, the captains of his twelve ships of the line and fourteen frigates did not know their destination was America until they were well out in the open Atlantic. When the destination and purpose of the fleet was then revealed, every man was wildly enthusiastic and anxious to aid a young country which was fighting a nation with which France had long been at odds.

From the first, however, some unlucky star seemed to set upon the expedition. The crossing took eighty days and was made in the face of terrific storms. D'Estaing's original orders were to proceed to Philadelphia via Delaware Bay and attack the British there. The enemy had evacuated the city, however, and after establishing communication with General Washington and the Continental Congress, D'Estaing sailed up the coast to New York. Here he was handicapped by the lack of a pilot. When a pilot, sent by Washington, did arrive, he announced that the ships of the fleet drew too much water to be able to cross the bar at the entrance of New York harbor. D'Estaing was, perhaps, more tantalized than at any other time during the whole voyage, for there in New York harbor lay the fleet of the English Admiral, Lord Howe, all lighter ships which he could probably have captured if

he could have reached them. His men were bitterly disappointed as they saw their chance of an engagement dwindle to nothing.

At Washington's suggestion, the fleet turned about and headed for a new British stronghold, Newport. Here the French ships came to anchor off Brenton's Reef on July 29, 1778, and D'Estaing sent a message to General Sullivan of the American land forces that he was ready to assist him in an attack upon Newport. The officers and men of D'Estaing's fleet were anxious to attack the enemy at once for they were running short of provisions and the dreaded scurvy was taking severe toll among the members of the crews. However, in obedience to the wish of Washington, D'Estaing put himself under the command of Sullivan and when the latter asked for time to get his forces organized, the French leader held his impatient men in readiness until word from the American general should announce the time of attack.

For nine days the fleet lay idle when it could have been almost winning a victory by itself. Such was the courtesy of the veteran D'Estaing to the young American, Sullivan. The plan had been to have the French sail up the three passages of Narragansett Bay, destroy the British warships that lay at anchor there, and capture the 1,500 Hessians who were quartered on Canonicut Island. The Americans were then to cross from Tiverton and the French from Canonicut, thus striking the British two blows at the same time. No doubt the plan would have succeeded admirably if there had not been a delay. As it was, the extra time allowed the English a chance to get the Hessians off the island and also to send word to Lord Howe in New York of their distress.

D'Estaing immediately performed his part of the plan. He sent one ship, the "Sagittaire," up the West Passage. Two other frigates sailed up the East Passage, but the ships they hoped to engage were burned upon their approach. One of these, the "Spitfire," was set adrift as a fire ship, and the French officer who had been detailed to tow it to a place of safety was nearly killed with his whole crew for the ship blew up as he fixed the grapnelling irons.

D'Estaing could have captured Canonicut, but its evacuation made it worthless.

However, the "Sagittaire," aided by the "Fantasque," sailed north of the island. Again the British destroyed ships. This time they were the frigates "Orpheus," "Lark," "Juno," of 34 guns, the "Cerberus," of 28 guns, and the corvette "Falcon," of 14 guns. After this severe blow to the British another delay set in. The waiting produced a great tension in the feelings of the allies, and a lot of tact was required at all moments to smooth the tempers of the allied French officers. LaFayette was invaluable at this period. The Frenchman, though an ardent patriot of his native land, nevertheless was faithful in every particular to the land of his adoption, and his presence as a commander of an American contingent made him available as an astute diplomat. Back and forth and back and forth he travelled between the flagship of D'Estaing and the headquarters of Sullivan, almost exceeding himself in his attempts to maintain the cordiality of spirit between the French and Americans and at the same time to further the cause which would give glory to both.

Finally the tenth of August was set as the day of attack. On the eighth D'Estaing again ran by the British batteries to the island of Canonicut and on the ninth was disembarking his men, drilling them on the island and preparing them for the morrow. What was his surprise to find that General Sullivan, without waiting for the tenth and without notifying him, had crossed from Tiverton to Newport on the ninth and then had sent to ask him for aid. To an old campaigner like D'Estaing and to his seasoned French officers and men this was rank discourtesy. Herein started openly the first dissension between the two sides. The French lost their faith in the Americans and the latter thought their allies over-sensitive and petty. Too, the French thought that Sullivan was jealous of French prestige and wanted to make the affair an American victory. Despite the feeling among his officers, D'Estaing was loyal to the American cause and prepared to send aid to the Americans. Yet fate had a hand again in the turn of events, for at that moment the English fleet of Lord Howe appeared off Newport. There was but one thing to do and D'Estaing did it. He assembled his ships and men and sailed to meet the English. The rest of the story you well

know, how the chase began with the English fleeing back to New York with the French in pursuit until, at the time the signal was given for battle, a great storm arose, crippling each fleet and sending both limping into port for repairs.

Before setting sail from Newport, D'Estaing had sent a message to General Sullivan telling him that he would return after the engagement. The real engagement was a fatal one with the storm, yet D'Estaing kept his word and returned. The Americans wanted him to help them attack Newport at once, but the French leader decided to put on to Boston for repairs according to his first general orders from the French King. At LaFayette's instigation he did agree to send ashore all his extra sailors and his marines to help in the attack if he could be sure it would take place within two days. Another American delay made any definite answer impossible, and the French dared not wait any longer, for they knew for a fact that a new British fleet under Admiral Byron was already near Newport. To have been forced into an engagement with a fresh fleet would have been totally disastrous. The

storm had sunk the French ship "Cesar," and totally crippled the flagship "Langue-doc" and the "Marseillais," and repairs were immediately necessary.

Upon their sailing from Newport the French received a severe denouncement by the Americans which was sent to them as a written and signed protest. In the face of this insult the older D'Estaing realized that the Americans were younger, hot-headed, and disappointed, and, though silent, remained true to the American cause. When LaFayette rode to Boston to ask again for the help of his marines, now that his ships were safe, he acquiesced quickly and prepared to send them at once. However, by that time the English had attacked and had been repulsed, and General Sullivan had made his famous retreat to the mainland.

To D'Estaing goes sincere sympathy and praise. Several victories should have been his and were snatched from him. The Continental Congress later gave him a vote of thanks and confidence, and cordiality was restored, even with those who had been most violently inclined to denounce both the gallant French leader and his men.

CHRISTMAS IN 1780

HE was a veteran of King Louis the XVI. and in a strange country.

She was a Rhode Island farmer's daughter.

He, fifty years of age, and a giant in stature.

She, a slip of a girl and in her teens.

He could not speak a word of English, while she, alas, knew no French!

He hailed from Lyons, France, and had come across the ocean with Lafayette.

She was born on that avenue in Providence which still bears her family's name.

And how these two invented a common language that long antedated *Esperanto* is not, after all these years, surely known. But truth to tell, all the townspeople flocked to the French camp during their scanty leisure to watch the daily drills, the flying colors, the dress-parades, and to listen to the martial music of its bands.

Among the townspeople would be the girl and her father, both to gaze with interest at the activities of the camp and also to transact business, for these gay, gallant Frenchmen had brought a certain measure of prosperity to the local farmers, and Olive's father had taken his cue from Jeremiah Dexter, a neighbor and one of the owners of the land leased by the foreign troops.

Jeremiah, he had heard, had come into his house one day carrying a bag of silver which he had just received from the French for the use of his land and for farm produce, and dropping the bag on the floor had made a fair offer to his two nieces. If either of them, he said, could lift the bag, alone, it should be hers. And neither could lift the dead weight from the floor, and, chuckling, the sturdy farmer again shouldered the bag and went off with it, leaving the two girls with rueful faces.

So Olive's father emulated Jeremiah Dexter, and sold his chickens, ducks, sheep and now and again a "beef critter" to the officers' chief of cuisine, receiving in return "good, hard money," "lawful silver money," which was especially welcome in those war days.

Sometimes he had to wait a little while for his money, but when he got word from Headquarters to present his bill he had only to walk the short distance from his house to the *Commissaire's* department, await a careful checking up of his charges, and then depart with a pocket full of silver.

History records that December, 1780, opened "cold and forbidding. Piercing winds, snow and rain contributed greatly to the discomfort of camp life on Rhode Island and created an urgent demand for fuel. . . Commissary Blanchard kept one hundred and twenty axemen steadily at work in the woods of Pawtuxet."

Olive's father became one of these axemen, glad of the opportunity to get the wage that the French were willing to pay him for his labor.

On the 14th day of that December the Commissary set sail for Newport with a cargo of wood, and the girl's father was one of the workers who went with him. The day was terribly cold, and although a gale nearly sunk the boat, they reached Newport safely that night, and next day they began to unload the vessel. It so happened that December 15th, 1780, was the day that poor Admiral De Ternay died of a malignant fever in a house on Washington Street, in Newport, and, because of the nature of his disease, was buried on the very next day, and our farmer saw the funeral procession.

He looked a little the worse for wear, did Olive's father, that night he returned home, and, sitting at the open fire, recounted the details of the spectacle to his family. Every window and house-top along the streets were crowded as sailors from his own flagship bore the dead Admiral in his coffin down Washington Street, up the Long Wharf, through Thames Street, up Church Street to Trinity Churchyard. Twelve priests he had counted, walking at the head of the coffin, chanting the Service for the Dead, while the bands of the Army and the Navy played their mournful dirges. All eyes were turned upon the most distinguished captains

of the French Navy with their badges of mourning and the more celebrated officers of the French Army, of whom the most important was the Count de Rochambeau who was accompanied by his staff.

It was twilight when the burial took place, and the priests at the grave bore torches while performing the customary rites of the Roman Church. The good farmer, although he had been educated otherwise, was much impressed, and concluded the ceremonies were not "vain things he had imagined them until he had been present himself and felt the solemnity of them."

But now the strain and anxiety of the rough voyage resulted in an illness which afflicted Olive's father, and not even by Christmas Eve would his good wife allow him to go out to present his bill for produce to the *Commissaire*, although he had been bidden to do so from the Headquarters in the Tavern nearby.

For this reason the sick man decided to send his daughter to carry his respects and his bill to the *Commissaire*, though ordinarily he would never have sent his child alone to the camp. But he had come to feel a real respect for the Frenchmen. To a camp so perfectly disciplined, he concluded, he could send his daughter in safety.

So, presently, Olive walked through the snow to the door of the Headquarters. To the tall sentry pacing to and fro before it she endeavored to explain her errand, but, alas! he could not understand a word she said, for he did not know a word of English. But he better understood the paper in her hand, and motioned her into the house and up a staircase. Through the great tap-room where officers sat in groups, talking or writing, and up the stair into a long chamber where logs burned redly on the wide hearth, the slip of a girl wended her modest way. Somebody in uniform took her paper and motioned her to a seat in a dim corner.

As she waited, she noted the table, set out for supper, in the centre of the chamber, and presently saw the officers gather around the board, a magnificent company in their rich uniforms, their dark eyes sparkling under their powdered hair. Each man wore a badge of mourning, and for this reason and the fact that these gallant soldiers were far from their own country on this Christmas Eve, the girl sensed, the gay chatter of their

native France was not so much in evidence as usual. A noble, commanding figure whom everybody called “Markee” took his place at the head of the table. At his right was seated an apparently honored guest—an elderly man, an American and not a soldier, and his sober garb was in great contrast with the splendid attire of his hosts.

When all were seated, this dignified old man stood up and began to pray. Yes, over that table where the flowing bowl awaited them was pronounced a long prayer. In regular old Puritan fashion the Governor of Connecticut was “saying grace.” And in accents of such reverence and with such sincerity that from the mustaches of twenty versatile, laughter-loving Frenchmen involuntarily sprang, at the prayer’s close, twenty devout and fervent Amens!

It was when the company, standing, was drinking splendidly to the health of Washington and to the health of the French King that the *Commissaire* slipped into the room quietly, and from her dim corner Olive saw him move a little slide in the wall and take from behind it a small, heavy bag. Pieces of silver he took from it, and counting out a goodly number he replaced the rest in the bag and put it back again into the hole in the wall so artfully concealed by the little sliding door that appeared a part of the woodwork. One may see this little secret hiding-place to this day in the wall of the upper chamber in the old Pidge Tavern now within the boundaries of Providence.

The *Commissaire* then beckoned to the girl and gave her the silver pieces which you may be sure were carefully placed in one of her large pockets, and at the foot of

the stair said a word to the gigantic sentinel who just now had been relieved by another, and who followed Olive out of the Tavern door.

It was bitter cold when the slip of a girl and the giant soldier stepped out into the night, but the stars were so bright and so beautiful that they fairly dazzled the eye. “*Le Commissaire me commande de vous escorter en sureté a la porte de votre père,*” (“The Commissary bids me to see you safely to your father’s door,”) he said, awkwardly. And so he saw her safely to her father’s door, and that was the beginning of a friendship that blossomed into a love so true that though he was fifty and she but in her teens, and though he spoke not a word of English while she, alas! knew no French, when the French troops sailed for home at the close of the War, Captain John George Curien remained in our country, and he and Olive lived many happy, married years in our own City of Providence.

And Olive,—what was her full maiden name? ’Twas a rather curious combination, for her descendants affirm that it was Olive Branch.

And in all those happy years he never spoke a word save in his native tongue! But be that as it may, when he died his widow wrote in *English* the verse you may read today on the soldier’s headstone in old Mineral Spring Cemetery in Pawtucket,—and you will note that the grave is a very, very long one. The verse reads:

“He crossed the raging ocean
This country for to save,
’Twas France that gave him birth,
And America a grave.”

A NEWPORT LANDMARK

NEWPORT has so many landmarks—it is truly historic in atmosphere—that it would be difficult to choose any one spot or object and call it the most distinctive according to historical standards. There is the Old Stone Mill, supposedly reminiscent of the years 1001 to 1008 A. D., when the Vikings visited Narragansett Bay. A later period is represented by the old Redwood

Library, Trinity Church, and the Jewish Synagogue. Again, what of that grand old ship “Constellation,” or the old Market House, or the Friend’s Meeting House, or the Old Colony House, at the head of Washington Square? All these are outstanding as landmarks, but it is not of them that we shall choose to deal. It is our purpose at this time to turn to another class of landmarks and select the one which is generally

hailed as the most important. This class of landmarks is made up of the many venerable old homesteads that line some of the ancient streets of the city, and the one that we shall discuss here is the Old Vernon House. Few, if any, will dispute with us its importance or deny the richness of its colorful history.

The Vernon property goes back to the days of the founding of Newport, in the year 1639. It was a part of the original grant of land made to the nine original settlers who left the Portsmouth settlement and decided to make a new town farther south on the island. Jeremy Clarke, one of the seven elders among these nine original settlers, was the first owner of the property. You will remember that it was the son of Jeremy, Walter Clarke, who was one of the early governors of the Colony. And when some of the early streets were laid out, two of them, Clarke and Mary Streets, served as boundaries for this property. So much then for the land itself.

The Vernon House came later, when the property came into the possession of a prominent Newport merchant named Metcalf Bowler. He bought the piece of land in 1758, and in the same year erected the house at the northeast corner of Clarke and Mary Streets. While it is scarcely probable that Peter Harrison was the architect, nevertheless whoever did design the house copied its exterior finish from that of Redwood Library, rusticating it in a manner very similar to the latter.

It is a typical colonial mansion and, as such, very beautiful. When Bowler, the merchant, built it, it had its setting in spacious grounds with surrounding gardens and fruit and shade trees and a coach house and slave quarters in the rear to give it the dignity of an estate. And if the exterior is beautiful, the interior (which has been exceptionally well preserved) is even more so. There one will find the fine wall paneling, the spacious halls and rooms, and the graceful staircase just as in the day when Metcalf Bowler lived in the house. The brownstone steps, before the front door, with their triple approaches, are the only ones of this type in Newport (an unusual distinction) and even such small things as the knocker on this door are original.

Metcalf Bowler was an Englishman who had come first to Boston, living there for a number of years on Beacon Hill before he moved to Newport and married the daughter of Major Fairchild. It was about 1750 when he did this and settled down. The family was one which was well capable of gracing the mansion in which it lived. Mrs. Bowler was a handsome woman who dressed in satins and silks, wore her hair drawn back tightly, and as a last accentuation of her natural beauty wore striking throat jewels. Her husband had not only the wealth and dignity of a very successful merchant, but had the additional prestige of being a warden of Trinity Church and an honored representative of the Colony in the politics of the day. He owned the only coach in town and in it travelled to New York, in 1765, to attend one of the early conventions at which the rights of all the colonists were being decided. In 1767, he gave a great banquet in his beautiful mansion to celebrate the first anniversary of the Stamp Act. Later, it was he who drew up an address to be presented in behalf of the Colony to King George I. In 1768, he was elected to the General Assembly in Newport, and served as speaker of that body for nineteen years. In private life he was a devoted father to his family, and the old house echoed to the happy laughter of his many children.

And where does the name Vernon come in, you ask? We shall come to that at once. In 1773, just before the Revolution, the mansion passed out of the hands of the Bowler family, and became the property of William Vernon, both a merchant and shipowner, and a Rhode Islander of importance. His father, Thomas Vernon, had served as the royal postmaster, as a senior warden of Trinity Church, and as the secretary of Redwood Library, and, as might be supposed, was decidedly a Tory in his sympathies. But the two sons, William and Samuel, were ardent patriots, and partners in business.

William Vernon did not buy the mansion that now bears his name until he was fifty-four years old. The price he paid for it was £2000, a small fortune in those days. Life in the house proceeded on a similar scale as in the days when it was inhabited

by the Bowler family. It was, again, a case of wealth in its natural and proper setting. But the Vernons did not have long to enjoy their new estate in peace. The Revolution was soon upon them, disrupting the business and social life of Newport perhaps more than in any other colonial town. Many of the Newport families went away, but William Vernon stayed on until 1776. Then he, too, closed his estate, buried all silver, stored other articles and furniture of especial value, and departed. But one aunt in the family refused to leave and Samuel, one of William Vernon's two sons, remained in town to look out for her and for the estate. The other son, William, Jr., was at Princeton, but was then sent by his father to France at the outbreak of hostilities.

William Vernon, Sr., became the president of the Navy Board which had charge of all the marine affairs of the colonies during the war. He gave much of his own money to the government for the building of new ships, and his own experience as a shipowner was of inestimable value in filling the duties of his new post.

You may imagine his fears for his property when reports of the destruction of so many Newport buildings by the British, reached his ears. But the mansion did not suffer during the British occupation of the town, and when the French came to take their place in 1780, the Vernon House received its first baptism of fame. In assigning various homes to the officers of the French Army, it was turned over to General Rochambeau to be used as his home and headquarters.

Here, in the north parlor, the great general received his officers, and here he entertained many a distinguished guest, including Lafayette, and, in 1781, General Washington himself. Washington probably slept in the northwest room directly over the parlor, and here it is well to note that this was perhaps the only time that the famous American general and his distinguished French aide lived under the same roof. It was at this time that, during a parade held in Newport, in honor of Washington, there occurred the incident of the little boy who

saw Washington at the window of the Vernon House and exclaimed, "Why, father, General Washington is a man!" To which Washington, hearing the child's remark, replied, "Yes, my lad, and nothing but a man!"

While Rochambeau occupied the house, he had a large hall built on the estate for the purpose of holding official balls and entertainments for his officers and Newport society. William Vernon thought this a bit presumptuous of him, but the matter was soon smoothed out. After the French left and William Vernon returned to take possession of his estate, he sent in a bill to Rochambeau for necessary repairs after his occupation of the house, but charged the general no rent. The bill was immediately honored and paid in good French livres.

Thus, after the war, we find the house comparatively quiet again. William Vernon and his son Samuel once more entered business as Newport merchants and the former became president of Redwood Library. After remaining in France all during the Reign of Terror until the last of the aristocracy with whom he had associated were killed or imprisoned, William, Jr., returned home to Newport, too, bringing with him a copy of the "Mona Lisa" which is reputed to have been given him by his friend Marie Antoinette. It was later returned to France and now hangs in the Louvre.

And now we are near the end of our story. William Vernon, Sr., died in 1806, and his sons lived on in the house until their deaths, William in 1833, and Samuel in 1834. The latter's widow occupied the house until 1858. Then, in 1872, it was sold at auction to Harwood E. Read, and later used by the U. S. Geological Survey, until finally it became the property and home of the Family Welfare Society, which bought the house after Mr. Read's death in 1912, and restored it. It is this organization that owns and occupies it now.

This, then, is the story of the Vernon House, a landmark of note in old Newport, and you will probably agree that few other homesteads can boast of an equal prestige and romance.

BELLES OF COLONIAL NEWPORT

IF THE French officers and men who so gallantly left the gay society and court life of their native land to come to the aid of the struggling American colonists expected to find the latter rude in manners and unappreciative of the amenities of social life, they were happily disappointed. And if the people of Newport looked forward to the arrival of the French allies with a great deal of misgiving, they too were relieved to find these men not "the effeminate Beings" they "were heretofore taught to believe them, but as large & as likely as can be produced by any nation." Certainly the arrival of these many distinguished Frenchmen with their dazzling uniforms and courtly manners made the winter of 1780-81 a period of much needed diversion for a war-weary Newport. The inhabitants of the old seaport took their new guests as a form of wine, responding miraculously to their invigorating presence, beginning to laugh again in the gaiety of social life, and turning with new heart to build up a bustling business and trade. The best mansions of the town were thrown open to the French officers and many were directly allotted to them for use as quarters. Brilliant parties and balls sprang into immediate vogue, and all Newport outdid itself in courtesy and hospitality.

Nor were the Frenchmen one whit behind. Perhaps they knew that a reputation for dissolute living and easy morals had preceded them and deliberately set out to shatter the truth of such evil rumors. Certainly, by acting from the beginning with the most perfect decorum and courtesy, they dispelled whatever apprehensions the people of Newport may have had. Rather, the sight of their brilliant regalia, the white uniforms of the Deux-Ponts regiment, the green and white of the Saintonge, the black and red of the Bourbonnais, and the rose facings of the Soissonnais with white and rose plumes decorating their grenadier caps, soon caused many a feminine heart to flutter, and perhaps to give inward thanks that its owner was alive at such a time.

But the belles of Newport were not the only ones to feel the delightful quickening of the pulse and excited beating of the heart. Charming as the French had found all Newport, they were to a man won by its beautiful women. Accustomed as they had been to the heralded charms of French women, their lavish praise of the fair sex in America (as contained in their many letters) has a greater significance. Refined, attractive, gallant, and always considerate, they vied among themselves all through the winter for the honor of paying tribute to their fair Colonial hostesses and partners at gay social functions. Many a French heart was left behind in Newport at parting time, and many a romance and friendship that graced the winter months will never be known. But we can at least consider, for a moment, who these fair ones were who captivated so many a French eye and mind.

There were scores of attractive young women in the rounds of social life, but, as in any grouping, some must be granted the reigning places as "belles." Foremost was Polly Lawton, the demure Quakeress, "the very pearl of Newport beauties." Of her, as of others, we shall speak later. Then there were her sister, Eliza; Polly Wanton; Mollie, Amy and Abby Robinson; Isabel and Amey Ward; Eliza, Katherine and Nancy Hunter; Mehetabel Redwood, daughter of Abraham Redwood, founder of Newport's library; Margaret and Mary Champ-
lin, daughters of Christopher Champlin, a leading merchant; and lastly Betsy Ellery and her sisters, the daughters of William Ellery, signer of the Declaration of Independence. The constant flirtation and play of admiration between these young ladies and the all-too-susceptible French officers gave a welcome zest to Newport society.

But what did the French themselves have to say in the matter? The gay Duke de Lauzun, a veritable Don Juan, once French Ambassador to London, was completely won by the Hunter girls and their mother who treated him with the utmost hospitality. "Had they been my sisters," he writes,

"I could not have liked them better, especially the eldest, who is one of the most amiable persons I have ever met." This eldest daughter, Katherine, made such a conquest of the gallant gentleman that, on the night before he left America for France, he rode from Providence to Newport in order to have a last hour with her and to bid her good-by.

Prince de Broglie, who has left the best record of the French stay in Newport, adds a bit about the Misses Hunter. He calls them the rivals of Miss Champlin, saying, "The elder of the two Misses Hunter, without being regularly beautiful, has what we call '*un ensemble noble et de bonne compagnie*,' her face is animated and intelligent, she is graceful in all her movements, and she dresses quite as well as Miss Champlin, but she is not quite so fresh-looking. Her sister, Miss Nancy Hunter, is the very personification of a rose; she is gay, is always smiling, and has, what is very rare in America, beautiful teeth." Of Miss Champlin, he gives the following description: "She has fine eyes, a pretty mouth, the freshness of youth, a small waist, and pretty foot, and a figure that leaves nothing to be desired. To all these advantages she added that of being dressed and coiffed with much taste, that is to say, in the French style—and of understanding and speaking our language."

Christopher Champlin, her father, used to keep his horse saddled and a groom on the lookout for the appearance of Martha Redwood Ellery so that upon her appearance he might immediately ride forth to meet her. His efforts at this method of courtship were successful, for later they were married.

But the one young belle of the town to whom the French officers paid their highest tribute was Polly Lawton, the Quakeress. De Broglie says of her "[she was] a very goddess of grace and beauty—Minerva herself, but with her warlike attributes exchanged for the simple garb of a shepherdess . . . she seemed entirely unsuspecting of her own charms . . . and I frankly confess that to me this seductive Quakeress seemed to be Nature's masterpiece . . . Polly had a sister, dressed exactly like herself, and who is very pretty, but we had not time to look

at her when her older sister was present." Count de Segur, another gallant who was completely captivated by Newport's belles, adds to this . . . "So much beauty, so much simplicity, so much elegance and so much modesty were perhaps never before combined in the same person. . . . Her gown was white, like herself, whilst her ample muslin neckerchief and the envious cambric of her cap which scarcely allowed me to see her light-colored hair, and the modest attire in short, of a pious virgin, seemed vainly to endeavor to conceal the most graceful figure and the most beautiful form imaginable . . ."

So it would be possible to go on indefinitely, listing the comments of these inspired Frenchmen. They were enchanted by women of Newport, as a group and individually; and, if their descriptions of these fair enchantresses are at all accurate, and not too highly colored by their emotions, we may credit their taste. Surely the fair ones of Newport were only too glad to have such a chance to make conquests (despite all protestations of their modesty), and the departure of the French, bringing an end to all the balls and entertainment, was lamented by all of them. In fact so deeply and touchingly did some of these young ladies deplore the absence of their admirers, that several of the latter returned to Newport and staged a great final ball for their consolation, a gay and colorful affair, much like a festival.

How well the women of Rhode Island to-day can match their forebears we should not dare to say. Perhaps we may agree with the comment made by Louis, Baron de Closen, one of Rochambeau's aides, who said in his Journal . . . "perhaps one of the prettiest islands on the globe [is Rhode Island]" . . . and "nature has endowed the ladies of Rhode Island with the handsomest, finest features one can imagine; their complexion is clear and white; their feet and hands unusually small." Certainly we should be prudent to do so. But maybe there is some essence missing today to make the same beauty, or at least its atmosphere, complete. When the youth of today speaks of his fair partner as "an awfully good fellow" he doubtless has little of the feeling of "his ancestor, who used to wait at the street

corner to see the object of his devotion go by under the convoy of her father and mother and a couple of footmen, thinking himself happy, meanwhile, if his divinity gave him a shy glance." And today's piquant young miss, driving her sport car with an ease and abandon which would have startled her ancestors, is, despite "her charms, quite different from the blushing little beauty of 1780, who, in powdered

hair, quilted petticoat, and high red-heeled shoes, gave her lover a modest little glance at the street corner, thinking it a most delicious and unforeseen bit of romance to have a lover at all."

We have journeyed on some 150 years since that time, but there may well be times when we could wish that we were French officers in Newport and that the year was again 1780.

THE OLD MARKET HOUSE

LIKE the old Arcade which stands as a monument to the business life of old-time Providence, the old Market House at the foot of College Hill, though threatened on various occasions with destruction, has remained for nearly a hundred and fifty years to strengthen its increasing importance as a local landmark. About both of these antiquities is a good deal of that intangible romance which time alone, if nothing else, brings. And as the Arcade becomes more and more prominent in sharp contrast with the new Providence which grows toweringly about it on all sides, so the Market House attains a new significance as the city builds, and re-arranges, and expands all about it.

Back in the 1770's it looked out upon a community that was industrious and thriving. Providence was at that time growing in direct relationship with its sea trade, and ships sent out to all ports of the world by enterprising Providence merchants were constantly returning with full cargoes to make a bustle of unloading at the many wharves. Those were the years of the stage-coaches, of the infancy of Brown University (then the College of the English Colony of Rhode Island and the Providence Plantations), of dirt streets, of many busy little shops. Those were the times of home-trading, times when the farmers from the outlying countryside used to drive into the city with their wagon loads of produce and hawk their wares about the streets in search of buyers, following no set routes but driving haphazardly wherever the whims of business might lead.

Back in 1758, David Bucklin voiced the need of a common place for the buying and selling of wares and produce in his petition to the General Assembly for permission to have a Market House built for his own use on town property. He had chosen as a site, land at the east end of the old Weybosset Bridge, but was unable to buy the land outright. The matter started a great deal of public discussion, resulting in his being given permission to build a market house at his own expense. However, the unfortunate applicant, who could not purchase the site, had even less money to build a market house. And there the matter ended for almost fifteen years.

It came up again in a letter addressed to the *Providence Gazette* and printed in 1768. But again the citizens of the town, though active enough in other respects, were sluggish in sensing the need for a Market House. Several more years passed with nothing done, but in 1771 plans were started. That year a petition was drawn up and presented to the General Assembly by the townspeople as a whole, asking for the immediate establishment of a Market House for the common good. But the town, like David Bucklin, had no money for such an enterprise, and the only recourse was to a lottery.

Lotteries had played a large part in the development of early Rhode Island Institutions, being then totally free from the stigma which hangs over them now. The First Baptist Church, Brown University, and many other public buildings were financed in part, if not in whole, by this method. And it seems very odd and rather amusing that, in a time when theatres were prohibited, such a

practice should have been not only condoned but enthusiastically supported. Tickets for the Market House lottery had a large sale, and the actual scheme of the lottery was as follows: "Granted by the Honourable General Assembly of the Colony of Rhode Island, to raise Four Thousand Five Hundred Dollars, for building a Market-House in the Town of Providence. This lottery will be divided into five classes, each class to consist of 2,000 tickets.

"The managers appointed are Moses Brown, James Lovett, and David Harris of Providence and Elisha Mowry Jun., of Smithfield, who have given bond for the faithful performance of their trust."

A lot of controversy arose over the choosing of a site for this community building, but the original site selected by David Bucklin so many years before was finally taken. However, this site was then covered with water and had to be filled in before building could commence. John Brown took a contract to do this preliminary work. Final plans were completed by Joseph Brown and Stephen Hopkins and the building begun in May, 1773.

Lumber came from mills at Johnston and Cumberland and bricks from Rehoboth by way of the river. And on Saturday, June 12th, the *Providence Gazette* echoed the enthusiasm of the people in the notice: "Tuesday last the first stone of the Market House was laid by Nicholas Brown, Esq." The famous Brown brothers, as you probably have noticed, were again as prominent in this public undertaking as in many others.

The start had been made but the building progressed slowly. Yet, upon the completion of the first story in 1774, a great celebration took place, and the rejoicing of the workmen and people was aided by their tremendous consumption of potent New England rum. Whether it was actually their pride in the new Market House or simply a desire for another convivial gathering (enhanced by rum) that brought them together again within a month, nevertheless they re-assembled to acclaim the addition of a second story. This jovial old custom, which was always carried out (though to a lesser extent) in the raising of any large building, principally "barn raisings," unhappily passed away many years ago.

Once finished, the Market House sprang into life. Silas Downer, who had made the noted Liberty Tree address, was made the clerk of the Market and had offices on the second floor. The lower floor was given over to trading and was open with the stalls in the places of the full length windows, which were substituted later. The stalls were built in 1776 and auctioned to the highest bidders in the following year.

But there were other matters of far more importance to detract from the importance of the new Market House. The war years were beginning and all Providence was astir. Private business was submerged in the patriotism which demanded the undivided attention of all to matters of state. Throughout these years the Market House, along with other public institutions, was used when necessary to aid the war needs of the colonists. In Brown University the French allies under Rochambeau housed many of their sick, while the Market House was appropriated by the War Council as a storage place for grain. Later, the French not only stored their personal baggage in the Market House but occupied it over night as a quarters. When they departed from the city, they left a guard over the munitions and provisions stored there.

With the ending of the war, the Market House regained its normal activity. It served in its original capacity, and also became more and more of a civic center in other ways. The town clerk had his office on the second floor, and, for a long while, it was suggested that the lower floor be remodelled and used as a town hall. Meanwhile the Masonic Fraternity within the city had been growing steadily, meeting like many an infant organization wherever it could, in taverns, private homes, and the like. But, in 1797, the St. John Chapter added a third story to the Market House and used it for Fraternal rooms. Where the clock is now, was a tablet with the Masonic emblems. And in the Market House, on August 23, 1802, Thomas Smith Webb organized Saint John's Encampment Number One, Knights Templars, the oldest Templar organization in the country. Until 1853, the building served as a meeting place for members of this fraternity, and many a conven-

tion was held within its walls, but, in that year, the growing organization was obliged to move to more commodious quarters.

For a while the Providence Fire Department housed an engine on the first floor of the Market House. And so time passed on, bringing changes on every hand. The Great Gale of 1815 whirled its waters about the old building and drove ships up against it. Fires swept the city, and drastic changes came in the transition from commerce to manufacturing. But still the Market House maintained its importance. Its second floor was continually used by the town for public offices, where the Town Council met, and finally the building became the City Hall in 1865, serving in this capacity until the

present City Hall was erected in 1878. The last transfer of occupancy brought the building into the hands of the Board of Trade, in 1880, an organization which has since become the Chamber of Commerce, and which has continued to occupy the building to the present time.

Not without some protests has the building survived in all its historic glory. In 1898 and again in 1906 movements were started to abolish the building in order to widen the square. However, in both instances there were those to whom we may be thankful who would not stand to have traditions so lightly swept aside, and through their championship the time-scarred structure has remained for us to cherish.

A MARINER'S ROMANCE

*"What snatches of romance, both sad and sweet,
Lie tramped obscure beneath Time's marching
feet!"*

WHAT snatches of romance indeed! Lost in the unwritten annals of history within this State alone is a world of romance. But every once in a while we come upon some fragment of this world, finding it as we might find some piece of classic statuary among the buried ruins of ancient Greece or Rome. And, like many an excavated piece of sculpture, we find our fragments imperfect even in themselves—their beginning and ending, perhaps, broken off with only a few intervening years intact.

The romance of Captain John Willard Russell and Nancy Smith of Bristol is such a fragment, incomplete in a whole bulk of detail, but of an unusual purity in its main outline. In this case, descriptions of our characters are missing, and the events of whole years in their lives are unknown. Yet there is the thread of a story, illusive though it may be, running through the love letters and ship logs of this forgotten sea captain, and that is worth following.

Captain Russell was born in 1770, probably in Connecticut, for there, three generations of his ancestors had lived before him. His great-grandfather had been one of the ten ministers to found Yale University, in 1700; his grandfather had also been a min-

ister; and his father had been with Washington at Valley Forge. With these men for forefathers, he had a strong commingling of the blood of patriots and Puritans in his veins, blood which gave tone to his whole character.

He was the first of his family to turn to the sea, nor did he do so at once. He went westward in 1796 and pioneered his way through New York State to Michigan, where he settled with a few companions at Presque Isle. Two years later, he was sailing from Virginia to the West Indies on his first voyage, and by the next year, when he came to Bristol, had been twice captured by French privateers, imprisoned at Petit Ance, bereft of all his possessions, jailed for debt in Philadelphia, but finally successful on a second voyage as master of a sloop which he sold in the West Indies.

At Bristol, his employer was Charles DeWolf, who placed him in command of the schooner "Nancy" and sent him on a first voyage to Havana. Before he left Bristol, however, he was entertained at the DeWolf home and there met Abbey, the daughter of his employer, and her friend and cousin, Nancy Smith. It was about time for the young shipmaster (then twenty-nine) to let his fancy stray toward thoughts of love. This first meeting was in the springtime—in May, and undoubtedly the young captain sailed

away from his fair Bristol friends with many new and delightful emotions to thrill and trouble him. The two Bristol girls had made him promise to drink their health every Saturday night at nine o'clock during his voyage, and agreed to toast him at the same hour. The first Saturday out he encountered a severe gale and did not recall his promise until the next day, but he drank then to the friends left behind in Bristol. The following Saturday he was punctual to the minute, and writes in a letter the next day, "Heark ye there—You Bristol Girls—how went the cheerful bottle last night—I fear you have already forgotten your engagement, while I at the appointed hour swigged my Saturday night's allowance and religiously toasted."

The voyage was full of many vicissitudes. The West Indies were the rendezvous of privateers and the whole atmosphere of the place was "rough and ready." Before Captain Russell got back to Bristol, he had been robbed and imprisoned by vandals at St. Cruz, freed too late to make the "Nancy," whose mate had sailed off without him, and forced to take a passage in another ship bound for Boston. But through it all he remembered his toasts to Miss DeWolf and Nancy Smith, and found his ship, the "Nancy," safe in Bristol upon his arrival.

Once again he was able to have a short visit with the girls, but almost immediately he had to make plans for a voyage to Africa for slaves. This type of trade he heartily disliked, and yet he was no prig. Later in his life he writes: "This Africa, my friend, ruins the health and takes the lives of nine-tenths who are concerned in it and poisons the morals of most of the survivors."

This voyage, made in the brig "Commerce," was ill-fated. Captain Russell lost some of his crew through sickness and finally had to give up his ship to French privateers. But he succeeded in getting back to Bristol sometime during the year 1801. During this year he must have wooed and won Nancy Smith, judging by his letters to her during subsequent voyages. He writes to a friend: "She is not a beauty—yet in her presence beauties would be discontented with themselves—at first she scarcely appears pretty—but the more she is known the more agreeable she appears—she gains where others lose—what she gains she never

loses—without much knowledge of the world she is attentive, obliging, and graceful in all she does."

He always called her "My dear friend," even in letters to her after she had become his wife. During his period of courtship, when he was walking the deck of a ship alone, with a full moon shining overhead, he thought of her and of nights in Bristol and wrote to her all sorts of courtly niceties, asking her to remember him always when the moon is high, to have indulgence for his letters, and to try and love him as he loves her. "Reserve a little berth (in your heart)—will you—for your friend?" he pleads.

The delicacy of his manners and his whole attitude of deference and respect for this girl whom he loved all his life marks him apart from a host of more rudely-mannered mariners. His letters bear the stamp of real literature and he could write some creditable poetry on occasion. He had a deep appreciation of art and good books, and yet he was wholly a self-educated man.

In June, 1802, he married his sweetheart, Nancy, and remained ashore for a two-months' honeymoon, but all too soon he had to be off on the high seas again. This was a man who was made for great love, who should never have been separated from happy companionship with his wife ashore. But he had to voyage forth and back to the West Indies and even to Europe, working always with the hope that he might be able to retire some day, writing as often as he could and sending his letter by any ship that was bound for any port near Bristol, and waiting for return letters from his "Friend."

"You can have some idea of my sensations when for the first time I feasted on a letter from my wife," he writes from Havana, in 1802, yet several years later he could say: "This I know, that the longer our Union has been, the stronger I find the ties that bind me to you and to happiness, and that the frequency of being separated from you, so far from lessening the pain, only adds to its poignancy."

In 1803, little Betsy, the first child, was born, while he was held up waiting for a cargo at Havana. His love for the child was almost overwhelming, and we find him writing so anxiously to Nancy about its upbringing. "Will you teach her, my love, to lisp Papa's name in his absence—will you

teach her to talk of him and teach her to love him?" he writes, when he is on a long voyage to Holland. This was the longest separation from his loved ones, nearly six months in all, and there was no way of his hearing from Nancy all the while. But he wrote to her—long letters that he put away in one big packet until he found a ship going to Boston. He visited Antwerp and wrote of the beautiful cathedral, built there by the Spaniards, with its 82 bells ringing every seven and one-half minutes and its great clock. He met a Danish sea captain and took him as a passenger to Copenhagen, visiting the latter's home there and playing with his children though not understanding a word of their language. But he only longed for Bristol the more after this, writing: "God grant that I may spend the evening of my days in peace and competence in the bosom of those I love." And then again: "Why, my dear Nancy, would you marry a sailor?"

But soon he was on his way home once more, writing with the zest of a sailor: "It does not now blow quite a gale—though

the water is still flying over our Decks—but we are used to it—heigh-ho!!!—" In 1805 and 1806 he turned again to the West India trade, and it was during that time his second daughter, Parnell, was born.

Then he was writing to his three darlings, Betsy now talking and walking, the new babe, and his constant sweetheart, Nancy. The moonlight nights still affected him as in his courting days. He longed to be home, but adversity kept that day just beyond his reach. In 1809, a third daughter, little Nancy, was born and then, in 1810, a first son. But in this year came the supreme tragedy of his life—the friend and sweetheart to whom he had been writing so long died, sending his hopes of future happiness crashing about him. He had just built a new home opposite that of James DeWolf, but there was now no incentive to move in. He did finally secure the help of a friend, a maiden lady who took care of the children and kept house for him, but his own heart was broken, and he died in 1814. Fate had stolen his romance, and only left tragedy in its place.

CUDDYMONK'S "MOONACK"

IN the mind of the average person, the word "slavery" invariably associates itself with one of three things: Lincoln, the South, or the Civil War. In 1860, the issue of slavery reached the exploding point, after smouldering for more than a century. Perhaps, because at that time, Lincoln, the South, and the Civil War were all links in the bitter struggle over slavery, many people think only of the four war years. It seldom occurs to them that slavery was accepted and even exploited by the most righteous citizens of every community for long years in the early history of the country. In the exploitation of the slave trade, Rhode Island was the leader among the New England states.

As early as 1696, Rhode Island had imported a first shipload of negroes from Africa, men and women who were disposed of at \$150 and \$175 each. In the years immediately following, up to 1708, there was

no great demand for slaves. Then Rhode Island merchants began to realize where lay the path to fortune, and the triangular business of rum, sugar, and slaves came into existence. From Newport, ships sailed to Africa with rum. Exchanging the rum for negroes, the captains then set sail for the Barbadoes where the human cargo was exchanged for one of sugar and molasses, the ships then returning to Newport to stock up with rum again. Negroes were still imported as the years went on but a \$15 duty was levied upon each one brought into Newport. With this money the streets of that fashionable town were renovated and paved.

By 1739, Newport had become the great slave mart of America, as London and Bristol were for England. The triangular business brought in the wealth that was the very foundation of Newport's society and culture. To supply the rum, between twenty and thirty distilleries were operat-

ing steadily. The ships setting out for Africa, would each take about 140 hogsheads of the liquor, together with a supply of provisions, muskets, and assorted shackles. A cargo of rum could be exchanged for 120 negroes, after the traders had bargained with the native chieftains. When the slaves were sold at the Barbadoes, they brought a profit of from \$60 to \$125 dollars each, so that the owners of the vessels—Newport merchants—cleared the goodly sum of \$9,000 or \$10,000 on each cargo. This, it must be remembered, was exclusive of the profit reaped on the cargo of sugar and molasses taken on at the Barbadoes and brought to Newport. Small wonder that the slave trade took on all the aspects of a "boom" during the years from 1739 to 1760.

When the Revolution broke into the order of things and upset Newport in its heyday of wealth and culture, it also broke up the triangular slave trade that had made so many fortunes. In 1774, there had been a law prohibiting the importation of slaves into Rhode Island. After the Revolution, in 1787, Rhode Islanders were forbidden to engage in any foreign slave trade, and by 1803, Federal laws had been passed prohibiting foreign slave trade to all American citizens. But, the slave merchant got around these enactments by trading with South Carolina. That State had also forbidden slave importations in 1788, but the law had failed of enforcement, and in 1803 was repealed. Rhode Island merchants immediately sent great numbers of slave ships to Charleston, Newport merchants vieing with those of Bristol. In 1791, William Ellery, himself a Newporter, wrote: "An Ethiopian could as soon change his skin as a Newport merchant could be induced to change so lucrative a trade as that in slaves for the slow profits of any manufactory." But, in 1807, Congress passed a law forbidding absolutely and for all time the traffic in slaves and the cruel practice was at last brought to a close.

Although Rhode Island merchants had clung to the slave trade with so much tenacity, it did not mean for a moment that they were strong adherents of slavery itself. In 1874, the General Assembly had passed an act authorizing the manumission of all slaves, and provided that no persons

born in the State after the first day of the year 1784, be they black or white, should be slaves for life. Slavery was abolished very early, then, as a Rhode Island institution.

Thus, by the time this particular story begins, the Rhode Island negroes had known freedom for some twenty-five years. They had become a distinct element in society and, because of their former intimate associations with the better class of white people, were not even as poorly treated as some of the lower class of whites. Many of the slaves had had kind masters, and freedom had not been a priceless possession in their eyes. So they lived on under the new conditions, some owning houses and little plots of land, others simply staying on in the households to which they had become so well-accustomed.

Of these, Cuddymonk was of the former class. In 1811, he was living in his little home near Lake Petaquamscut in old Narragansett, in perfect contentment with his wife, Rosann. He was well liked by the whites with whom he had a certain measure of influence. He was a good cobbler, a fair tinker, a poor mason, a worse carpenter, but a fine fisherman, and, of course, extremely cheerful. During the various seasons of the year he harvested, planted, fiddled, or raked for his white neighbors. Among his own people his position was outstanding. Three times he had been elected "Black Gov'nor" of Narragansett, on the grand "'Lection Day" which came round each year on the 3rd Saturday of June. Some of the negroes elected in the past had won the election on the strength of some outstanding quality or past exploit, but Cuddymonk was chosen simply because he was a "pollertishun."

The office was an honorary one. It offered no attendant salary, merely a wealth of prestige. Called upon as a judge in many disputes between members of his own race, the "Black Gov'nor" was also employed by the whites to impart certain information to the negroes or to handle some minor bits of business between themselves and the blacks.

Gov'nor Cuddymonk had his portion of prestige. In fact no one had ever made a better "gov'nor." His only great and lifelong weakness was one as true to his race

as the color of his skin. This was his fear of the unnatural—the negro's hereditary superstition. Cuddymonk did not hesitate to practice all kinds of witch charms, "con-jures," and "projects," though he always professed to be a member in good standing of the "Pistikle Church." Great was his fear of the dark, and the spooks and "moon-acks" it contained. It was just this great superstition that made him fear to take the job of driving for old, rheumatic Dr. Greene. Cuddymonk had protested in vain. Rosann, scoffing both at his fear of ghosts and his laziness, made him report to the doctor, and Cuddymonk's era of terror began. Dr. Greene had scores of night calls, and the frightened negro had many a drive over dark country roads, past the little private graveyards that he so much feared.

One evening, when Cuddymonk had begun to think that there would be no call for him to go out, young Joe Champlin dashed up on horseback demanding the doctor. Knowing that the Champlin Farm lay beyond Boston Neck, Cuddymonk tried all kinds of subterfuge, hoping to be allowed to stay at home. But the doctor was obdurate. Scarcely giving poor Cuddymonk time to put on his coat and waist-coat inside out (a sure protection against ghosts), he made him drive off.

It was a dreary ride. The doctor was by nature extremely taciturn, and Cuddymonk did not even have a chance to talk and relieve himself of his many fears. Whenever, he had to get down from the carriage to open a highway gate, it was with the most fearful apprehensions. In his superstitious eyes every shadow assumed evil proportions, and the whisper of the wind through the trees seemed to be the dismal moaning of spooks and "moonacks."

At the Champlin Farm Cuddymonk again tried to dissuade the doctor from driving any further that night, but the old physician told him to be ready to start back in half an hour. On the return journey, Cuddymonk was even more sensitive to shadows and graveyards for Ruth, the Champlin's colored cook, in an attempt at sympathy, had filled the susceptible "Cuddy" with all the ghost stories she knew. The trip home might have been uneventful, but for the doctor's decision to return by way of Pender Zeke's corner and

pass the foundation and graveyard of the old Narragansett Church. At the mention of the dreaded spot, Cuddymonk broke down. But again he pleaded in vain, for the doctor reprimanded him severely and ordered him to drive on.

With his eyes rolling in terror and moaning to himself Cuddymonk drove on until he came to the church. Then with a wail of fright and despair, he suddenly gave way entirely. Even the doctor himself was startled, for there ahead of them by the roadside a tall eerie shape, human-like, was palpitating and glowing with an uncanny light. The doctor took the reins from Cuddymonk's nerveless hands and brought the horse to a stop. When he started to climb out of the carriage to investigate the weird shape, the negro came to life, startled out of his lethargy, and threw his arms about the doctor imploring him not to venture from the carriage and leave him behind. But the doctor's curiosity had been aroused, and he was determined to solve the mystery. In passing through the graveyard of the church he stumbled and fell into an open grave, half-filled with water. Not at all frightened but fearing fresh attacks of rheumatism, he shouted for Cuddymonk to come and pull him out. He might as well have called upon a stone statue for help; the negro had lost the power to move.

Unassisted, the doctor clambered out of the grave and stubbornly made his way toward the ghost. When he reached the apparition he paused, said nothing, but immediately returned to the carriage. Grasping the terrorized negro by the collar, he fairly dragged him toward the shimmering white shape. Only when he had the poor black directly before the dreaded "moonack" did he say, "Look at the ghost, Cuddy!"

What was it? Merely a shad bush in full bloom, its myriads of white blossoms seeming to glow in the moonlight. In a sudden revulsion of feeling Cuddymonk almost fainted.

The doctor, having solved the mystery, again began to think of his rheumatism, and telling Cuddymonk to drive as fast as possible, directed him toward the nearest farmhouse. There the old doctor woke up the inhabitants and secured treatment for his rheumatism as well as shelter for the

night. As he started to go to bed, he called Cuddymonk and told him to continue on home, tell Mrs. Greene of the mishap, and return for him in the morning. Solemnly assenting, Cuddymonk left the doctor to sleep in peace. But once downstairs the negro followed an idea of his own. He un-

harnessed the horse and led him to a stall in the barn adjoining the farmhouse, then clambered into the hay in the loft and slept the night through.

In the morning he woke early, hitched up the horse, and was waiting, as he had promised, before the door.

CAPTAIN JOHN DeWOLF

JOHN DEWOLF, known as "Nor'west John," was of the third generation of the famous Bristol family which, along with Captain Simeon Potter, played a prominent part in making the name of the old Rhode Island seaport known throughout the world. Seaports sometimes seem to rise and wane not only with the passing years but with the various changes in ships and shipping that come inevitably with invention and progress. Bristol's fame as a seaport is now but historical, for her day was the day of square riggers and packets. In that day, however, she bred men whose skill and daring upon the high seas was second to none.

When John DeWolf was born, in Bristol, in 1799, his uncle, James DeWolf, later the owner of the famous "Yankee" and other privateers, had already acquired a pretty thorough knowledge of the sea for he was master of his first vessel at the age of twenty. But the former was a close rival of his uncle for he went to sea at the age of thirteen and received his first ship at the age of twenty-four. When he sailed this ship, the "Juno," out of Bristol, in 1804, he began a series of voyages and travels which carried him completely around the world, and he did not see Rhode Island again for three years and eight months. Upon his return to his native town he continued in Russian-American trade until he retired from the sea at the age of forty-eight. For a while he remained in Bristol, taking up the life of a farmer, then moved to a farm in Brighton, Massachusetts, and thence to Dorchester, where he spent the last years of his life with his daughter, Mrs. Downing. Here he died, in 1872, at the age of ninety-two.

His granddaughter provides us with a tenderly written sketch of his last years.

She writes: "I never knew a more beautiful old age. Beloved by those of all ages, he had many friends among the young people and was young with them, and his grandchildren were devoted to him. They called him 'White Grandpa,' on account of his silvery hair, to distinguish him from my father. They always knew in just what spot in the room to look for candy and fruits which he always had for them, and if there was anything they particularly wanted they were always sure that 'White Grandpa' would give it to them. Like so many old people it was hard for him to adapt himself to modern improvements. And especially the new ideas of shipbuilding were not always to his liking. At the window of a room in our summer home, commanding a fine view of Boston harbor, we would often find him holding his spyglass at arm's length, and if sometimes we would ask, 'What do you see, Grandpa?' he would invariably reply, 'I was looking at those blasted three-masted schooners.'" During his seafaring days, three-masters were unknown and even schooner-rigged vessels were rare, and he had never outgrown his preference for the old square sails of the brigs and merchantmen.

So much as a brief résumé of his life. Now to relate the tale of his first and most exciting voyage as ship's master. The "Juno" was a sturdy vessel of two hundred and fifty tons. She had just previously brought into Bristol the first cargo to be received from China and was generally considered a crack ship. She was armed with eight carriage guns and other smaller pieces and seemed much like a warship as she stood out of Narragansett Bay bound for the Northwest Coast with young John DeWolf in command.

Near the Cape of Good Hope the Rhode Islanders fell in with the ship "Mary", of Boston, also bound for the Northwest Coast, and agreed to keep company with her in rounding the Cape. But after the negligence of the latter's helmsman had resulted in a broadside collision of the two vessels, the "Juno" went on alone. Shortage of provisions and fuel made Captain John head for Valparaiso, in spite of the fact that he would thus expose himself to Spanish hostility. There was a good deal of fuss about his coming into the harbor, but he was finally allowed to provision up and proceed on his way.

The next long course was set for Newetee, a small inlet in Vancouver's Island, where the Rhode Islanders expected to begin their first trading with the natives. In entering the narrow straits to the harbor the vessel, because of a lack of wind, was swept by the strong currents within oars' length of the high cliffs, and the crew had a difficult time in keeping her off the rocks. The Indians in this vicinity were hardened to trading with white men and were much too avaricious in their demands, and the "Juno" again put out to sea, this time headed northward for a Russian settlement at Norfolk Sound. Here the Americans met with excellent treatment at the hands of the Russian governor and succeeded in disposing of a lot of rum, tobacco, molasses, sugar, rice, wooden ware, and cloth in return for sea otter pelts.

The "Juno" then turned back down the coast, stopping at many little harbors to trade with the natives and frequently having to display her full armament to discourage threatened attacks, until she again reached Newetee. Leaving this harbor and heading northward once more, she sailed far up the Chatham Straits and, on coming out, struck on the rocks and was lodged there high and dry. That the Indians might not suspect the actual mishap, Captain John ordered his crew to go overboard and seemingly proceed to work on the hull of the vessel, as if they had driven her upon the rocks to accomplish this very end. The ruse worked (and the crew did actually make some needed repairs), and with high tide the "Juno" floated off successfully. This unfortunate occurrence had given the crew a good chance to inspect the vessel and note the immediate need of a complete overhaul-

ing, so Captain John determined to return to the friendly Russian settlement where full repairs could be made without the accompanying danger of Indian attacks. On the way the "Mary" was sighted, and she proceeded to the settlement with the "Juno."

The governor again received Captain John with hospitality. The "Juno" was speedily hauled up on shore and reconditioned. The thousand otter skins already in the "Juno's" hold were sent on to Canton, China, by the "Mary." Meanwhile a Russian brig arrived at the settlement, bringing three lieutenants of the Russian Navy; Nicholas Resanoff, a powerful nobleman, and Dr. George Langsdorff, from Germany. Captain John was introduced to them all by the Russian governor, and within a short time sold the Russians the "Juno" for \$68,000, getting a small Russian brig to boot. In the latter vessel, with a cargo of 572 sea otter skins, Captain John sent his crew and officers on to Canton, but he, himself, accepted the invitation of the Russians to remain at the settlement through the winter. They promised to take him on with them to Ochotsk and St. Petersburg in the spring.

It was a rather long and dreary winter for the Rhode Island sea captain for the whole population of Russians and Aleutians was kept hard at work and he was left much to himself. However, he made a close friend of Dr. Langsdorff, who was an ardent naturalist, and with him roamed all about the surrounding country in "baidarkas" (log canoes), encountering many Indians who, although hostile to the Russians, accepted the two explorers with good grace. When the winter became too strenuous for even the Russians to be outside, games and square dances were held in the larger log buildings to cheer them up during the long evenings.

In the spring the Russians were slow about keeping their promise to Captain John, and he finally asked them to let him take one of their smaller vessels and go on by himself. To this they were glad to assent, and he sailed away in the brig "Russisloff," taking a crew of seven Russians and natives, and Dr. Langsdorff as a personal companion. They sailed north, touching at various points along the coast of Alaska. At Illuluk they picked up a woman and her daughter

who wished to go back to their native town of Irkutsk, in Siberia. But, inasmuch as the ship had not left the Russian settlement until August and was a very slow sailer, the chances of reaching Ochotsk before autumn were slim, and rather than proceed to that port and have to cross Siberia in the winter, Captain John decided to spend the cold months at Kamtchatka. Here his explorations continued, for he purchased a sledge and dog team and soon became an expert driver. The "Juno," which had overtaken the "Russisloff," also wintered here.

In the spring the "Juno" broke out of the ice and got on her way first, but Captain John was not slow to follow and reached Ochotsk in June. Here he left the sea and his good friend Dr. Langsdorff and started a long journey by horseback across Siberia, in company with a small band of Russians. He reached Yakutsk and there took to the water again, assuming command of a small river craft and sailing it up to Irkutsk. Here he was again joined by Dr. Langsdorff who

had been pushing on in small boats to overtake him. But Captain John's immediate destination was St. Petersburg, and he took leave of his friends and set out in a sort of rude carriage for his goal, 3,500 miles away. This was in August, 1807, but by October the traveler had reached St. Petersburg. Here he learned that his original crew and officers had returned to Bristol and that the net profits of the undertaking had amounted to \$100,000.

Thus there was nothing further for him to do but return home. He sailed for a short way down the Baltic as a passenger on a Dutch galiot, but shortly sighted an American vessel homeward bound for Portland. Transferring to her, he had a forced stay of two months in Liverpool while she underwent repairs, but finally reached Bristol again on April 1st, 1808. This is the barest outline of a real tale of adventure, but it shows that Rhode Island was early represented among the travelers around the world.

THE CLIPPERS

SAIL HO! That was the call of the lookout for years and years of navigation. Sails! Since the beginning of all recorded time men have used them. They were spread in ancient days above the tiny craft of the adventurous Tyronese. They drove the famed Phoenician merchant vessels to all the ports of the Mediterranean. They urged the Grecian galleys on to conquest and colonization, and they lent their aid to the warriors of Carthage and the sturdy Roman conquerors. Trader, Viking, discoverer, and pirate, men of peace and men of war have all raised their sails high on the masts of their ships and fared forth upon the unknown expanses of the trackless sea.

In all history sails have aided men, extending his commerce, assisting in his wars, and making possible the thousands of voyages which gave him understanding and control of the world. Now the end has come. Sails have fallen to the level of playthings. The spotless sails of the graceful little

sloops and racing yachts which one sees in society's harbor and the dirty sails of some solitary two or three-master slinking down the coast are both totally unworthy of comparison with those of the gallant vessels which formerly sailed the seas. Of course such a sweeping statement is not completely true. Here and there some tiny little port like Gloucester, Massachusetts, still has its hardy sailors and its white-sailed ships both dependent on the wind for service and a living. But very rarely, in this day of coal and oil burners, are seen the tall masts of a ship, crossed by spars intended for the carrying of sails, and gone from the sea is that most beautiful of all the maritime works of man—the clipper ship.

What were these clippers that have won a place in the heart of every lover of the sea?

We must go back to the early days of exploration, when the Americas were just coming into prominence as lands of hidden wealth and promise. In those days when the great English trading companies were formed, one must be mentioned. The

British East India Company probably did the greatest amount of trading the world had seen up to its time, and the success of this company was due to one thing alone—the magnificent British East India ships. They were built like frigates and moved with all a frigate's stateliness. Their officers wore dress uniforms; their finer appointments were of mahogany and brightly polished brass; and their snow-white sails were one mighty cloud of canvas.

But in these majestic vessels there were no radical changes in the lines of the hulls, or the cut and number of sails. The old models were simply duplicated in larger sizes. These ships were still the clumsy and slow vessels that their predecessors had been. They took eighteen months for the round trip to India, proceeding leisurely, little dreaming of the downfall that was to come.

The monopoly which England held on the East India trade was the guardian of these ships and their leisure. With the rising competition in trade by other nations, changes began to appear which presaged the end of the East India merchantmen. From 1832, the way was paved for the immediate development of the clipper, but even for a while before that some of the precedents which had safeguarded the old-time ships had been broken down.

Probably the American packet lines, which began to win fame on the Atlantic shortly after the close of the War of 1812, were the most devastating of all the influences which were to prove fatal to the supremacy of England and her grand East India merchantmen. These American-built vessels were the forbears of the great transatlantic lines which now operate between America and Europe. They were the direct result of the great increase in commerce and the rapid development of manufacturing. They sailed on time always, and made a specialty of carrying only passengers, mail, and bullion. For the men who were beginning to realize that speed was beginning to count in industry and commerce as never before they were a necessity and a Godsend. These small packets did their utmost to make rapid crossings of the Atlantic. They crowded on all sail possible, riding through gales under full sail when the East India ships would have cut down to only a small

square of canvas. Naturally they obtained more passengers than the slower vessels, and just as naturally they were a tremendous source of profit to the owners.

However, before these packets had begun to disappear from the lanes of the sea, the designers who had planned them were already building a new type of vessel which was, in turn, to surpass them as they had surpassed the British East Indiamen. These were to be the clipper ships.

The first clipper ships were not, in the present day meaning of the word, clipper ships at all. They were only the small swift vessels that were developed on Chesapeake Bay at the time of the War of 1812. They were small and attracted very little attention at the time. But, even the real clippers when they first appeared were small. A Baltimore firm built the first one in 1832, christening her the "Ann McKim." Her distinguishing points were her very narrow beam and her skysails. The latter had never before been used by any type of ship whatsoever.

Although the "Ann McKim" turned out to be a very fast ship, she failed to influence nautical design. It was a young man named Griffeths who designed the clipper which set the pace for all American shipbuilders. This ship was the "Rainbow." She had all of the features of her predecessors and, in addition, had a new type of hollow bow, a sharper prow and stern, and a very narrow beam.

Despite the adverse comment of critics, she not only *sailed* but made a voyage to China in 92 days and a return trip in 88. Clipper ships were the immediate vogue in American shipping circles after this feat. They set new records on nearly every voyage completely outclassing the famed British merchant marine. They were built larger and larger, one, "The Great Republic," having a tonnage of 4,500 tons. Some of these swift vessels could average between twelve and fifteen knots on long cruises, a record better than the majority of steam vessels can set today.

And Rhode Island was not behind in her share of these vessels. Not a few of the clippers were built on the shores of Narragansett Bay, at Fox Point shipyards, now extinct. In particular did the shipping firm of Edward Carrington, a gentleman and

military leader of the old school, build and maintain a fleet of these ships. In this fleet was the "Carrington" a splendid ship which carried many tons of valuable merchandise to foreign ports, and which repaid the Providence firm many times over for its building. The white sails of the clippers were as frequent in these Rhode Island waters as in almost any other port, and they did their share in building up the shipping industry of Providence.

The last clipper built in Providence was the "Haidee," that eventually became a "slaver." The date of her completion was 1853, and she was the last ship to be built in Providence. Despite the beauty of the

little vessel, she was destined, because of her calling, to be outlawed, and was finally scuttled.

The days of the clippers came to an end shortly after. Steam began to be too powerful an adversary. Within a few years the great white sails were gone from the horizons of the Seven Seas. Even the English clippers—built later than those of America—also disappeared, and the only substitutes were the smudges of smoke which marked the triumph of steam. Steam has won, but where in the present day can one find in the mechanical perfection of an ocean liner, the thrill of acres of billowing canvas, stretching before the wind?

ODD CHARACTERS OF OLD NARRAGANSETT

PRACTICALLY every community has its eccentric individuals and rare personalities—if one searches them out—but in the thickly populated cities and larger towns of the present day they are apt to be absorbed by the life about them and not so outstanding as in the days of a century or more ago. Then, whole families were generally well known throughout long stretches of countryside, while individuals with especial charm or some rare abilities would be famed the length and breadth of the Colony. And servants as well as masters shared in such renown. Many held honored places in the families they had served for several decades and, though colored, were held in the greatest respect by whites and negroes alike. It is in a few of these old-time servants as well as in a number of picturesque characters among others of their race that we shall herein be interested. In olden days in Rhode Island, negro servants were employed almost exclusively, and it is these romantic-souled people who were found on many a farm, the women bustling in the height of their glory about the kitchen or rocking the younger children in the nursery, the men working in the fields or regaling a group of admiring youngsters with some of the tall tales that only a negro could invent.

One of the most noted negro characters of Narragansett, especially after the Revolution, was Old Guy. He had been a volunteer and had served through the war in Colonel Greene's regiment, a fact which, in his opinion at least, was greatly to the advantage of this country. Certainly the war provided him with abundant raw material from which to weave all sorts of tales to recite solemnly to circles of pop-eyed children. Invariably he was the hero in all such tales, and on scores of occasions he had saved the fortunes of the country by some deed of timely bravery.

Whatever his actual exploits may have been, the government saw fit to provide him with a pension in addition to his freedom; and ever after his prestige among his own people was heightened enormously. Every Independence Day found his tall, military figure among the rest of the war veterans on parade, and on nearly every "Nigger 'Lec-tion Day" he filled some position of honor.

But let us go on. There was that famed old soothsayer, Silvia Tory. She was a thin and angular old woman, harmless enough despite her "evil" eye and general air of gloomy mystery. She had her cabin on a tract of land called the "Minstrel" (meaning "ministerial") because of its owner-

ship was a subject of dispute between Dr. MacSparran of the Episcopal Church and Dr. Torrey of the Congregational parish. From the latter Silvia took her surname, claiming to be the last of his slaves.

Young people often came to call upon her, bringing small amounts of tea as gifts in order to inveigle her into telling their fortunes. She was easily persuaded and would retire into a separate room with each one of a group, there to make mysterious incantations over a "drawing of tea" before unveiling the events of the future. For girls she had one invariable formula, guaranteed to be acceptable. She would prophesy the coming of a handsome suitor with a "dark, but fair" complexion who would involve the lucky girl in a whole series of "crosses and losses" before she married him in the end. "And," she always concluded, "you'll live happy ever after, in a fine home on a high hill with wood on one side and water on the other."

But in addition to pleasing young people, Silvia took on many a serious commission from older folk. To her they came when they had reason to think some of their livestock had been stolen or lost, and she would give them all sorts of minute occult directions for its location and recovery. Perhaps it is strange to think of mature persons following the solemn advice of this old crone, especially since the time was about 1850, yet, up to her death at the age of 104 years, Silvia never lacked clients.

Of course, no rural community would be replete without its one all-capable and favorite musician. In Old Narragansett, one Polydore Gardiner filled the bill. He was a free man and a landowner besides, though his father had been a slave before him, and had his little hut on the untillable pasture land of the Matoonuc Hills. Polydore was a fiddler by profession, one who knew each and every old tune that was calculated to send feet tapping and dancing. An affable old fellow, he was always willing to lend his incomparable services to many an old-time dance and he enjoyed a reputation of great note.

Old Patience would have made a better character for a soothsayer than Silvia Tory as far as her general appearance was concerned. She was a wild-looking individual, a wanderer and pensioner, caustic of tongue

and wit, who drifted about the countryside at will, keeping aloof from most of her own people. For her "Cousin Is'bel," however, a servant in the household of Dr. George Hazard, of South Kingston, she had great respect. In the kitchen over which this cousin presided she would sit for hours at a time, huddled into the chimney corner and neither stirring or speaking unless spoken to. Those who poked fun at her knew the full force of her sharp tongue, but she was not always bitter-tempered. Under the influence of a bit of kindness she would become communicative and would talk of "Master Isaac," a former master whom she had tended as a child. This person was always hailed by the old woman as the very incarnation of virtue. With a group of interested girls for an audience she would launch into a splendid eulogy; and, although it is extremely doubtful whether any of them ever gave her any cause for such a statement, would usually end her free-flowing praise by saying,

"Now be a good girl, missy, and treat the old woman well, and maybe she'll speak a good work or two to Master Isaac."

"Cousin Is'bel" merited every bit of respect Old Patience gave her. Her real name was Isabella Remington, and she had been the slave of Edward Hull until she decided to continue in the service of Hull's daughter who married George Hazard. With this family she lived until her death, except for a short interlude which she spent in Newport.

She dressed neatly and well in a black gown, covered by a working smock of dark blue calico, and always wore a snow-white "mob-cap." She was an extremely capable person and regarded more as a friend than a servant. Cheerful, calm, and benevolent, she was loved by everyone, especially children, and was a highly-privileged member of the Hazard household. Aunt Ibby was her name to all her friends and she had many.

She was a person whose simple charm and honest personality would be a credit to one of any race, and she held the deep confidence and respect of both whites and blacks throughout her life. In her old age her mistress gave her a separate home on the estate, and here she continued to receive her visitors, living peacefully and happily

until her death. As a final token of the esteem in which she was held, she was buried in the burial ground of the Ancient Friend's Meeting House of Narragansett.

These were all renowned characters of Old Narragansett, but there is yet one missing. What sketch of this kind could fail to mention the most noted of all negro retainers — Gambia. That voluble and keenly-imaginative individual had been included in the paternal inheritance of Willett Carpenter of North Kingston, and was a free-man. He, too, was particularly beloved by children to whom his stories of the Guiana, from which he had come, were always fascinating. He claimed to be the last of a line of kings and would delight in describing his father's domain.

"Lived in a great palace, oh ever so big; and you go in at the silver door, up the gold-iron teppitones, and over the door was a pretty little gold-iron dog." Asked what he meant by "gold-iron" he would say,

"Oh better than iron and handsomer than gold, gold-iron was. Well, and when you go up the teppitones, and pound with the knocker the peart, sassy little dog, he bark!

And then you go through long, long entries till last you come to the gold-iron throne and the king sitting on it, beautifully dressed in white man's clothes. British captains have made his father, oh such fine presents; Gambia don't know how many!"

But, like many of his race, Gambia would rather talk than work. He loved riddles and enjoyed his own stories as much as his hearers. When asked how churning was done in his own land he said, "Oh the king, my father, have great large round trench made and lined all with white shining stone. Then pour in cream and fill all up to top. Then the king's beautiful white horses —twenty trained horses they were—they just go down the steps and prance around a little and in three-five minutes butter come."

There were probably scores of other characters like Gambia, Aunt Libby, Polydore, and the others, but these were particularly outstanding in Old Narragansett. What ever else they did they certainly added something to the life of the day, more of that something which the present cannot quite seem to recapture.

A RHODE ISLAND MORMON

RHODE ISLAND has had a finger in all sorts of diverse enterprises and movements, both religious and secular, since its founding by that venerated free-thinker, Roger Williams. In the most obscure as well as the most prominent corners of the world, its name has occurred in connection with the careers and exploits of seamen, explorers, artists, statesmen, merchants, inventors, and religious leaders. So many things have either had their birth or first impetus in this State, or, on the other hand, their last ratification, that in any discussion of them the name "Rhode Island" must play an important part. Yet, despite the fact that at some time or other Rhode Island has espoused nearly every known kind of religion, the mention of Rhode Island and Mormonism in the same breath is rather startling. Perhaps, because Mormonism and Salt Lake City are almost synonymous, the

average Rhode Islander of today does not realize that, again, in this connection his State has played its part.

Of course, both of the two great leaders of Mormonism were sons of Vermont and came from strict old Puritan stock. The move westward to Salt Lake City was a very gradual one, although it was speeded up in 1846 when the Mormons were driven out of Ohio. The inhabitants of Brigham Young's native town, Whitingham, Windham County, Vermont, have always been among the foremost in denouncing both him and his principles, therein proving once more that the prophet is without honor in his own country. Yet, in many ways, such an attitude redounds only to the discredit of those who maintain it, and these very inhabitants, in not acknowledging the greatness of the man, regardless of his unconventional beliefs, have simply "cut off their nose to spite their face."

Joseph Smith had first conceived and preached the doctrines of Mormonism some nineteen years before Brigham Young even heard of the religion. The latter was born in 1801 into a very poor family. The father had moved his family from Vermont to New York when Brigham Young was a boy and here he was raised in an environment well-steeped in Methodism. Young grew up to be quite an agnostic, despite his environment. He gradually learned considerable about all the religions which were prevalent not only in New York as a whole but throughout New England and found none of them to his liking. Finally he became a Methodist at the age of twenty-three merely to avoid disagreeable dissension within his own family. Seven years slipped by, and then Brigham Young came into possession of a copy of the book which the Mormons had published in 1830 and in which they set forth fully the doctrines upon which their religion was founded. For two years he studied the volume carefully and then, in 1832, became a convert. With him in this drastic step was his wife, Miriam Works, whom he had just married. Whether it was the influence of the book or the persuasion of his father and brothers who had become converts before him, which gained his conversion, or the more worldly idea of an opportunity to make money, is not known. But whatever the underlying reasons for his adoption of the new faith, he became its ardent disciple and missionary.

In the same year of his conversion his wife died, and he moved to Kirtland, Ohio, in company with the family of his closest friend. This town was the citadel of Joseph Smith, then the self-heralded Mormon leader and prophet, and it was from this town that Brigham Young made many successful missionary pilgrimages back through the section of the country in which he had been reared. Perhaps he passed through Providence at that time, although there is no record to substantiate such an inference. It was in Providence, however, that his second legal wife-to-be was then living.

She was Mary Ann Angell, a descendant of a family which played a large part in the founding and later history of Providence and Rhode Island. The home in which she was born in 1804 and in which

she lived as a girl and young woman is still standing at the foot of Fruit Hill on Smith Street at the junction of the so-called Old Road. Its exact number is 1240. The tiny, weather-beaten structure, painted a nondescript yellow, has long been known as the "Brigham Young House," although his definite connection with it cannot be positively determined. Small as it is, the structure contains six rooms, ranged in two floors about a massive center chimney. In the basement is a great brick oven. The little porch and the vines that clamber about the eaves have been luxurious additions to the stark bareness of the house as it was originally built. About 1871, the third son of Mary Ann Angell and Brigham Young, John Willard Young, drove out from Providence in a hack to visit the birthplace of his mother, which she had previously described to him in detail. He told some of the curious neighbors that the elm tree which leans protectingly over the little house was planted by his mother when she was a girl. Since that time Mormons have visited the home annually, members of the faith coming every year from Utah to see the place which for them is in the nature of a shrine.

Mary Ann Angell was a Free Will Baptist before she married Brigham Young. She had spent most of her youth closely studying the scriptures and had come to the decision that she would never marry until she met a man of God. Contrary to an old belief, she did not meet Brigham Young in Providence and run away with him after the death of his first wife. She and her family had gone to Kirtland, Ohio, to obtain closer contact with the Mormon doctrines, and it was there, in 1834, that she met Brigham Young and became his second legal wife. He, at the age of 32, was following his trade of a painter and glazier in addition to his missionary activities, and she, two years younger, had evidently found him to be the man of God she sought. This marriage, it must be remembered, took place some eight years before the doctrine of polygamy was introduced into the Mormon creed.

In 1837, Brigham Young visited Rhode Island as a missionary, and it is highly probable that he may then have stayed in the Angell farmhouse on Smith Street. At

least, it is not at all improbable that he should have used the former home of his wife as a headquarters during his travels about New England.

In 1842, Joseph Smith began to preach the righteousness of polygamy, and Brigham Young was not slow to follow his leader in word and action. Of course, this new turn in the doctrines which she had ardently supported placed Mary Ann Young in a peculiar and rather embarrassing position. She had been Brigham Young's only wife for eight years, yet she did not stand in the way of her husband's new beliefs. In capitulating to her husband in the matter of the adoption of polygamy, she was probably more influenced by her profound respect for Mormonism itself, than by any want of proper conjugal sentiment. She was an unemotional woman, however, of Puritan stock and said to resemble Martha Washington in features. Yet, although she followed the belief of her husband, she did not lose her pride, and refused to live with the other wives which he chose in the succeeding years. Only one other wife, the last taken by the great Mormon, had the privilege of a house to herself. The others, twenty-five in number, lived in two large homes built side by side, known as the Lion and the Bee Houses. But Mary Ann Young was always known to all Mormons up to the time of her death as "Mother Young." She seemed to hold the somewhat dubious position of "head" of Brigham Young's wives, but this was undoubtedly because of her own personality and not solely because of her legal marriage to him. She bore him six of his 56 children.

The adoption of polygamy into the Mormon doctrine, regardless of the ethics of the policy, gave the enemies of the new faith a very vulnerable place to attack. And as the Mormons, under the lead of "Prophet" Smith, began to expand their families and take more wives, the enmity of those outside the faith burst with a vengeance. By

1844, Smith had been assassinated. Brigham Young soon took his place as leader, but it was only two years later that the Mormons were driven out of Ohio and started their long journey to the West. If Mary Ann Young had any scruples about polygamy, she was soon obliged to realize that it was not a theory but an established fact. Her famous husband, and all the Mormons who followed his leadership, were taking wife after wife and building up huge families. She was worried only about her position in after life, wondering whether she or Miriam Works would be queen of her husband's family.

While the issue of polygamy aroused the animosity of most of the country against the Mormons, resulting in their persecution, the sending of troops against them, and the final passage of a law forbidding polygamy in 1862, it must never be forgotten that the Mormons led by Brigham Young were a group of the finest pioneers and builders the West has ever known. They were hard-working, thrifty, and progressive people and lovers of their homes and families. They laid a solid foundation for later settlers, and kept the far West open during the most turbulent days in the history of the country. The city which they built is testimonial enough of their character and ability.

The law against polygamy had little effect for many years. Fifteen years after Brigham Young's death it was still in existence among the Mormons. The great leader died in 1877, beloved and honored by his own people, and respected by all others as a man of the highest ability and statesmanship. His Rhode Island wife, Mary Ann Young, came to the funeral on the arm of Amelia Folsom, the last wife Brigham Young had married and the only other one for whom he had provided a separate home. To these two women he willed the joint ownership of Amelia Folsom's mansion, and it was there that the Mary Ann Angell, of Providence, passed her last days.

THOMAS WILSON DORR

WHEN a man has been dead for over three quarters of a century and disinterested persons, who have no direct knowledge of either the man himself or of his times, can appraise him coolly and estimate the true value and purport of his life, he will either be dismissed briefly as an unimportant individual or he will be recognized at last as having been a man of prophetic vision, a great personality which lived in advance of its time. There was too much emotion surrounding the life and times of Thomas Wilson Dorr for him to have been judged impartially by his contemporaries. He is an especially fine example of a man who must lie for many decades in his grave while waiting to be exonerated and honored as he deserves.

What a confused affair the constitution issue in Rhode Island was! A few men on either side saw the facts clearly. But it is doubtful whether the bulk of adherents to either party understood the fundamental purposes and beliefs of their leaders. In addition, too many individuals were trying to reconcile cross purposes and conflicting opinions within their own minds to make their actions anything else but muddled. The result was much as might have been expected. The people's party of 1841 and 1842 was upon too insecure a footing, being an infant organization, to allow for any vacillation among its members. And it was its wavering which lost its righteous cause and brought bitter humiliation upon its uncompromising leader. There was a good deal of the same vacillation inherent among the supporters of the freehold government, but in that instance it did not matter as much. The long reign and the simple fact that, after all, it was the existing government gave it the necessary ounces of power which carried it through the crisis. If Dorr's followers could have seen his cause as we see it now, calmly and without excitement, they would have stood by him to a man, and their issue would have been easily realized.

Thomas Wilson Dorr was born in Providence, November 3, 1805. He was a son of Sullivan Dorr, a prominent manufacturer,

and Lydia (Allen) Dorr. He could trace his ancestry back to Joseph Dorr, a Massachusetts Bay settler of 1660. His grandfather, Ebenezer Dorr, had been captured with Paul Revere upon the latter's famous ride. Thomas Dorr went to Phillips' Exeter Academy and thence to Harvard, graduating from the latter institution in 1823 and carrying off second honors in his class. After that he went to New York and studied law under Kent and McCoun, both recognized as great equity judges and jurists. He made considerable of a reputation for himself as a profound student of law, and was shortly admitted to the bar in New York. Kent, himself, recognized Dorr's abilities and valued his convictions highly, and in later editions of his noted "Commentaries" incorporated various suggestions and changes which his young disciple had made.

In about 1830, Dorr returned to Providence to take up the practice of law. His progress in this city was slow, as is typical with all young lawyers, but particularly so in his case inasmuch as he was generally recognized as a student and not a practitioner in the profession. In 1833, he was elected a member of the lower house of the General Assembly from Providence. Thus was he started upon his tempestuous public career.

He had been a Federalist by birth and had grown up in a Federalist environment, but his principles quickly made of him an ardent Democrat. This was the first thing to throw him into disfavor among the ruling class of freeholders. In 1837, his career in the General Assembly came to an end for he had further estranged himself from the ruling faction by bringing to an end the "bank process" then established, which provided that a debtor's real estate should be attached, levied and sold on the same day that he failed to meet a note, thus excluding the claims of his other creditors in favor of the bank. But these were small milestones along this man's checkered course. His sympathy with those who were beginning to rise up against the existing government, which called itself republican but was nothing

more than an oligarchy, threw him into everlasting disgrace with its "landed" adherents.

Yet he was not the first to assume the leadership of the suffrage party or espouse its principles. Rhode Island's General Assembly had passed an act way back in 1724 limiting the suffrage to landowners and their oldest sons. This continued as a part of the charter after the Revolution. Most of the other States, in fact all except Connecticut and Rhode Island, had drawn up constitutions approved by their people and giving full suffrage. The two New England States believed that their charters were as liberal and as useful articles of government as constitutions and did not bother to change. But the status of the people had been changing with the years. The growing industries in Providence, such as cotton spinning, were creating a new class of people, non-landowners who made up the bulk of the population. Thus those actually in power, according to the old land act, were really the small minority. And, even in 1797, some saw the upheaval that lay ahead. George R. Burrill, in that year, made a Fourth-of-July oration in which he spoke of the necessity of a State constitution. He said that, unless a change was brought about, Rhode Island would display the paradox of a "free, sovereign and independent people desirous of changing their form of government without the power to do it." He believed there was no remedy but in ignoring the General Assembly completely and proceeding to form a new constitution independently.

In 1821, 1822, and 1824, attempts were made to call a convention to draw up a constitution but they all failed. The land holders were still too powerful. In 1829, petitions for an extension of the suffrage were met with contempt by the privileged class in the General Assembly. Five years later a convention to consider ways and means of establishing a constitution was held in Providence, being attended by delegates from all the Rhode Island towns. Dorr was a delegate from Providence. When he made his report on the assembly, he attacked the existing charter vigorously, although stoutly maintaining his allegiance to the State and its founders. He believed, (and he was right in so doing) that at the close of the Revolu-

tion the charter was dissolved as an article of government, that the sovereignty of the King of England did not pass to the Governor and Assembly but rather to the people who had fought the battles of the Revolution and their descendants, and that the people of Rhode Island had the inherent right to establish a constitution (in their original capacity). His report showed that all other States, even Connecticut, had adopted constitutions. This report showed Dorr to be one of the ablest men in the State, a man to be feared by the landowners.

What happened in the swift years that followed is widely known. The General Assembly passed an act in 1834 requesting the freemen of the State to vote for general officers to choose delegates for a constitutional convention. But inasmuch as any extension of the franchise would be vetoed by this body, such a step had no importance, and the convention amounted to nothing. The Rhode Island Suffrage Association was organized in 1840 to agitate for a constitution. Petitions kept coming in for an enlargement of the suffrage. The General Assembly, in 1841, proposed a re-apportionment of delegates to its numbers on the basis of population, but this did not alleviate the approaching crisis.

A great parade, in April of 1841, inaugurated the Dorr movement, and many banners carried by the marchers had inscriptions which forecast the ominous future. Affairs moved swiftly from then on, and we find a People's Constitution drawn up by the Dorr-ites in December, 1841. A short three months later, the General Assembly authorized a similar constitution and drew up a constitution which granted suffrage. It was defeated because many of the landowners voted against it and because Dorr had not urged his followers to vote for it and they were under the impression that they could not do so. Had they done so they would have come into power and been able to set up a new order of government, and the Dorr War would have been avoided. As it was the General Assembly, waking up to the danger of the moment, passed an act making the officers in the Dorr movement guilty of treason and all their meetings illegal. But the act was not enforced, and the Dorr-ites increased in power. When the regular

elections came under the charter, the two governments were at bay, and the consequent failures of the Dorrites at the arsenal and their fort in Chepachet, the collapse of the whole movement, and Dorr's trial and imprisonment were soon over.

Dorr was a great benefactor and reformer of Rhode Island. His principles were absolutely right, but his failure to seize the psy-

chological moments of action and his too-great sense of logic caused his downfall. Though he erred in judgment and seemed to fail entirely, dying, in 1854, a broken man, his firm stand for the right had its influence and resulted in many of the privileges which Rhode Island citizens have today; and he, himself, must be listed high among Rhode Island's honored great.

DOWN THE BAY

ELIJAH ORMSBEE'S invention, in 1794, of a steamboat which would actually run, may have been the cause of considerable astonishment among the masters of the many sloop-rigged packets, that came to anchor in Narragansett Bay, but it certainly did not cause them to worry. They would have laughed at the mere suggestion that any vessels propelled by steam could ever supplant them and their time-honored sailing ships. Yet, the day was fast approaching when they would have to take the situation seriously, and see their trim vessels outdistanced and outdated.

The opening date of the era of steamboats, was 1817, an era which has lasted up to the present day. In that year the ugly little steamer, "Firefly," made her first appearance in Rhode Island waters when she steamed from New York to Newport in about twenty-eight hours. To those accustomed to seeing the slim and graceful sailing ships, this tiny vessel with awkward lines and black smoke was a bitter disappointment. Puffing and wheezing, she continued to Providence, where huge crowds of interested spectators were at the dock to catch a first glimpse of her. Among these who were not only disappointed in the appearance of the new invention, but also had other reasons for dissatisfaction, were the captains of the packets. However, it was a month later, when the "Firefly" went down the Bay to Newport to get President Monroe and bring him to Providence, that their active opposition began. A bitter rivalry arose between these packet-captains and the officers of the "Firefly," the former

making it their business to stand upon the wharf just prior to the departure of the "Firefly" on her regular trips down the Bay and offer to carry all passengers to Newport for a quarter, or for nothing at all if they could not beat the time of the "Firefly." These captains knew well that their packets were capable of beating the slow little steamer, and after a short while they succeeded in driving the "Firefly" from this port.

This triumph was to be short-lived, however, for by 1821 the steamboat had come to stay. In this year the first steamboat excursion was made by the Robert Fulton and steamboats were no longer an oddity on the water route between Providence and New York. The packet owners tried to introduce two bills into the Rhode Island Assembly, one restricting the landing of passengers from steamboats on the shores of the State and the other imposing a 50c tax on all passengers on steamboats. Needless to say, neither became a law.

The early sound steamers, the "Fulton" and the "Connecticut," made one round trip each week between New York and Providence until November, when the "Fulton" would be removed, the "Connecticut" continuing until hindered by the ice.

During the ten or twenty years immediately following the action of the packet captains, new steamers appeared regularly. In 1825, the "Washington" was put into service. She was 131 feet long and was the first steamer to have a pair of beam engines, each independent of the other. Two years later the "Chancellor Livingston" was taken off the Albany-New York route and

placed on the Providence run as an opposition boat to those who had begun to become successful. In 1828, the “Benjamin Franklin” was brought to Rhode Island waters by the rivals of the “Chancellor Livingston.” Between these two vessels occurred the famous race to New York, which the “Benjamin Franklin” won. There was very little difference in speed between the two, however, and they were as fine steamers as were in existence at that time.

In 1831, the “Chancellor Livingston” ran down and sunk the “Washington” during a fog in the sound. To replace her, the “Boston” was built under the supervision of Captain Comstock. She was the first steamer to be constructed without masts and sails. As a sister ship a new boat called the “Providence” was built by the Providence Steamboat Company. With the “Boston” she went into service on one of the lines out of Providence, while the “President” and the “Benjamin Franklin” formed the mainstays of the opposition line. The “Connecticut” and the “Chancellor Livingston” had both been assigned to other lines outside Rhode Island.

With the coming of the year 1832, prospects were bright indeed for all the steamboat lines. They had greatly influenced the stage coach routes already in existence and made possible the establishment of more. The popular way to travel to New York was via Providence, using the coaches and the Providence steamboats. However, in 1832, an epidemic of cholera in New York made a quarantine necessary on all shipping, and the steamboats were forced to suspend their activities for the greater part of the year.

In 1835, Cornelius Vanderbilt constructed the steamboat, “Lexington” and began to take a decided interest in the navigation in Narragansett Bay. The following year, Captain Comstock was the builder of the “Massachusetts” which his brother commanded. She was one of the first boats of the famous Transportation Company, founded by Vanderbilt, and made the trip to New York in thirteen hours. Then began the worst kind of competition between rival steamship companies. Rates were slashed without discrimination in the mad effort to monopolize all the business. This business war extended to all the subsidiaries

of the steamboat lines. The Stonington Railroad, opened in 1837, was the cause of the opening of the Stonington steamboat lines to New York. The railroad came up to the west side of the Bay about opposite Fox Point, where a small ferry carried the passengers across to the Boston trains.

In 1851, a line of freighters was established. These steamboats were the first to get away from the use of paddle-wheels, being equipped with single screw propellers. While this new company did absolutely no business for many months, gradually a trade was developed which grew to tremendous proportions and necessitated the building of even more ships. In the winter of 1856-1857, the Sound was frozen solid and steamboats were unable to reach Newport. The vessels of the commercial line finally literally sawed a channel through the Sound to New York.

But what of the many little steamboats which were sailing up and down the Bay? There were many of them, from the time of the “Firefly” on. One of the first built, by a man named Wadsworth, was named after him. It had a special type of safety boiler somewhat similar to a later principle developed by the Herreshoff Company of Bristol. Following, in the order named, were the steamers “Rushlight,” “Balloon,” and “Iolas.” These made regular trips between Providence and Newport, with side-stops at Warren and Bristol, carrying passengers principally on excursions which lasted through afternoons and evenings. In the 1850’s, the Bay was a hubbub of navigation. Steamboats were coming and going between Providence and New York, and the presence of the many little excursion boats from Providence and Fall River only added to the confusion. Nor was the Bay exactly the best type of a port. Much delay was caused the steamboats because of the shoal in the channel below Fox Point which had only 4½ feet of water at low tide.

These, then, were the days of the early steamboats in Narragansett Bay. There was a great spirit of joviality on board those pioneer vessels. After the evening meal the passengers would gather on the decks and join in song in a complete democracy of spirit. There would be the flagons and decanters upon the tables and the true spirit of good comradeship existed. The round

trip to New York at first cost \$10, and was considered a great event in the life of anyone lucky enough to take it.

One of the early excursions of the steamer "Connecticut," advertised as a fishing trip for ladies and gentlemen to Block Island, was disastrous in some ways, yet was not entirely without humorous aspects. To

quote the *Providence Journal* of 1877: ". . . As the boat started in haste back to Newport it was a touching sight to see the codfish swimming along beside the boat, occasionally looking up with a smile at the seasick party and then diving down a mile or two into the deep in a tumult of delirious joy."

THE PASSING OF LINCOLN

THREE-SCORE and five years ago, on an April night, the vast majority of people in the Northern States went to bed with thankful and relieved hearts. For, on April 9th, Lee had surrendered to Grant at Appomattox. President Lincoln, on the following day, had returned to Washington from the seat of War, and Washington had gone mad with joy at the now certain end of the long strife. This joy had spread, of course, all over the loyal States, for now the cruel war was over; the boys in blue would soon be coming home hoping that years of peace would follow the years of conflict.

There had been happy hearts in the White House on that April day, and President Lincoln had permitted himself some terribly needed relaxation. He had driven out with Mrs. Lincoln that afternoon, and, as they rode, husband and wife had planned happily for the coming years when the great burdens of the nation should have been taken from his shoulders.

He had even consented to add to the relaxation of the drive an evening at the theatre, for he had ever dearly loved a good play and could this night see his way clear to enjoy one with a contented mind.

Here, in the city of Providence that night, the citizens who had lain down with thankful and relieved hearts were rudely awakened some time after midnight by a wild alarum of pealing bells. Their long and insistent clangor brought weary men, perhaps grumbling, out of their warm beds. "What could be the cause of the alarm? Was not the war over at last? Was a man never again to enjoy a well-earned night's rest?" One old man, a child in the cradle that night, remembers well hearing his parents tell how

his father roused and dressed and hastened to the centre of the city to ascertain the cause of the clamor. Soon he returned with white face to tell his family the news. He threw open the outside door and, standing on the threshold, announced in solemn voice: "The President of the United States has been shot by an assassin!"

Next morning came the news of the President's death, and the wildest excitement prevailed. There was much uncertainty at first. Men did not know how widespread might be the plot to destroy the heads of the Nation. Perhaps the comforting words had not yet reached them: "*God reigns, and the Government at Washington still lives.*"

Mr. Lincoln was shot on April 14th, which was Good Friday. When the news of his death was received on the following day, the bells of Providence tolled for an hour, and minute-guns were fired by the Marine Artillery. This was repeated in the evening, when the bells tolled again and the minute-guns sounded from 5.30 to 6.30 o'clock.

The students at Brown assembled that morning at 10.30 o'clock in Manning Hall, and Professors Diman, Harkness and Dunn addressed them.

Committees were appointed from the classes to work with the Faculty in drafting resolutions of sympathy and the gathering adjourned singing: "Oh God, Our Help in Ages Past."

At eight o'clock on Saturday evening a procession of citizens, numbering probably 1500 people, formed on Westminster Street near the bridge and marched, under the direction of Ex-Governor Hoppin, in a drenching rain and to the mournful music of the American Brass Band to the home of Ex-President Wayland, who addressed them.

The *Providence Journal* of April 17, 1865, printed the following editorial:

"Such scenes were never before witnessed in this City as we beheld on Saturday. There was lamentation in every household as tho death had crossed the threshold. The men of business forgot their buying and selling, and shed tears of grief as they met each other on the public streets. We never saw a community so weighed down with sorrow . . . Long before evening nearly every house and store and public building bore testimony to the universal sadness. Yesterday, although it was the glad Easter Day, the churches were dressed in mourning and some of the clergy and almost every worshiper wore badges of some kind, expressing grief . . .

"President Lincoln, at this proud hour of his triumph and glory, when it seemed that he was about to enjoy in peace and quietness the fruits of his four years' arduous toil, has perished by the hand of a miserable miscreant. Too early, alas! for us he has fallen, but not too early for him. He will stand in all history as a canonized martyr to the Cause of Liberty and Human Right!"

With words like these in our ears it is hard for us, who have seldom heard the name of Lincoln mentioned save with reverence, to realize what he had in life to bear.

Mrs. Maud Howe Elliott has told us that she once fled in burning indignation to her mother, saying: "Mother, did you ever, in all your life, know of anyone so maligned as is our friend Mr. Roosevelt?"

The aged Julia Ward Howe deliberately withheld her answer and took a moment to look back down the years of her long life. Then her answer came with decision. "Yes, I knew one." "Who was he, mother? Who could it have been?"

And Julia Ward Howe replied with solemn emphasis: "*Abraham Lincoln!*"

And let us add the testimony of another of America's greatest, the word of the late Edward Everett Hale. Dr. Hale wrote: "With the news of the murder of Lincoln, there came to New York every other terrible message. The office of the New York *Tribune*, of course, received echoes from all the despatches which showed the alarm at Washington. There were orders for the arrest of this man, there were suspicions of the loyalty of that man. No one knew what the rumors might bring.

"In the midst of the anxieties of such hours, to Mr. Sidney Howard Gay, the acting editor of that paper there, entered the foreman of the type-setting room. He brought with him the proof of Mr. Greeley's leading article, as he had left it before leaving the

city for the day. It was a brutal, bitter, sarcastic, personal attack on President Lincoln, the man who, when Gay read the article, lay dying in Washington.

"Gay read the article and asked the foreman if he had any private place where he could lock up the type to which no one but himself had access. The foreman said he had. Gay bade him tie up the type, lock the galley with this article in his cupboard, and tell no one what he had told him. Of course no such article appeared in the *Tribune* next morning.

"But when Gay arrived on the next day at the office, he was met with the news that 'the old man' wanted him, with the intimation that 'the old man' was very angry.

"Gay waited upon Greeley. 'Are you there, Mr. Gay? I have been looking for you. They tell me that you ordered my leader out of this morning's paper. Is this your paper or mine? I should like to know if I cannot print what I please in my own paper.' This in great rage.

"The paper is yours, Mr. Greeley. The article is in type upstairs and you can use it when you choose. Only this, Mr. Greeley, I know New York, and I hope and I believe before God, that there is so much virtue in New York that if I had let that article go into this morning's paper, there would not be one brick left upon another in the *Tribune* office now. Certainly I should be sorry if there were.' Mr. Greeley was cowed. He said not a word, nor ever alluded to the subject again."

Before the end of that tragic April, Booth had been captured and had died from a bullet wound. In the brief interval between Mr. Lincoln's death and the assassin's apprehension it is said that the latter had access to newspapers and was astounded to find that instead of acclaims for his deed from the South, the South joined the North in a feeling of horror at his crime. Now, more than a half-century after his death, the probable consensus of opinion is that Booth was not a fiend. He was a fanatic. After his death his diary was taken from his pocket and in it was found written: "I am sure there is no pardon in Heaven for me, since man condemns me so." One who knew him well has written, ". . . he was no common assassin. Some overpowering force of evil must have been at work within his frenzied brain.

Amid his associates and with those who knew him well, he was loved for his kindly nature, his generousities, and the qualities of a refined gentleman."

After Booth's miserable ending at least nine other persons implicated in the plot were indicted. Of these, four were executed on July 7, 1865, three were sentenced to hard labor for life, one to hard labor for six years. The ninth person escaped and fled across the ocean and we find no record at hand to tell if he was ever apprehended and punished.

At the close of the Civil War, Francis Wilson, in his "Life of John Wilkes Booth," says of Lincoln: "He had labored amid distrust, toleration and contempt against almost irresistible opposition from within and without. He now stood revealed to the world as the most gentle, most magnanimous, most Christ-like ruler of all time."

But, in closing these notes of his death what words could be more fitting than the words of Stanton at the moment of Lincoln's passing? Secretary Stanton said:

"NOW HE BELONGS TO THE AGES."

BUILDERS OF THE CUP DEFENDERS

THOUGH Rhode Island, up through the middle of the 19th century, was almost predominantly a maritime state, history and historians have been more prone to elaborate upon the achievements of the stalwart men who sailed and commanded her ships than upon those who built them. Yet there are two shipbuilding firms, one whose star has set but another whose star is still in its zenith, whose names should never be omitted from the annals of Rhode Island, and even national, history.

The greatest Rhode Island shipbuilding firm of the past, and one which was among the most important in all the colonies, was Brown & Ives of Providence. It was an outgrowth of the shipbuilding and commercial house begun back in the 1720's by James and Obadiah Brown and carried on by the four Brown brothers, Nicholas, Joseph, John, and Moses. Joseph Brown later withdrew to pursue philosophical studies, and John Brown also left the firm to establish his own shipbuilding and merchant company. The latter soon took as a partner Thomas Poynton Ives, who was also the first president of the Providence Institution for Savings, and thus the name Brown & Ives came into existence. For many years this great firm built ships that carried goods to all parts of the world, and established the names of Rhode Island and the Providence in distant foreign ports.

The other Rhode Island boatbuilding company, which we have mentioned, is the Herreshoff Manufacturing Company of

Bristol, and it is of this company that we shall speak at length. Little has been written about the Herreshoffs, those men who have given Rhode Island the lead in yacht design and perfection. As a family they have been characteristically reticent, preferring to let their proud and graceful yachts be their proxies in receiving all acclaim. But there is an unusual tale of the development of their genius that should not be left to linger longer in obscurity.

Charles Frederick Herreshoff, the founder of the family in America, came to Rhode Island in 1790 from his native land, Germany. Inasmuch as "Herr" in German is the same as our common title "Mr." it is very probable that at one time the surname of the family was either Shoff or Eshoff and that American colloquialism was long ago responsible for the name as it is now known. This man was an engineer by profession but had the additional accomplishments of being both an excellent linguist and a talented musician. Because of his versatile ability he was invited to the home of John Brown almost immediately upon his arrival in the colony, beginning a friendship with the famous Rhode Islander that resulted not only in the entrance of the young German into the firm of Brown & Ives but also in his marriage (after an eleven year courtship) to John Brown's daughter, Sarah.

The son of this union, named for the father, was born in 1809, and in the course of time married Julia Ann Lewis, the

daughter of a Boston sea captain who then held the record for ocean crossing in a sailing vessel. Thus, the nine children of Charles Frederick Herreshoff, Jr., and his wife Julia Ann were born with a strong percentage of maritime blood in their veins. And it was this generation of Herreshoffs that was destined to revolutionize all yacht designing and building and give to the world vessels whose like had never before been seen, among them the "Vigilant" and the rest of that long line of successful defenders of the America's Cup.

The story of the Herreshoff Company must start with John Brown Herreshoff. At the time of his birth in 1841, the Herreshoffs were living at Point Pleasant. He showed a great deal of energy and ambition for a boy, having his own rope walk, workshop, and foot lathe. It was natural that his dominant interest should have been in boats. It was in his blood, and in addition it was stimulated by the activities of his father, who had considerable of a reputation as an amateur boat builder. At the age of fourteen John B. was at work on his first boat, a little craft which he was building for his own use, when an accident totally deprived him of his eyesight.

Such a fateful handicap would have discouraged many a more mature individual, but the boy only passed through a brief period of despondency before taking hold on things once more and setting out to finish his boat. Of course his father and other brothers helped him a good deal, but it is remarkable how quickly he learned to manage without eyesight and to perform much of the work himself. Soon he was making fresh plans and continuing with his ambitions just as though nothing had happened.

About this time the Herreshoffs moved across the bay to Bristol, and John B. had greater opportunities to continue with his boat-building and mechanical work. He constructed a new and longer rope walk, fitted up a larger workshop in a room adjoining his father's house, and very shortly took over another large room for boat building. With the increased facilities of four lathes, one power-driven, he set about building several craft, but his first triumph came when he was eighteen. At that age he built the catboat "Sprite" which turned out to be the fastest boat on the Bay. Not sat-

isfied with this achievement, he constructed a larger craft, 26 feet long, which he named the "Kelpie." This vessel was directly responsible for the founding of the Herreshoff Manufacturing Company, for after having had a race with Thomas Clapham and beaten him, John B. received from this famous yachtsman an order for a new yacht to be built along the lines of the victorious "Kelpie." With the building of this yacht in 1863, there began the industry which has since attained such great fame.

Bristol was a logical place for an industry of this sort to have its home. From Bristol had come many of the noted old time mariners who made history with their daring voyages, among whom were Simeon Potter, "Nor'west John" DeWolf, John Willard Russell, Mark Anthony DeWolf, and Benjamin Churchill. And Bristol had been a ship-building town as well. Many of the square-riggers, schooners, sloops, packets, and whalers which sailed out of Narragansett Bay were launched from its shores.

The commission of Thomas Clapham was not the only one which John B. had to fulfill, and he secured the "Old Tannery" as a shop and hired enough men to start his industry. In his first year of work he launched not only a new "Qui Vive" for Clapham but eight other boats as well. By 1865 he took as partner, Dexter S. Stone and changed the name of his young company to Herreshoff and Stone. But the name was changed back again when Mr. Stone withdrew two years later.

Lumber was hard to procure in those days, and John B. decided to have a sawmill of his own and cut his own lumber as he needed it. For this purpose he bought the old building of the Burnside Rifle Company, located at 100 yards from his boatshop, and fitted it with power planers and saws. The second floor of this building he converted into a shop for the building of small open boats, but discarded this enterprise very soon after he had started it.

By 1866 John B. had settled down to the business of building larger yachts and schooners. These were all sailing vessels up to 1868, but in that year he constructed his first steamer, the "Annie Morse." Two years later he built the "Seven Brothers" for the Church brothers of Tiverton, and it

was this vessel which was the pioneer fishing steamer on the Atlantic Coast. For these two vessels the machinery had been bought, but for the next, the steam launch "Anemone" the plans and designs were made by Nathaniel Greene Herreshoff who was then employed as a draftsman for the Corliss Steam Engine Company. Taking his brother's plans, John B. then built the engines in his own shop.

During the next few years the business turned almost entirely to the building of steam craft and their subsidiary machinery. In 1874, another Herreshoff brother, James B., invented a new sort of tubular boiler which proved successful in all experiments. Four years later the "Estelle," a gunboat, was built, creating no end of excitement in Bristol for it turned out that Cuban insurgents were her buyers and the Federal Government immediately seized her after her first trial run.

In the same year, 1878, Nathaniel Greene Herreshoff left the Corliss Steam Engine Company and joined his fortunes with those of John B. Then the business truly progressed. Both men were geniuses in their line. Occasionally Nathaniel would build a sailing vessel for his own diversion, but during the early eighties the company continued work on steam vessels, making many important experiments with engines and boilers that were of inestimable value to the maritime world.

New additions had to be made to the existing shops, special foundries for building boilers and machinery and larger shops for constructing the hulls themselves. The "Old Tannery" had to give way to a newer structure, and the whole aspect of the plant changed. When there were contracts to fill in the nineties for the U. S. Navy, which included the building of several torpedo boats, even more room was needed. It was impossible to stop work then going on in order to make alterations in the plant as it stood, so a new building was constructed right over and around the old Burnside Rifle building, involving the very minimum of delay.

In 1898 and 1899 a sail loft and a new foundry for iron, brass, and lead castings were added. And in the latter year there was a return to the building of sailing yachts when the Herreshoffs were commis-

sioned to build two yawls for Commodore E. D. Morgan. Soon the "Gloriana" was built for Commodore Morgan from new designs of N. G. Herreshoff and proved overwhelmingly successful as a racing sloop.

In 1891 Nathaniel conceived and built the first yacht with a metal plate keel and heavy lead bulb, beginning an era of fin-keel yachts. Other orders for large yachts began to come in during the following year, and then, during the winter of 1892-93, the Herreshoff Company went to work on two trial sloops for the international races with Great Britain for the America's Cup. Both sloops, the "Colonia" and the "Vigilant," were completed that winter and in the spring of '93 were ready for the water. In the trials the "Vigilant" proved superior to her sister sloop and was entered in the international race which she won easily, defending the America's Cup successfully.

She was the first of a line of victorious cup defender yachts to be built by the Herreshoffs, a line whose unvarying success has carried the name of this Bristol boatbuilding company all over the world. In two years the second one was designed and built. She was the "Defender," a racing sloop of 90 foot water line with many new novelties in both hull design and rigging. Four years later the "Columbia" was launched and was victorious in the international races of both 1899 and 1901. The "Reliance" followed in 1903, and then there was a long interval before the "Resolute" was sailed to victory in 1920. She had been launched about four years earlier, but the World War caused a postponement of all races. Last of all, and still fresh in the memories of all Rhode Islanders, is the victory of the "Enterprise," built in 1930 and the winner of four out of seven races off Newport with Sir Thomas Lipton's "Shamrock V."

These were the leading boats turned out by this Rhode Island organization, but from 1900 on the Herreshoffs were busier than ever before. Into Bristol harbor they launched scores of vessels, ranging in size from small sailing craft to large steam yachts. And in all this they have maintained all the old traditions of the famous Rhode Island seaport . . . traditions of fine sailing ships, built and sailed on every sea and into every port.

John Brown Herreshoff, the blind founder and president of the company died in 1915, and Nathaniel carried on the work alone. Then for a number of years a syndicate took over the business, until it was finally sold to a group of nationally prominent yachtsmen headed by Mr. R. F. Haffenreffer who now controls the destinies of the company.

Such, then, is the story of this great Rhode Island boat-building company, begun back

in 1863 and still continuing to turn out scores of superb sailing and power craft every year. "Ship-shape and Bristol fashion" was high praise in the maritime world during the days when men like Simeon Potter and "Nor'west John" sailed square-riggers out of Bristol. The phrase might well be revived and used in high approbation of the beautiful new successors of the old time sailing craft . . . the yachts built by Herreshoff in Rhode Island.



